



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

FEBRUARY, 1886.

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ALMANACK FOR												FEBRUARY, 1886.											
1	M	☾ rises 7.41 A.M.	8	M	Half-Quarter Day	15	M	☾ rises 7.16 A.M.	22	M	☾ rises 7.8 A.M.												
2	T	Taurus S. 7.30 P.M.	9	T	☾ rises 7.27 A.M.	16	T	Twil. ends 7.8 P.M.	23	T	Jupiter S. 2.6 A.M.												
3	W	☽ grst. dist. from ☿	10	W	Venus S. 0.54 P.M.	17	W	☽ least dis. from ☿	24	W	Rigel S. 6.50 P.M.												
4	T	New ☽ 3.15 A.M.	11	T	Mars ris. 7.38 P.M.	18	T	Full ☽ 6.15 P.M.	25	T	☽ Quar. 5.11 P.M.												
5	F	☾ Clk.bef. ☿ 1.40-1.55.	12	F	☽ Quar. 2.46 A.M.	19	F	Daybreak 5.14 A.M.	26	F	☾ Clk.bef. ☿ 13m. 35.												
6	S	Juptr. ris. 9.13 P.M.	13	S	Orion S. 8.0 P.M.	20	S	Mars S. 1.34 A.M.	27	S	Leo S. 11.30 P.M.												
7	S	SUN. APT. EPIPH. ☽ sets 4.38 P.M.	14	S	6 SUN. APT. EPIPH. ☽ sets 5.11 P.M.	21	S	SEPTUAGESIMA S. ☽ sets 5.23 P.M.	28	S	SEXAGESIMA SUN. ☽ sets 5.36 P.M.												

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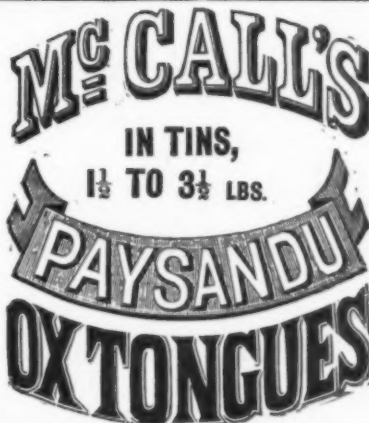
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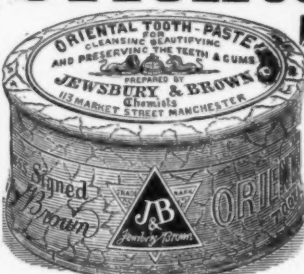
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SAVES MONEY, Labour, Time, Temper, and Fuel.

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CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY AND BROWN'S.

Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists. 60 YEARS IN USE.

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## "COLD MEAT A LUXURY."



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The piquancy and flavour of this old-established favourite Sauce is greatly enhanced by its being thoroughly matured by age. It is not a cheap imitation of any other brand, but a distinct, original, and genuine article, sure to recommend itself when once tried.

Notice.—If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining this old-established Sauce, a single bottle will be forwarded on receipt of 8 stamps, or send a Post Card for name of nearest retailer. Wholesale & Co., SOUTHWARK STREET, S.E.

"THE PLAINEST MEAL A FEAST."

TINS, 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. EVERYWHERE.

"Very Digestible—Nutritious—Palatable—Satisfying—Excellent in quality—Perfectly free from Grit—"

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MALTED—FARINACEOUS. A FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE OF DIET.

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, DYSPEPTICS, & the AGED.

Requires neither boiling nor straining—Made in a minute.—Vide Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.

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(Ernest Parton.

"IT MAY BE FOR YEARS AND IT MAY BE FOR EVER."

*By permission, from the Picture exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery.*



## A POOR GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V.—A WINTER'S WALK.



"I SITS HERE HOURS ON EHD, AND I THINKS A DEAL."

**M**R. PENTON went out to take his walk in a depressed mood. He was familiar with all the stages of depression. He was a man who thought he had been hardly dealt with in the course of his life. In his youth there had been a momentary blaze of gaiety and pleasure. In those days, when he had shared the early follies of Walter and Reginald, and fallen in love with Alicia, it had not occurred to him that the path of existence would be a dull one. But that was all over long ago. When the other young men had fallen into dissipation and all its attendant miseries, he had pulled himself up. Pleasure was all very well, but he had no idea of paying such a price for it as that. He was not a man who had ever been brought under any strong religious impulse, but he knew the difference between right and wrong. He pulled himself up

with great resolution, and abandoned the flowery path where all the thorns are at first hidden under the bloom and brightness. It was no small sacrifice to descend into the grey mediocrity of Penton Hook, and give himself up to the dull life which was all that was possible; but he did it, which was not an easy thing to do. It was true that he was still in those days a young man, and might have made something better of his existence; but he had no training of any special kind, no habit of work, no great capacity one way or other. He settled down to his dull country life without any feeling that he could do better, leaving all excitement behind him. It was perhaps a more creditable thing to do than if he had been able to plunge into another kind of excitement, to face the world and carve a fortune out of it, which is the alternative possible to some men. And as

there had been no illusion possible when he accepted that neutral-tinted life, so there had been no unexpected happiness involved in its results. He had married a good woman, but not a lively one. His children had been pleasant and amusing in their babyhood, but they had brought innumerable cares along with them. Before their advent Penton Hook had been dull, but it had not been without many little comforts. He had been able to keep a couple of horses, which of itself was a considerable thing, and to hold his place more or less among the county people. But as the young ones grew it made a great difference. Just at the time when life ought to have opened up for their advantage, it had to be narrowed and straitened. He was compelled to give up his own gratifications on their account, yet without any compensating consciousness that he was doing the best he could for them. Indeed, there seemed no possibility of doing the best that could be done for any one. To keep on, to do what was indispensable, to provide food and clothing—the mere sordid necessities of life—was all that was within his power. In the early days after his marriage nothing had been saved; the necessity of education and provision for the children seemed either ludicrous in presence of the tiny creatures who wanted nothing but bread-and-milk and kisses, or so far off as to be beyond calculation. But by gradual degrees this necessity had become the most important of all. And with it, unfortunately, had come that depreciation in the value of land which made his little estate much less productive exactly at the time when he wanted money most.

One of his farms was vacant, the others were let at low rents—all was sinking into a different level. And, on the other hand, the wants of the family increased every day. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Penton liked to take Osy from school. He had been indifferent about Wat for various reasons, first because he then quite believed that he was really capable of "reading" with his boy, and would rather like it than otherwise, and then it would be a good thing for them both; and second, because Wat was the heir, and no great education is necessary (Mr. Penton thought with Mrs. Hardcastle in the play) to fit a man to spend a large income. But with Osy no such argument told. Osy was heir to nothing. He was the clever one of the family; and as for reading with Osy, his father knew that he was not capable of any such feat, even if he had not proved that to keep settled hours and give up a part of his day to his son's instruction had come to be a thing impossible to him. He knew very well now that to take Oswald from school would be to do him an injury. But what could the poor man do? All that the young ones said in their warm partisanship for Osy, in their indignation at the idea of making him suffer, had more or less affected their father. He was not very sensitive to anything they could say, and yet it wounded him in a dull way. It made him a little more depressed and despondent. To battle with the waves, to be tossed upon a great billow which may swallow you up, yet may also throw

you ashore and bring you to a footing upon the solid earth, is less terrible than just to keep your head above the muddy tide which sucks you down and carries you on, with no prospect but to go to the bottom at last when your powers of endurance are spent. This last was Mr. Penton's state. There was no excitement of a storm, no lively stir of winds and waters—all was dull, dreary, hopeless; a position in which he could do nothing to help himself, nothing to save himself—in which he must just go on, keeping his head above water as he could, now and then going down, getting his eyes and throat full of the heavy, muddy, livid stream. Poverty is little to the active soul which can struggle and strive and outwit it, which can still be doing; but to those who have nothing they can do, who can only wait speechless till they are engulfed, how bitter is that slowly-mounting, colourless, hopeless, all-subduing tide!

There was very little for a man to do at Penton Hook. He had tramped about the fields of the vacant farm, trying helplessly to look after things which he did not understand, and to make the fallow fields bear crops by looking at them, in the morning: and he had come away from them more depressed than ever, wondering whether, if he could get money enough to start and work the farm anything might be made of it; then reflecting dolefully that in all likelihood the money for such operations, even if he could raise it, might in all probability be as well thrown into the river for any good it would do. In the afternoon he did not attempt any further consideration of this question, but simply took a walk as he had been in the habit of doing for so many years. And though in some circumstances there are few things so pleasant, yet in others there is nothing so doleful as this operation of taking a walk. How much helpless idleness, how many hopeless self-questions, miserable musings, are summed up in it; what a dreamy commonplace it turns to, the sick soul's dull substitute for something to do or think of. It was in its way a sort of epitome of Edward Penton's wearisome life. He knew every turning of the road; there was nothing unexpected to look forward to, no novelty, no incident; when he met any one he knew, any of his equals, they were most probably riding or driving, or returning from a day with the hounds, splashed and tired, and full of talk about the run. He took off his hat to the county ladies as they drove past, and exchanged a word with the men. He had nothing to say to them nor they to him. He was of their sphere indeed, but not in it. He knew when he had passed that they would say "Poor Penton!" to each other, and discuss his circumstances. He was happier when he came now and then upon a solitary poor man breaking stones on the way, with whom he would stop and have a talk about the weather or how the country was looking. When he could find twopence in his pocket to give for a glass of beer he was momentarily cheered by the encounter. It was a cheap pleasure, and almost his only one. It gave a little relief to the dullness and discouragement which filled all the rest of the way.

There was, however, one incident in his walk besides the twopence to the stone-breaker. There was no novelty in this. Every day as he came up to the turning he knew what awaited him; but that did not take away from its perennial interest. This incident was Penton, seen in the distance, not the terrace front, which he, like all the Pentons, thought a monument of architectural art, but a high shoulder of red masonry, which shone through the trees, and suggested all the rest to his accustomed eyes. Penton was the one incident in his walk, as it was in his life. He was poor, and the waters of misery were almost going over his head. Yet Penton stood fast, and he was the heir. He had said this to himself for years, and though the words might have worn out all their meaning, so often had they been repeated, yet there was an endless excitement in them. Twenty years before he had said them with a sense of mingled exultation and remorse, which was when the last of "the boys" died, and he became against all possibility the next heir. Sir Walter had been an old man then, and it seemed probable that these recurring calamities would end his life as well as his hopes. Edward Penton had nothing to reproach himself with; he had never been hard upon his cousins, though he had abandoned their evil ways, and he had been shocked and sorry when one by one they died. But afterwards he had looked forward to his inheritance; he had believed that it could not be far off. He had come to this turning when first he began to feel life too many for him, and had looked at the house that was to be his and had taken comfort. But twenty years is a long time, and waiting for dead men's shoes is not a pleasant occupation. He looked at Penton now always with excitement, but without any exhilaration of hope. It did not seem so unlikely as before that Sir Walter might live to be a hundred; that he might live to see his younger cousin out. As he had outlived his own sons he might outlive Edward Penton and his sons after him. Nothing seemed impossible to such an old man. And Mr. Penton did not feel that his own powers of living, any more than any other powers in him, were much to be reckoned upon. He stood on this particular day and gazed at the house of his fathers with a long and wistful look. Should he ever step into it as his own? Should he ever change his narrow state for the lordship there? This question did not bring to him the same quickening of the breath which he had been sensible of on so many previous occasions. He was too much depressed to-day to be roused even by that. He turned away with a sigh, and turned his back to that vision and his face homeward. At home all his cares were awaiting him—as if he had not carried them with him every step of the way.

As he walked back towards Penton Hook his ear was caught by the chip of the hammer, which sounded in the stillness of the wintry afternoon like some big insect on the road. Chip, chip, and then the little roll of falling stones. The man who made the sound was sitting on a heap of stones by the roadside, working very tranquilly, not hurrying himself, taking his occupation easily.

He was grey-haired, with a picturesque grey beard, and a red handkerchief knotted underneath. He paused to put his hand to his cap when he saw Mr. Penton. The recollection of past glasses of beer, or hopes for the future, or perhaps the social pleasure, independent of all interested motives, of five minutes' talk to break the dulness of the long afternoon, made the approach of the wayfarer pleasant.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said, cheerfully.

Old Crockford, though he was a great deal older than Mr. Penton, and much poorer absolutely, though not comparatively, was by no means a depressed person, but regarded everything from a cheerful point of view.

"Good morning, Crockford," said Mr. Penton. "I didn't see you when I passed a little while ago. I thought you had not been out to-day."

"Bless you, squire, I'm out most days," said Crockford; "weather like this it's nothin' but pleasure. But frost and cold is disagreeable, and rain's worst of all. I'm all right as long as there's a bit o' sunshine, and it keeps up."

"It looks like keeping up, or I am no judge," said the poor squire.

Crockford shook his head and looked up at the sky. "I don't like the look of them clouds," he said. "When they rolls up like that, one on another, I never likes the look on them. But, praise the Lord, we's high and dry, and can't come to no harm."

"It is more than I am," said Mr. Penton, testily. "I hate rain!"

"And when the river's up it's in of the house, sir, I've heard say? That's miserable, that is. When the children were young my missis and me we lived down by Pepper's Wharf, and the fevers as them little ones had, and the coughs and sneezin's, and the rheumatics, it's more nor tongue can say. Your young ladies, squire, is wonderful red in the face and straight on their pins to be living alongside of the river. It's an onpleasant neighbour is the river, I always do say."

"If you hear any fools saying that the water comes into my house you have my permission to—stop them," said Mr. Penton, angrily. "It's no such thing; the water never comes higher than the terrace. As for fevers, we don't know what they are. But I don't like the damp in my garden; that stands to reason. It spoils all the paths and washes the gravel away."

"That's very true," said Crockford, with conviction; "it leaves 'em slimy, whatever you do. I've seen a sight to-day as has set me thinking, though I'm but a poor chap. Poor men, like others, they 'as their feelings. I've seen a lady go by, squire, as maybe once upon a day years ago, you, or most of the gentlemen about—for she was a handsome one, she was—"

"Ah, an old beauty! 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.' And who might this lady be?"

"Many a one was sweet upon her," said Crockford. "I ain't seen her, not to call seeing, for many a year. I don't know about ashes, squire, except as they're useful for scouring. And they say that beauty is but skin deep: but when I



looks at an 'andsome lady I don't think nothing of all that."

"I didn't know you were such an enthusiast, Crockford."

"I don't always understand, squire," said Crockford, "the words the quality employ. Now and then they'll have a kind of Greek or Latin that means just a simple thing. But I sits here hours on end, and I thinks a deal; and for a thing that pleases the eye I don't think there's nothing more satisfying than an 'andsome woman. I don't say in my own class of life, for they ages fast, do the women; they don't keep their appearance like you and me, if I may make so bold. But for a lady as has gone through a deal, and kep' her looks, and got an air with her, that goes with riding in her own carriage behind a couple of 'andsome bays—I will say, squire, if I was to be had up before the magistrates for it—and you're one yourself, and ought to know—and what I say is this: that Miss Aliciar from the great house there is just as fine a sight as a man would wish to see."

"Miss Alicia!" cried poor Penton. The name was one he had not heard for long, and it seemed to bring back a flush of his youth which for a moment dazzled him. He burst out into a tremendous laugh after a while. "You old block-head!" he said. "You're talking of Mrs. Russell Penton, my cousin, who hasn't been called by that name these twenty years!"

"Twenty years," said old Crockford, "is nothin', squire, to a man like me. I knew her a baby, just as I knowed you. You're both two infants to the likes of me. Bless you, I hear the bells ring for her christening and yours too. But she's a fine, 'andsome woman, a-wheelin' along in her carriage as if all the world belonged to her. I don't think nothin' of a husband that hain't even a name of his own to bless himself with nor a penny to spend. It's you and her that should have made a match; that's what ought to have been, squire."

"Unfortunately, you see," said Mr. Penton, "I have got a wife of my own."

"But you hadn't no wife nor her a husband in the old days," said Crockford, meditatively, pausing to emphasise his words with the chip, chip of his hammer. "Dear a me! the mistakes that are in this life! One like me, as sits here hours on end, with nought afore him but the clouds flying and the wind blowing, learns a many things. There's more mistakes than aught else in this life. Going downright wrong makes a deal of trouble, but mistakes makes more. For one as goes wrong there's allays two or three decent folks as suffers. But mistakes is just like daily bread; they're like the poor as is ever with us, accordin' to the Scripture; they just makes a muddle of everything. It's been going through my mind since ever I see Miss Aliciar in her chariot a-driving away, as fine as King Solomon in all his glory. The two young gentlemen, that was a sad sort of a thing, squire, but I don't know as t'other is much better, the mistakes as some folks do make."

"Crockford, you are growing old, and fond of

talking," said Mr. Penton, who had heard him out with a sort of angry patience. "Because one lets you go on and say your say, that's not to make you a judge of your betters. Look here, here's twopence for a glass of beer, but mind you keep your wisdom to yourself another day."

"Thank ye, squire," said Crockford. "I speak my mind in a general way, but I can hold my tongue as well as another when it ain't liked. Remarks as is unpleasant, or as pricks like, going too near a sore place—"

"Oh, confound you!" said the squire; "who ever said there was a—" But then he remembered that to quarrel with Crockford was not a thing to be done. "I think, after all," he said, "you're right, and that those clouds are banking up for rain. You'd better pack up your hammer, it's four o'clock, and it will be wet before you get home."

"Well, squire, if you says so, as is one of the trustees," said Crockford, giving an eye to the clouds, he swung himself leisurely off his hard and slippery seat upon the heap of stones,—"I'll take your advice, sir, and thank ye, sir: and wishing you a pleasant walk afore the rain comes on."

Mr. Penton waved his hand and continued his walk down hill towards his home. The clouds were gathering, indeed, but they were full of colour and reflection, which showed all the more gorgeous against the rolling background of vapour which gradually obliterated the blue. He was not afraid of the rain, though if it meant another week of wet weather such as had already soaked the country, it would also mean much discomfort and inconvenience in the muddy little domain of Penton Hook. But it was not this he was thinking of. His own previous reflections, and the sharp reminder of the past that was in old Crockford's random talk, made a combination not unlike that of the dark clouds and the lurid reflected colours of the sky. Mistake? Yes; no doubt there had been a mistake—many mistakes, one after another, mistakes which the light out of the past, with all its dying gleams, made doubly apparent. His mind was so full of all these thoughts that he arrived at his own gate full of them, without thinking of the passing vision which had stirred up old Crockford, and his own mind too, on hearing of it. But when he pushed open the gate and caught sight of the two bays, pawing and rearing their heads, with champ and stir of all their trappings, as if they disdained the humble door at which they stood, Edward Penton's middle-aged heart gave a sudden jump in his breast. Alicia here! What could such a portent mean?

#### CHAPTER VI.—RICH MRS. PENTON AND POOR MRS. PENTON.

MRS. RUSSELL PENTON had not come to the Hook for nothing. It was years since she had visited her cousin's house—partly because of repeated absences—for the family at Penton were fond of escaping from the winter, and generally spent that half of the year on the Riviera—partly from the feeling she had expressed to her husband, which was not a very Christian feel-

ing, of repulsion from her father's heir: and partly, which was perhaps the strongest reason of all, because they were not, as she said, "in our own sphere." How can the wife and many children of a poor man living in a small muddy riverside house be in the sphere of one of the great ladies of the district? Only great qualities on one side or another, great affection or some other powerful inducement, would be enough to span that gulf. And no such link existed between the two houses. But there had come to light between her father and herself in one of those close and long consultations, to which not even her husband was admitted, a plan which required Edward Penton's concurrence, and which, they concluded between them, had better be set before him by Alicia herself. This might have been done by summoning the heir-at-law to Penton. But Russell Penton's veiled remonstrances, his laugh at her inconsistency, his comparison of the importance of the moth-eaten tapestry and poor Mrs. Penton's inability to cut her coat according to her cloth, had not been without effect on his wife's mind. She was not incapable of perceiving the point which he made; and though she confessed to nobody, not even to herself, that her visit to Penton Hook had a little remorseful impulse in it, yet this mingled largely with the evident business which might have been managed in another way. Many recollections rose in her mind also as she went along, not exposed even to such interruptions as that of old Crockford, all by herself with her own thoughts, remembering in spite of herself the youthful expeditions in which the Hook was so large a feature, the boating parties that "took the water" there, the anxious exertions of poor Edward to make his forlorn little mansion bright. Poor Edward! She remembered so clearly his eager looks, his desire to please, the anxious devices with which he sought to gratify her tastes, to show how his own followed them. She had not seen much of his older aspect, and had no distinct image in her mind to correct that of the eager young man reading her face to see if she approved or disapproved, and having no higher standard by which to shape his own opinions. She saw him in that aspect: and she saw him as by a lightning flash of terrible recollection, which was half imagination, as he had appeared to her by the side of her last brother's grave, the chief mourner and the chief gainer, concealing a new-born sense of his own importance under the conventional guise of woe. Alicia was half-conscious that she did poor Edward wrong. He was not the sort of man to exult in his own advantage as purchased by such a terrible family tragedy. But even now, when the passion of grief and loss was over, she could not surmount the bitter suggestion, the knowledge that he had certainly gained by what was ruin to her father's house. When she drove past the old stone-breaker on the road without taking any notice of him, without even remarking his presence, this had been the recollection with which her soul was filled. But her heart melted as the carriage swept along by all the well-remembered corners, and a vision of the happy

youthful party of old, the sound of the boats at the little landing, the eager delight of the young master of the place, seemed to come back to her ears and eyes.

But Penton Hook did not look much like a boating party to-day. The water was very near the level of the too green grass, the empty damp flower-beds, the paths that gleamed with wet. A certain air of deprecating helplessness standing feebly against that surrounding power was in everything about. Alicia, as she was now, the active-minded manager of much property, full of energy and resources, one of those who, like the centurion, have but to say, "Come, and he cometh; do this, and he doeth it," cast her eyes, awakened out of all dreams, upon the sweep of river and the little bit of weeping soil which seemed to lie in its grasp appealing for mercy to the clouds and the skies. The sight gave new life to all her scornful comments upon the incompetency of those who, knowing what they had, could not take the dignified position of making it do, but sank into failure and helpless defeat. She planned rapidly in a moment what she would do, were it but to keep the enemy at bay. Were it hers she would scarcely have waited for the dawn of the morning, she would have sent in her workmen, prepared her plans, learnt the best way to deal with it, long ago. She would have made herself the mistress, not the slave, of the surrounding stream. In whatever way, at whatever cost, she would have freed herself, she would have overcome these blind influences of nature. It was with a little scorn, feeling that she could have done this, feeling that she would like to do it, that it would be a pleasure to fight and overcome that silent, senseless force, that Mrs. Russell Penton, rich Mrs. Penton, swept in through the weeping gardens of the Hook, and with all the commotion of a startling arrival, her bays prancing, her wheels cutting the gravel, drew up before the open door.

The door was always open, whether the day was warm or cold, with an aspect not of hospitality and liberal invitation, but rather of disorder and a squalid freedom from rule. The hall was paved with vulgar tiles which showed the traces of wet feet, and Mrs. Russell Penton sank down all at once from her indignant half-satisfied conviction that it was a sign of the incompetency of poor Edward in his present surroundings that he had never attempted to do anything to mend matters when brought thus face to face with poverty. The traces of the wet feet appalled her. This was just such an evidence of an incompetent household and careless mistress as fitted in to her theory; but it was terrible to her unaccustomed senses, to which a perfection of nicety and propriety was indispensable, and any branch of absolute cleanness and purity unknown. The maid, who hurried frightened, yet delighted, to the door, did not, however, carry out the first impression made. She was so neat in her black gown and white apron that the visitor was non-plussed as by an evident contradiction. "Can you tell me if Mr. Penton is at home?" she asked, leaning out of the carriage and putting aside the footman with a momentary feeling that this, perhaps, might be

one of poor Edward's daughters acting as housemaid. "No, my lady; but missis is in," said the handmaid with a curtsy which she had learned at school. Martha did not know who the visitor was, but felt that in all circumstances to call a visitor who came in such a fine carriage my lady could not be wrong.

"Missis is in!" Rich Mrs. Penton felt a momentary thrill. It was as if she had been hearing herself spoken of in unimaginable circumstances. She paused a little with a sense of unwillingness to go further. She had met on various occasions the insignificant pretty young woman who was poor Edward's wife. She had made an effort to be kind to her when they were first married, when the poor Pentons were still more or less in one's own sphere. But there had been nothing to interest her, nothing to make up for the trouble of maintaining so uncomfortable a relationship, and since that period she had not taken any notice of her cousin's wife, a woman always immured in nursing cares, having babes or nourishing them, or deep in some one of those semi-animal (as she said) offices which disgust a fastidious woman, who in her own person has nothing of the kind to do. A woman without children becomes often very fastidious on this point. Perhaps the disgust may be partly born of envy, but at all events it exists and is strong. Mrs. Penton hesitated as to whether she would turn back and not go in at all, or whether she would wait at the door till Edward came in, or ask to be shown into his particular sitting-room to wait for him: but that, she reflected, would be a visible slight to Edward's wife. The unexpressed unformulated dread of what Edward might say restrained her here. He would not criticise, but he would laugh, which was much worse. He would perhaps give vent to a certain small whistle which she knew very well, when she acknowledged that she had been to Penton Hook without seeing the mistress of the house. She did not at all confess to herself that she was a coward, but as a matter of fact rich Mrs. Penton was more afraid of that whistle than poor Mrs. Penton was of anything, except scarlatina. Alicia hesitated; she sat still in her carriage for the space of a minute, while simple Martha gazed as if she had been a queen, and admired the deep fur on the lady's velvet mantle, and the bonnet which had come from Paris. Then Mrs. Penton made up her mind. "Perhaps your mistress will see me," she said; "I should like to wait till Mr. Penton comes in."

"Oh, yes, my lady," Martha said. Though she had been carefully instructed how to answer visitors, she felt instinctively that this visitor could not be asked her name as if she was an ordinary lady making a call. She then opened the drawing-room very wide and said, "Please, ma'am!" then stopped and let the great lady go in.

Mrs. Penton, poor Mrs. Penton was sitting by the fire on a low chair. There was not light enough to work by, and yet there was too much light to ask for the lamp. It was a welcome moment of rest from all the labours that were her heritage. She liked it perhaps all the better

that her husband and the older ones, who would talk or make demands upon her to be talked to, were out and she was quite free. To be alone now and then for a moment is sweet to a hard-worked woman who never is alone. Indeed, she was not alone now. Two of the little ones were on the rug by her feet. But they made no demands upon their mother, they played with each other, keeping up a babble of little voices, within reach of her hand to be patted on the head, within reach of her dress to cling to, should a wild beast suddenly appear or an ogre or a naughty giant. Thus, though they said nothing to each other, they were a mutual comfort and support, the mother to the children and the children to the mother. And if we could unveil the subtle chain of thinking from about that tired and silent woman's heart, the reader would wonder to see the lovely things that were there. But she was scarcely aware that she was thinking, and what she thought was not half definite enough to be put into words. A world of gentle musings, one linked into another, none of them separable from the rest, was about her in the firelight, in the darkness, the quiet and not ungrateful fatigue. She was not thinking at all she would have said. It was as though something revolved silently before her, gleaming out here and there a recollection or realisation. The warmth, the dimness, the quiet, lulled her in the midst of all her cares. She had thought of Osy till her head ached. How this dreadful misfortune could be averted; how he could be kept on at Marlborough; until, in the impossibility of finding any expedient, and the weariness of all things, her active thoughts had dropped. They dropped as her hands dropped, as she gave up working, and for that moment of stillness drew her chair to the fire. There was nothing delightful to dwell upon in all that was around and about her. But God, whom in her voiceless way she trusted deeply, delivered the tired mother from her cares for the moment, and fed her with angels' food as she sat without anything to say for herself, content by the fire.

It was a moment before she realised what had happened when the door opened and the visitor swept in. She was not clever or ready, and her first consciousness that some one had come in was confused, so that she did not know how to meet the emergency. She rose up hastily, all her sweet thoughts dispersing; and the children, who saw a shadowy tall figure and did not know what it was, shuffled to her side and laid hold of her dress with a horrible conviction that the ogre who eats children on toast had come at last. Rich Mrs. Penton sweeping in had command of the scene better than poor Mrs. Penton had who was its principal figure. She saw the startled movement, the slim figure rising up from before the fire, in nervous uncertainty what to say or do, and the sudden retreat of the little ones from their place in the foreground, lighted by the warm glow of the fire, to the shelter of their mother's dress. The whole group had a timid, alarmed look which half-piqued and half-pleased Alicia. She rather liked the sensation of her own imposing appearance which struck awe, and yet was annoyed that



any one should be afraid of her. She had no doubt what to do; she went forward into the region of the firelight and held out a hand. "You don't remember me," she said, "or perhaps it is only that you don't see me. I am Alicia Penton. May I sit down here a little till my cousin comes in?"

"Mrs. Russell Penton! oh, sit down, please. Will you take this chair, or will you come nearer the fire? I am ashamed to have been so stupid, but I have not many visitors, and I never thought—will you take this chair, please?"

"You never thought that I should be one? Oh don't think I blame you for saying so. It is my fault; I have often felt it. I hope you will let bygones be bygones now, and look upon me as a friend."

"Horry," said Mrs. Penton, "run and tell Martha to bring the lamp." She did not make any direct reply to her visitor's overture. "I am fond of sitting in the firelight," she said. "A little moment when there is nothing to do, when all is so quiet, is pleasant. But it is awkward when any one comes in, for we cannot see each other. I hope Sir Walter is quite well," she added, after a momentary pause.

It was in the rich Mrs. Penton's heart to cry out, "Don't ask me about Sir Walter; you don't hope he is well; you wish he was dead, I know you must, you must!" These words rushed to her lips but she did not say them. There was in this mild interior no justification for such a speech. The absence of light threw a veil upon all the imperfections of the place, and there was something in the gentle indifference of the mistress of the house, the absence of all feeling in respect to her visitor except a startled civility, which somehow humbled and silenced the proud woman. She had been, in spite of herself, excited about this meeting. She had come in with her heart beating, making overtures, which she never would have made to a stranger. She did not know what she expected: either to be received with warm and astonished gratitude, or to be held at arm's-length in offence. But this mild woman in the soft confusion of the firelit gloom did neither—had not evidently been thinking of her at all—had no feeling about her one way or another. Mrs. Russell Penton felt like one who had fallen from a height. She blushed unseen with a hot sensation of shame. To feel herself of so much less consequence than she expected, was extraordinary to her, a sensation such as she had rarely felt before. She felt even that the pause she made before replying, which she herself felt so much, and during which so many things went through her head, was lost upon the other, who was pre-occupied about the lamp, and anxious lest it should smell, and concerned with a hundred other things.

"My father is quite well," said Alicia, with a little emphasis; "I never saw him in better health. It is not thought necessary for him, he is so well, to go abroad this year."

The maid was at the door with the lamp, and there came in with her, exactly as Mrs. Penton feared, an odour of paraffin, that all-pervading un-

escapable odour which is now so familiar everywhere. She scarcely caught what her visitor said, so much more anxious was she about this. And in her mind there arose the anxious question, what to do? Was it better to say nothing about the smell, and hope that perhaps it might not be remarked? or confess the matter and make a commotion, calling Mrs. Penton's attention to it by sending it away? Even if she did the latter she could not send away the smell, which, alas! was here, anyhow, and would keep possession. She resolved desperately, therefore, to take no notice, to hope, perhaps, that it might not be remarked. This presumption, though poor Mrs. Penton was so far from suspecting it, completed the discomfiture of the great lady who had made sure that her visit would be a great event.

"I am very glad," said the mistress of the house at last, vaguely; "Edward has gone out for a walk, he will be in directly, and I am sure it will give him great pleasure to see you. The girls are out too; there is not very much for them in the way of amusement at this time of the year."

And then there was a pause, for neither of the ladies knew what to say. Mrs. Russell Penton examined her hostess closely by the light of the malodorous lamp. It was kinder to the poor lady than daylight would have been, and to the poor room, which, with the flickering firelight rising and falling, and the shade over the lamp, which left the walls and the furniture in a flattering obscurity, showed none of their imperfections to the stranger's eyes. And all that was apparent in Mrs. Penton was that her gown, which was of no particular colour, but dark and not badly cut, hung about her slim figure with a certain grace, and that the curling twist of her hair, done up in that soft large knot on the back of her head, suited her much better than a more elaborate coiffure would have done. Rich Mrs. Penton looked closely at her poor relation, but her scrutiny was not returned. The thing that had now sprung into prominence in the mind of the mistress of the house, was whether Martha would bring tea in nicely, and whether the cake would be found which was kept for such great occasions, without an appeal to herself for the keys. She was careful and burdened about many things; but in the very excess of her anxieties was delivered from more serious alarms. It did not occur to her to trouble herself with the questions which the children had asked each other so anxiously, which Mr. Penton was inquiring of himself with a beating heart, "What could have brought Alicia Penton here?"

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

THERE was, however, no lack of excitement when the rest of the family came in. The girls dazzled with the quick transition from the darkness outside to the light within, their eyes shining, their lips apart with breathless curiosity and excitement, and a thrill of interest which might have satisfied the requirements of any visitor: and after a little interval their father,

pale, and somewhat breathless too, whose expectation was not of anything agreeable, but rather of some new misfortune, of which perhaps his cousin had come to tell him. Edward Penton did not pause to think that it was very unlikely that Alicia would thus break in upon his retirement in order to tell him of some misfortune. The feeling was instinctive in his mind because of long acquaintance with defeat and failure, that every new thing must mean further trouble. He was always ready to encounter that in his depressed way. He came into the atmosphere which was tinged with the smell of paraffin, the discomfort of which was habitual to him, added to the undercurrent of irritation in his mind, and with the feeling that there was already a crowd of people in the room, where probably no one was necessary but himself. Alicia Penton had long, long ceased to be an object of special interest to him: nobody now was of particular interest to Mr. Penton in that or any sentimental way. The people who were about him now either belonged to him, in which case they gave him a great deal of altogether inevitable trouble: or else they did not belong to him, and were probably more or less antagonistic—wanting things from him, entertainment, hospitality, subscriptions, something or other which he did not wish to give. Such were the two classes into which the human race was divided; but if there was a debateable ground between the two, a scrap of soil upon which a human foot could be planted, Sir Walter and his daughter were its possible inhabitants. They belonged to him too—in a way; they were antagonistic too—in a way. Both the other halves of the world were more or less united in them.

He came forward into the light, which, however, revealed his knickerbockers and muddy boots more distinctly than his face. "It is a long time," he said, "since we have met."

"Yes, Edward, it is a long time; I have been saying so to your wife. The girls have grown up since I saw them last; they were little girls then, and now they are—grown up—"

When emotion reaches a high strain and becomes impassioned, the power of expression is increased, and eloquence comes; but on the lower levels of feeling, suppressed excitement and commotion of mind often find utterance in the merest commonplace.

"Yes, they are grown up—the boy too," said Mr. Penton, under the same spell.

She cast a glance upward to where, beyond the lamp, on his mother's side of the table, Wat appeared, a lengthy shadow, perhaps the most uncongenial of all. She made a slight forward inclination of her head in recognition of his presence, but no more. The girls she had shown a certain pleasure in. They stood together, with that pretty look of being but one which a pair of sisters often have, so brightly curious and excited, scanning her with such eager eyes that it would have been difficult not to respond to their frank interest. But Mrs. Penton could not tolerate Wat: his very presence was an offence to her, and the instinctive way in which he went over to his mother's side, and stood there in the gloom look-

ing at the visitor over the shade of the lamp. She would have none of him, but she turned with relief to the girls.

"I am ashamed to ask the question," she said, "but which of you is my godchild? You seem about the same age."

It was a vexation that it should be the other one—the one who was like her mother, not the impetuous darker girl whose eyes devoured the great lady who was her cousin—who replied, "It is I who am Ally. There is only a year between us. We are more together than any of the others."

"Ally!" said Mrs. Russell Penton, with a little scorn. "And what is your name?"

"I am Anne."

"She should be Anna," said her mother, "which is far prettier: but she likes what is shortest best. There are so many of them. None of them have their full names. Some families make a great stand on that—to give every one their full name."

"It is a matter of taste," said the visitor, coldly.

She was doubly, but most unreasonably, annoyed after her first moment of interest to find that it was the wrong sister who was her godchild, and that even she did not bear the name that had been given her. It seemed a want of respect, not only to herself, but to the family, in which there had been Alicias for countless years.

"I hope my uncle is well?" said Mr. Penton, after another embarrassed pause. Sir Walter was not his uncle, but it was a relic of the old days, when he was a child of the house, that the younger cousin was permitted to call the elder so. "I heard you were not going away this year."

"No; the doctors think he may stay at home, as there is every prospect of a mild winter. Of course, if it became suddenly severe we could take him away at a moment's notice."

"Of course," Edward Penton said. However severe the weather might become neither he nor his could be taken away at a moment's notice. He could not help feeling conscious of the difference, but with a faint smile breaking upon his depression. Alicia did not mean it, he was sure, but it seemed curious that she should put the contrast so very clearly before him. There was a little whispering going on between the mother and daughters about the tea. Tea was a substantial meal at the Hook, and the little ornamental repast at five o'clock was unusual, and made a little flurry in the household. Mrs. Penton had to give Anne certain instructions about a little thin bread-and-butter and the cake. She thought that Edward, who was keeping up the conversation, screened off these whisperings from his cousin's notice: but as a matter of fact Alicia was keenly alive to all that was taking place, and felt a sharper interest in the anxiety about Martha's appearance than in anything Edward was saying. "You still keep the villa at Cannes?" he went on.

"Yes; up to this time it has been a necessity for my father: but I have not seen him so well for years."

"I am very glad to hear it," Mr. Penton said, with a little emphasis. He had to stand aside as

he spoke, for Martha arrived, rather embarrassed, with her tray, for which there was no habitual place: and the girls had to clear the books and ornaments off a little table while she waited. He was used to these domestic embarrassments, and it must be said for him that he did the best he could to screen them even at the sacrifice of himself. He drew a chair near to his cousin and sat down, thus doing what he could to draw her keen attention from these details. "It is long since I have seen Penton," he said. "I hear you have made many improvements."

"Nothing that you would remark—only additions to the comfort of the house. It used to be rather cold, you will remember."

"I don't think I knew what cold was in those old days," he said, with a slight involuntary shiver, for the door had just opened once more to admit the cake, and a draught came in from the always open hall.

"We have had it now warmed throughout," said Mrs. Russell Penton, with a slight momentary smile; "and we are thinking of fitting it up with the electric light. My husband has a turn for playing with science. It is a great deal of trouble at first, but very little afterwards, I believe; and very convenient, without any of the drawbacks of lamps or gas."

She could not but turn her head as she spoke, to the large crystal lamp upon the table, which filled the room with something more than light. The tea had been arranged by this time, and poor Mrs. Penton had begun to pour it out, but not yet was her mind disengaged from the many anxieties involved—for the tea was poor. She shook her head and made a little silent appeal to the girls as she poured out the first almost colourless cup. And then there was a jug of milk, but no cream. This necessitated another whispering, and the swift despatch of Ally to fetch what was wanted. Mrs. Russell Penton looked on at all this, and took in every detail as if it had been a little scene of a comedy enacted for her amusement; but there was in the amusement an acrid touch. The smile was sharp, like Ithuriel's spear, and cut all those innocent little cobwebs away.

"I have no doubt you will make it very complete," Edward Penton said, with a sigh. There was an assumed proprietorship about all she said, which was like cutting him off from the succession, that only possibility which lay in his future. And yet they could not cut him off, he said, to himself.

"Is this tea for me? How very kind! but I never take it at this hour," said Alicia, putting up her gloved hand with a little gesture of refusal. It smote, if not her heart, yet her conscience, a little to see the look that passed between the mother and the girls. Had Russell seen that scene he would assuredly have retired into a corner, and relieved himself with a whistle, before asking for a cup and eating half the cake, which was what he would have done regardless of consequences. Rendered compunctious by this thought, Alicia added hastily, "You must bring the girls up to see the house; they ought to know

it; and I hope I may see more of them in the time to come."

"Their mother, I have no doubt, will be pleased," said Edward Penton, vaguely.

"Indeed, you must not think of me," his wife said; she had not taken offence. It was not in her mild nature to suppose that any one could mean to slight or insult her; but she was a little annoyed by the unnecessary waste of tea. "I am a poor walker, you know, Edward; and always occupied with the children; but I am sure the girls would like it very much. It would be very nice for them to make acquaintance—Wat could walk up with them if you were busy. Especially in the winter," she said, with a little conciliatory smile towards the great lady, "I am always looking out for a little change for the girls."

"Then we shall consider that as settled," said Alicia. She rose, in all the splendour of her velvet and furs, and the whole family rose with her. A thought ran through their minds—a little astonished shock—a question, Was it possible that this was all she had come for? It was a very inadequate conclusion to the excitement and expectation in all their minds. Mrs. Penton alone did not feel this shock. She did not think the result inadequate; a renewal of acquaintance, an invitation to the girls, probably the opening to them of a door into society and the great world. She came forward with what to her was warmth and enthusiasm. "It is very kind of you to have called," she said, "I am truly grateful, for I make few calls myself, and I can't wonder if I fall out of people's recollection. It is a great thing for a woman like you to come out of your way to be kind to Edward's little girls. I am very grateful to you, and I will never forget it." Poor Mrs. Penton gave her rich namesake a warm pressure of the hand, looking at her with her mild, large-lidded grey eyes, lit up by a smile which transformed her face. Not a shadow of doubt, not the faintest cloud of consciousness that Alicia's motive had been less than angelic, was in her look or in her thoughts.

Rich Mrs. Penton faltered and shrank before this look of gratitude. She knew that, far from deserving it, there had been nothing but contempt in her thoughts towards this simple woman who had been to her like a bit of a comedy. She withdrew her hand as quickly as possible from that grateful clasp.

"You give me credit—that I don't deserve," she said. "I—I came to speak to my cousin on business. It was really a—I won't call it a selfish motive, that brought me. But it will give me real pleasure to see the girls."

To divine the hidden meaning of this little speech, which was entirely apologetic, occupied the attention of the anxious family suddenly pushed back into eagerness again by the intimation of her real errand. It was not all for nothing, then! It was not a mere call of civility! Mr. Penton, who had felt something like relief when she rose, consoled by the thought that there could not at least be any new misfortune to intimate to him, fell again into that state of melancholy anticipation from which he had been roused, while the young ones bounded



upwards to the height of expectation. Something was coming—something new! It did not much matter to them what it was. They looked on with great excitement while their father conducted his cousin across the hall to his book-room, as it was called. They were not given to fine names at Penton Hook. It had been called the library in former days. But it was a little out at elbows, like the rest of the house—the damp had affected the bindings, the gilding was tarnished, the russia leather dropping to pieces, a smell of mustiness and decay, much contended against, yet indestructible, was in the place. And it was no longer the library, but only the book-room. The door of the drawing-room being left open, the family watched with interest indescribable the two figures crossing the hall. Mrs. Russell Penton, though she had not been there for so many years, knew her way, which particular interested the girls greatly, and opened a new vista to them, into the past. Mrs. Penton, for her part, knew well enough all about Alicia, but she was not jealous. She shivered slightly as she saw the great lady's skirt sweep the hall.

"Oh, Anne," she whispered, "tell Martha to bring a cloth and wipe it. A velvet dress! You children, with your wet feet, you are enough to break any one's heart. What are the mats put there for, I should like to know?"

"Oh, what do you think of her, mother? Did you like her? Don't you think she meant to be kind? Do you think we must go?"

"Certainly you must go," said Mrs. Penton. "What do I think of her? This is not the first time I have seen Alicia Penton, that you should ask me such a question. Yes, yes, you must go. You ought to know that house better than any house in the country, and it is only right that you should first go into society there."

"Do you think Cousin Alicia will ask us to parties? Do you think she really meant—really, without thinking of anything else—to be kind to Ally and me?"

"Anne, I am sorry that you should take such notions: What object could she have but kindness," said Mrs. Penton, with mild conviction, "for coming here? It is all very well to talk of business with your father. Yes, no doubt she has business with your father, or she would not have said so; but I am very sure she must have suffered from the estrangement. I always thought she must suffer. Men do not think of these things, but women do. I feel sure that she has talked her father over at last, and that we are all to be friends again. Sir Walter is an old man; he must want to make up differences. What a dreadful thing it would be to die without making it up!"

"Was there any real quarrel?" said Wat, coming forward with his hands in his pockets. "She may be kind enough, mother, that fine lady of yours, but she does not like me."

"How can she know whether she likes you or not? She doesn't know you, Wat."

"She hates me all the same. I have never done anything to her that I know of. I suppose I did wrong to be born."

"If it were not you it would be some one else,"

said Mrs. Penton; "but, children! oh, don't talk in this hard way. Think how her brothers died, and that she has no children. And the house she loves to go away from her, and nothing to be hers! I do not think I could bear it if it was me. Make haste, Anne, oh, make haste and get Martha to wipe up the hall. And Horry, you may as well have the thin bread-and-butter. If I had only known that Mrs. Russell Penton never took tea—"

About this failure Mrs. Penton was really concerned; it was not only a waste of the tea and of that nice bread-and-butter (which Horry enjoyed exceedingly), but it was a sort of a sham, enacted solely for the benefit of the visitor, which was objectionable in other points of view besides that of extravagance. It gave her a sense of humiliation as if she had been masquerading in order to deceive a stranger who was too quick of wit to be deceived. But Mrs. Penton neither judged her namesake, nor was suspicious of her, nor was she even very curious as the children were, as to the subject of the interview which was going on in the book-room. She feared nothing from it, nor did she expect anything. She was not ready to imagine that anything could happen. Sir Walter might die, of course, and that would make a change; but she had Mrs. Russell Penton's word for it that Sir Walter was better than usual; and in the depth of her experience of that routine of common life which kept on getting a little worse, but had never been broken by any surprising incidents, she had little faith in things happening. She felt even that she would not be surprised for her part if Sir Walter should never die. He was eighty-five, and he might live to be a hundred. Though they had not met for years she saw nothing extraordinary in the fact that Alicia Penton had come to talk over some business matters with her cousin. It was partly indolence of mind and partly because she had so much that was real to occupy her that she had no time for imaginary cases. And so while the girls hung about the doors in excitement unable to settle to anything, curious to see their great relation pass out again, and to watch her getting into her carriage, and pick up any information that might be attainable about the object of her mission, Mrs. Penton with a word of rebuke to their curiosity, took Horry upstairs to the nursery and thence retired to her own room to make her modest little toilette for the evening. There was no dinner to dress for, but the mother of the household thought it was a good thing as a rule and example that she should put on a different gown for tea.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—THE PROPOSAL.

**A**LICIA was a little subdued when she found herself in the old library, the room she had known so well in other circumstances. The air of decay, the unused books which she had borrowed and read and talked over, Edward being a little more disposed that way than her brothers, and ready to give her advice about her reading, and

receive with reverence her comments which the others took no interest in, impressed her in spite of herself. Her eyes turned to the corner in which there had been a collection of the poets more accessible and readable than any that existed at Penton, where the books were all of a ponderous kind. They were still there, the same little volumes, which it had been so easy to carry about, which had been brought from the Hook in Edward's pocket, which she had taken with her in the boat and read in the shady corners under the trees among the water-lilies. She could see they were still

for her half round, so as not to see the shelf with its range of little volumes. The book-room was perhaps the most comfortable in the house, but for that faint mustiness. The walls were well lined with books. It had been a good collection twenty years ago, and though there had been few additions made, it was still a good collection, and the fading of the gilding and a little raggedness of binding here and there did not injure the appearance of the well covered walls. Mr. Penton lighted the two candles on the writing-table, which seemed to add two little inquisitive



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there, the binding a little tarnished, the line broken, as if several volumes were lost or absent. Who read them now? She gave but one glance and saw everything, then turned her back upon that corner. There was a table in the window which had not been there formerly, a table covered with books and papers such as she was sure Edward Penton did not amuse himself with. It would be the boy whose name had not been mentioned, whom she had taken no notice of, yet of whom, with a jealous, angry consciousness, she had felt the presence through all.

"You have made few changes," she said, involuntarily, as she turned the chair he had placed

eldritch spectators, blinking their little flames at the human actors in this drama, and watching all they did and said.

"No, there are no changes to speak of; I have had other things to think of than making changes," he said, with a little abruptness, perhaps thinking that she was making a contrast between the unalterable circumstances of his poverty and all that had been done in the great house. But she had no such meaning, nor did she understand the tone of almost reproach in which he spoke.

"You must have had a great deal to do, with your family; but there are cares which many people count as happiness."

"I am making no complaint," he said.

And then there was a pause. There had been struck a wrong note which rang jarring into the air, and made it more difficult to begin again.

"You must have been surprised," she said, "to find me here to-day."

"I don't know that I was surprised; perhaps it was more surprising, if I may speak my mind, Alicia, that so long a time has passed without seeing you here. I never harmed you, that I know."

"No," she said, "you never harmed us; it has been a miserable mistake altogether. For years past I have felt it to be so; but we are the slaves of our own mistakes. I never seemed to have the courage to take the first step to make it right."

She had neither meant to say this, nor in cold blood would she have allowed it to be true; but she was carried away by the subtle influence of the familiar place, by the sight of the books she used to borrow, and many an indefinable recollection and influence besides.

He gave a little short laugh. "That is the second time to-night," he said, "that I have heard the same thing said." If she had but known who the other was who had said it, the old man breaking stones, who had been so glad of his twopence! Mr. Penton could not restrain the brief comment of that laugh.

"It does not matter who says it," said Alicia, "it is true. A thing is done in passion, in misery; and then it is hard to descend from our pride, or to acknowledge ourselves wrong. And you will think, perhaps," she added, quickly, with rising colour, "that it is a selfish motive that brings me here to-day."

Edward Penton shook his head. "A selfish motive would mean that I could be of use to you; and I don't think that is very probable," he said.

Mrs. Russell Penton coloured still more. "Edward," she said, faltering a little, "it is curious, when there is an object on which one has set one's heart, how one is led on to do things that only in the doing appear in their true colours. I have let you think I came to renew old friendship—to see your children, your girls." She grew more and more agitated as she went on, and there came out in her a hundred tones and looks of the old Alicia, who had seemed to him to have no connection with this mature dignified self-important woman—looks and tones which moved him as the old books in the corner, and all the associations of the place, had moved her.

"It does not matter why you have come; I am glad you have come, anyhow; and if I can do anything—" he made a pause and laughed again, this time at himself. "It doesn't seem very likely, looking at you and at me; but you know I was always your faithful servant," he said.

"There is only one thing I have to say for myself, Edward—I would not allow the proposal to be made to you by any one but me."

"What is it?" he asked. There was a proposal then, and it was something to benefit her! Edward Penton's bosom swelled with perhaps the first pleasurable sense of his own position which he had felt for years. Penton had always been an

excitement to him, but there had been little pleasure in it. For a moment, however, now, he felt himself the old, the young Edward Penton, who had been the faithful servant of Alicia. He could not imagine anything which he could have it in his power to do for her, but still less could he imagine anything which he would refuse.

She went on with a hesitation which was very far from being natural to her. "You know," she said, "that when my father dies, which is an event that cannot be far distant, I shall have to give up—the only home I have ever known."

His attention was fully aroused now. He looked at her across the gleam of the inquisitive candles, with a startled look. Was she going to ask him to give up his inheritance? He was too much surprised to speak.

"You will think this an extraordinary beginning; but it is true. I have never lived anywhere else. My marriage, you know, fortunately, has made no difference. Of course I am my father's heir in everything but what is entailed. It has occurred to us—we have thought that perhaps—"

"What have you thought, Alicia?" he cried, with a sudden, sharp remonstrance in his tone: "that I was just, as in former times, ready for anything that you—What have you thought?—that I was in the same position as of old—that there was no one to consult, no one to consider—except my devotion to you?"

"You mistake me altogether," she cried. "Your devotion to me—which no doubt is ended long ago—was never taken into consideration at all. We thought of an entirely different motive when we talked it over, my father and I. You will remember that I am only asking a question, Edward. I wanted to ask only if a proposal might be made to you, that was all."

"And what was the motive which you supposed likely to move me?" he said.

He had risen up from his seat, and came and stood by the mantelpiece, leaning on it, and looking down upon her. There was a great commotion in his mind—a commotion of the old and of the new. He had grown soft and tender a few minutes before, feeling himself ready to do anything for her which a lady could ask of a man. But now, when it appeared to him that she had gone far beyond that sphere, and was about to ask from him the sacrifice of everything—his property, his inheritance, the fortune of his children—a sudden hot fountain of indignation seemed to have risen within the man. He felt as the knight did in the poem when his lady lightly threw her glove among the lions—an impulse to give her what she asked, to fling it in her face, doing her behest in contempt of the unwomanly impulse which had tempted her to strain her power so far. This was how he felt. No reasonable sentiment of self-defence, but a burning temptation to take his heirship, his hopes, all that made the future tolerable, and fling them with an insult in her face.

"Edward," she said, "I came to you in confidence that you would hear me—that you would let me speak plainly without offence: I mean none," she said, with agitation. "But we have



both come to a reasonable age, and surely we may talk to each other without wounding each other—about circumstances which everybody can see.”

“Speak freely, Alicia. I only want to know what you wish, and what there is in me to justify the proposal, whatever it may be, that you have come to make.”

“I have begun wrong,” she said, with a gesture of disappointment. “It is difficult to find the right words. Will you be angry if I say it is no secret that you—that we—for heaven’s sake don’t think I mean to hurt you—plainly, that I, with all my father can leave, will be in a better position for keeping up Penton than you who are the heir-at-law.”

He stood for some time with his arm on the mantelpiece making no answer, looking down at the faint redness of a fire which had almost burnt out.

“So that’s all,” he said at last, with the tremulous note of a sudden laugh; and drawing a chair close up to it, began to gather together the scraps of half-consumed wood into a blaze. All that he produced was a very feeble momentary glimmer, which leaped up and then died out. He threw down the poker with another short laugh. “Significant,” he said, “symbolical! so that is all, Alicia? You are sure you want no more?”

“You have not heard me out; you don’t understand. Edward, I know the first effect must be painful, but every word you will listen to will lessen that impression. I am, if you will remember, a little older than you are.”

“We were born, I think, in the same year.”

“That makes a woman much older. I told you so when it meant more. And I am a woman, more feeble of constitution than you are—not likely to live so long.”

“On the contrary, if you will allow me to interrupt you; women, I believe, as a rule, are longer-lived than men.”

She drew back with a pained and irritated look. “You make me feel like a lawyer supporting a weak case. It was not in this way that I wanted to talk it over with you, Edward.”

“To talk over the sacrifice of everything I have ever looked to—my birthright, and the prospects of my children. This is rather a large affair to be talked over between you and me after five-o’clock tea, Alicia, over a dying fire.”

“Then,” she said, “it would have been better I had not meddled at all, as my father always said. He thought it should have been made a business proposal only, through a solicitor. But I—I, like a foolish woman—remembering that we had once been dear friends, and feeling that I had been guilty of neglect, and perhaps unkindness—I would not have anything said till I had come myself, till I had made my little overture of reconciliation, till I—”

“If there is to be frankness on one side there should be frankness on both. Till you had put forth the old influence, which once would have made me do anything—give up anything—to please you.”

“You said,” she cried, provoked and humiliated,

“not five minutes since, though I did not wish it—never thought of it—that you were my faithful servant still!”

“Yes,” he said; “and do you know what I should like to do now? You have come to ask me for my inheritance as you might ask for a flower out of my garden—if there were any! I should like to fling you your Penton into your apron—into your face—and see you carry it off, and point at you, like—you were always fond of poetry, and you will remember—the fellow that jumped among the lions for a glove—only a glove: only his life, don’t you know!”

It was not often that Edward Penton gave way to passion, and it was brutal this that he said: but for the moment he had lost all control of himself.

She rose up hurriedly from her chair. “That was no true man!” she cried. “Supposing that the woman was a fool too, she used him only according to his folly to show how false he was.” She paused again, breathless, her heart beating with excitement and indignation. “I am not asking you for your inheritance; I came to ask you—whether an arrangement might be proposed to you which should be for your advantage as well as mine. Let us speak frankly, as you say. I am not a girl, to be driven away by an insult, which comes badly—oh, very badly!—from you, Edward. If I have wounded you, you have stung me, bitterly; so let us be quits.” She looked at him with a smile of pain. “You have hit hardest, after all; you ought to be pleased with that!”

“I beg your pardon, Alicia,” he said.

“Oh, it is not necessary. It was business, and not sentiment, that brought me here. And this is the brutal truth, Edward—like what you have just said to me. You are poor, and I am well off. Penton would be a millstone round your neck; you could not keep it up. Whereas to me it is my home—almost the thing I love best. Will you come to terms with us to set aside the entail and let me have my home? The terms shall be almost what you like. It can be done directly. It will be like realising a fortune which may not be yours for years. I ask no gift. Do you think I am not as proud as you are? I would not ask you for a flower out of your garden, as you say, much less your property—your inheritance! Ah, your inheritance! which twenty years ago, when we used to be here together, was no more likely to be yours—! If we begin to talk of these things where shall we end, I wonder?” she added, with another pale and angry smile. “You understand now what I mean? And I have nothing more to say.”

“Wait a moment;” he said; “I am not sure that I do understand you now. It is not what I thought, apparently, and I beg your pardon. I thought it was something that would be between you and me. But if I hear right, it is a business transaction you propose—something to be done for an equivalent—a bargain—a sale and barter—a—”

“Yes, that is what I mean; perhaps my father was right, and the solicitors were the people to manage it, not you and me—”

“To manage it—or not to manage it, as may

turn out. Yes, I think that would be the better way. These sort of people can say what they like to each other and it never hurts, whereas you and I—Are you really going? I hope you are very well wrapt up, for the night is cold. But for this little squabble, which is a pity, which never ought to have been—

"I cannot think, Edward, that it was my fault."

"They say that ladies always think that," he said with a smile, "otherwise this first visit after—how long is it?—went off fairly well, don't you think? At forty-five, with a wife and children, a man is no longer ready to throw anything away: but otherwise when it comes to business—"

"I was very foolish not to let it be done in the formal way," she said with an uneasy blush and intolerable sense of the sarcasm in his tone. But she would not allow herself to remain under this disadvantage. "Shall I tell my father that you will receive his proposal and give it your consideration?"

"My consideration? Surely; my best consideration," he replied, with still the same look of sarcastic coolness, "which anything Sir Walter Penton suggests would naturally command from his—successor. I cannot use a milder word than that. My position," he added, with gravity, "is not one which I sought or had any hand in bringing about: therefore I can have no responsibility for the changes that have happened in the last twenty years."

"It is I who must beg your pardon now. You are quite right, of course, and there was no fault of yours. Good night and good-bye. I hope you will at least think of me charitably if we should not meet again."

"We shall certainly, I hope, meet again," he said, opening the door for her. "The girls will not forget your invitation to them. They have never seen Penton, and they take an interest, which you will not wonder at—"

"Oh, I don't wonder—at that or anything," she added, in a lower tone; and, as ill-luck would have it, Wat, standing full in the light of the lamp which lit the hall, tall in his youthful awkwardness, half antagonistic, half anxious to recommend himself, stood straight before her, so that she could not, without rudeness, refuse his attendance to the door where the carriage lamps were shining and the bays pawing impatiently. She gave his

father a look of mingled misery and deprecation as she went out of sight. He alone understood why it was she could not bear the sight of his boy. But though her eyes expressed this anguish, her mouth held another meaning. "You will hear from Mr. Rochford in a day or two," she said, as she drove away.

He sent her back a smile of half sarcastic acquiescence still; but then Edward Penton went back to his library and shut himself in, and disregarded all the appeals that were made to him during the next hour, to come to tea. First the bell: then Ally tapping softly, "Tea is ready." Then Anne's quicker summons, "Mother wants to know if we are to wait for you?" Then the little applicant, whom he was least able to resist, little Mary, drumming very low down upon the lower panels of the door, with a little song of "Fader! fader!" To all this Mr. Penton turned a dull ear. He had been angry—he had been cut to the quick: that his poverty should be thus thrown back upon him—that he should be expected to make merchandise of his inheritance, to give up for money the house of his fathers, the only fit residence for the head of the family! All this gave a sharp and keen pang, and roused every instinct of pride and self-assertion. But when the thrill of solitude and reason fell on all that band of suddenly unchained demons, and he thought of the privations round him—the shabbiness of the house; the damp; the poor wife, who could not now at all hold up her head among the county people; the girls, who were little nobodies and saw nothing; Wat, whose young life was spoiled: and Osy—Osy! about whom some determination must be come to. To see a way out of all that and not to accept it: for pride's sake to shut up, not only himself, that was a small matter, but the children, to poverty! The fire went out; the inquisitive candles blinked and spied ineffectually, making nothing of the man who sat there wrapped up within himself, his face buried in his hands. He was chilled almost to ice when his wife stole in and drew him away to the fire in the drawing-room, from which the young ones withdrew to make place for him, with looks full of wonder and awe. And then it was, when he had warmed himself and the ice had melted, that he drew the family council together, and laid before them, old and young, the proposal which Alicia Penton had come to make.



## LECTURING IN AMERICA.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

HAVING been invited to deliver the opening course of the "Lowell Lectures" at Boston, Mass. (the Hub of the Universe), in the autumn of 1883, I was afterwards asked to lecture before various institutions in the States, and remained there until the middle of April, 1884. At the conclusion of the engagements, I was invited to return for the following session and deliver a more extended course, travelling westward as far as La Crosse, North Wisconsin, going through Canada, and returning by the Lake Valley route, just southwards of the Lakes. Having, therefore, passed two successive lecture-sessions in America, and under rather exceptional circumstances, I wish to narrate such of my experiences as may have struck me at the time as being worthy of notice, and affording a contrast to my experiences in England.

In order to make the following pages intelligible it will be necessary to mention that my lectures are not read, but are delivered extemporaneously. They are illustrated by coloured pastel drawings, executed during the course of the lecture upon a large sheet of black canvas stretched upon a frame, and illuminated if possible by limelight, or in default of limelight by footlights, either gas or paraffin. As the surface of the canvas is twelve feet by six, it is evident that the frame on which it is stretched must be of great strength, so as to endure the strain upon it. The canvas and frame are attached to two uprights, a little more than eight feet in height, which are supported by guy-ropes, just like those of a lawn-tennis net. Also, as it would be impossible to convey so large an object without the risk of smashing it at each journey, the woodwork can be taken to pieces, the canvas folded, and the whole apparatus packed into a canvas case. In the course of the following pages the reader will see why I have been obliged to give these preliminary details.

The first lectures which I delivered to Americans were not given in America, neither were they given in England, although they were given in English possessions. They were delivered on board the Cunard steamer *Cephalonia*, about half way across the Atlantic. Though the vessel is English, the passengers were almost entirely Americans on their return from the tour in Europe, which forms a necessary element in a complete American life.

The weather being exceedingly rough, even for that time of year, very few of the passengers were capable of taking an interest in anything; but after we had been at sea about five or six days most of the invalids had recovered sufficiently to appear at dinner, and assembled in the saloon and music-room, the latter being a wide gallery round the upper part of the saloon.

On board these steamers time is apt to hang

rather heavily upon the hands, especially after dinner, when the only lights are those of the saloon. So there exists a kindly custom—a sort of unwritten law—that any one who is capable of doing anything which can amuse his or her fellow-passengers is expected to do it. According to this custom I was asked to give a lecture or two on board. There were, however, some difficulties in the way. My apparatus was in the hold, and could not be disturbed, and there could be no footlights in the saloon of a steamer. However, Captain Walker, with his unfailing courtesy, had a square frame made, and some black tarpaulin stretched over it in lieu of a canvas. And, as the ship is lighted by electricity, he had a number of incandescent lamps hung so as to make a very good succedaneum for footlights. So the lectures went off very well, and were perhaps the more successful on account of the various drawbacks.

In the first place, tarpaulin is made of a number of narrow strips of canvas, joined by very thick and very wide seams, so that to draw an animal or an insect demanded a great amount of "dodging" the seams. Then we were well in the "rolling forties," and when these huge floating palaces take to rolling they *do* roll! It was all very well for the audience, who were seated, and could hold on to the table when the vessel gave a more vicious lurch than usual. But the rolling was not so gratifying to the lecturer as it was amusing to the audience. To make extemporaneous coloured drawings, complicated by "dodging" the seams and meeting the roll of the vessel, was anything but an easy task, and every now and then, when the lecturer was beginning a drawing on the left side of the canvas, the audience was greatly delighted at seeing him slide rapidly to the right, drawing at the same time a line which he had not the least intention of making.

I am fortunately exempt from sea-sickness, and possess tolerably good "sea-legs," but as there was nothing that I could grasp I could not help sliding down the floor, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left. (N.B.—As soon as I was settled in Boston I had a thin india-rubber sole attached to the boots and shoes which I wore on board, and I could then bid defiance to any amount of rolling. This fact may be of service to intending voyagers.)

Afterwards I found these soles extremely useful when lecturing. In making the drawings, many of which require an uninterrupted stroke of eleven or twelve feet in length, it is necessary to walk—not to say run—across the platform. In many places, especially in new buildings, the surface of the platform is smooth and slippery, so that it is impossible to move quickly without danger of a fall. But the india-rubber sole clings so firmly to the smoothest floor that the lecturer can step



freely in any direction without being distracted by continual fears of slipping.

In many respects there is much similarity between both countries, but where there is a distinction it is almost always in favour of America.

In the first place, in proportion to the population, the lecture-institutes are many more in number and more perfect in detail than is generally the case in England. This fact is, I believe, chiefly owing to the different standpoints from which an average American and Englishman contemplate life. As a rule, a successful Englishman is desirous of founding a family, and, if possible, of becoming a great landed proprietor. He may know that land is a very bad investment for his capital, pecuniarily speaking, but the mere possession of broad acres will entitle the owner to take rank among the "county families," and may in process of time lead to the attainment of a coronet.

But in America there is no hereditary rank, and the incentives to founding a family are comparatively slight. Partly in consequence of this diversity in social life, the Americans spend their money as lavishly as they earn it industriously. They do not wait until their death to leave the money as a legacy, but give it during their lifetime. So the whole country is studded with splendid institutes, the founders of which are in many cases still living.

Some of these institutes are to be found in places where they might be least expected.

For example, I was engaged to deliver a course of lectures at North Easton, Mass. On arrival, I found myself being driven through a straggling sort of village, with rows of long, narrow sheds on either side of the road. A strange, dull noise, as of hammers underground, was perceptible even through the sound of the wheels. Two or three handsome houses were visible at long intervals, but the generality of the dwellings were mere cottages. Altogether the aspect of the village was purely industrial, and in no place would a lecture institute be less expected.

Yet, on turning a corner, one of the most magnificent institutes in the country suddenly burst upon the view, standing upon a bold eminence, and towering above the village like Gulliver among the Liliputians. On entering the building I found it to be a very palace of an institute. The lower portion was divided into a variety of class-rooms; above them was a vast lecture-hall, with a double set of dressing-rooms for men and women; while the whole of the upper part was devoted to Freemasonry, which in America is very widely cultivated.

Why should such a little place need so large an institute? A large and populous city might be proud of possessing it, and yet it is apparently wasted upon a little village. It is not wasted at all. It is in constant use, and there is scarcely a single department of it which is not used daily.

The whole population of the village is employed in a single industry; North Easton makes shovels, and does nothing else by way of handicraft. Those shovels are so good, that the greater part of the United States are supplied from this little village.

The peculiar sound which is heard as soon as the main street is entered is caused by the "trip-hammers," by which the metal is forged, and which fill the sheds that edge the road.

Mr. Ames, the proprietor of these works, is one of those employers of labour who think that they owe a duty to those who work for them, and therefore provide their mechanics with an education which many a gentleman might envy. There are many such institutes in the country, but I specially mention this one because it was the first which I saw.

A natural consequence of this abundance of lecture-halls is the character of the hall-keeper, or "janitor," as he is universally called.

Too often in England the hall-keeper is a dire trial to the lecturer, especially if he needs to make preparations before he can deliver his lecture. Sometimes the hall-keeper has been placed in office because he (or she) is infirm, and unable to do any hard work. Sometimes he has been in office for a quarter of a century or so. In either case he looks upon the building as his own private property, and resents the least alterations as a personal insult.

He considers that the hall is *the* most important building in the world, and that the town is highly honoured by being allowed to accrete itself round the hall. Nothing arouses his wrath so much as giving him trouble, especially if there should be anything which he will have to clear up after the lecture is over. His ideal of a lecturer is a gentleman who does not bother him before the lecture, who reads something out of a book, and then goes away without giving him the least additional trouble. This class of official is gradually disappearing; but even now, the crusty, sulky, pompous, or actively hostile hall-keeper is too often to be found.

Quite as annoying is the passive hall-keeper.

He has not sufficient courage for overt opposition, but stands by with his hands in his pockets, muttering to himself, and objecting to everything that is done. "I won't have no screws put into *my* floor," is a sentence to which I am so accustomed that I always know when it is coming, and prepare for it accordingly. He will give no help, nor will he allow helpers to come on the platform.

More than once I have been obliged to have recourse to the only weapon that has the least effect upon these surly Jacks-in-office. I say to them, "I shall call upon the secretary and any members of the committee whom I can find, and report to them that you forbid me to fix the apparatus, without which I cannot deliver my lecture. My agent will demand the fee, and the committee will hold you responsible for it." This menace never fails to bring the man to a sense of his position. Then I follow up the attack by pointing out to him in a very polite manner that he is the servant of the institution and not its master, and that as he will have to yield at last, and perhaps run the risk of dismissal, he may as well do so at once.

When he has "caved in," I tell him that it was very much against his own interests to oppose

me, for I always reward those who give me their assistance. This double-edged argument always is successful, and the usual result is that the man puts his hand to the work and becomes quite friendly. I have several times been driven to this mode of action in England, but only once in America.

It is useless to show the slightest approach to anger with these men. You may be boiling with inward rage, but if you lose your temper in the least they will beat you. But calm politeness is a weapon which they cannot handle, and they collapse helplessly before it.

Another exasperating functionary is the fussy and officious hall-keeper.

He insists upon meddling with everything that you do, and in offering the most fatuous suggestions on every detail. For example, the ten wooden bars which compose the frame, upon which the canvas is stretched, are all conspicuously numbered, so that they may be put together without loss of time. Therefore I always ask to have them laid out so as to show their numbers. The fussy hall-keeper, however, always knows better than the lecturer, and in this case he invariably piles them upon each other, so that only the uppermost number can be seen.

Or I have arranged the bars in their order and gone to the other end of the platform to fetch the fly-screws with which they are fastened together, when he suddenly calls out to his assistants, "Here, Bill, Jack, bring them bars over here," and so the work has to be done over again. Or, being filled with a sense of his superior wisdom, he acts in exact opposition to your orders, often with disastrous results. My three frames are all patched and mended from one end to the other, the results of superior wisdom on the part of fussy hall-keepers. The oddest thing is, that when the fussy hall-keeper breaks or damages the apparatus by his own wilfulness, he invariably blames the lecturer.

In connection with this point I must record a trait of character which I found almost universal in America.

When first the bars and canvas are laid out on the platform, the janitor and other spectators begin to pour ridicule upon them, saying that they are thick, heavy, and clumsy, in fact, John Bull all over. They invariably add that they could make a frame which would weigh not half as much, which would dispense with the tedious process of lacing, and tighten the canvas by merely turning a winch. Becoming rather tired of this comment, I offered a hundred dollars for a frame which should fulfil these conditions, and fifty dollars in addition for two more of exactly similar structure. But they must be as portable as mine, must be equally strong, so as to withstand the strain caused by the stretching of the canvas, and defy the rough handling of the railway people (popularly and appropriately called baggage-smashers), and must be equally simple, so that if broken or injured they could be repaired by any village carpenter or blacksmith.

In several places the offer was eagerly accepted, but I regret to say that I was never called upon to

pay the hundred and fifty dollars. So, after all, the clumsy and John-Bullish apparatus was not superseded. I only wish that the promises had been fulfilled, for so great a reduction in weight would save much travelling expense, while the diminution of physical exertion and the lessened expenditure of time would be scarcely less valuable.

As to the manner of conducting the lectures, I will take the "Lowell" as a good example.

The lectures are free—i.e., as far as payment goes. Experience has shown that people do not value that which costs them nothing. So, although no money is paid for admission, the tickets cannot be obtained without some trouble. They are only given to personal applicants, and only one ticket is issued to each person. Moreover, they are distributed at an early hour in the morning, and the whole of the business is completed in a quarter of an hour or so.

The process is really a pretty sight.

About 7 a.m. a crowd begins to assemble before the door of a large drill-hall, and there they wait until the door is opened. Meanwhile the secretary, janitor, and several stewards are making their arrangements within. The janitor goes into a little office on the left hand of the door, the stewards range themselves round the room, while the secretary stands in the centre, so as to exercise general superintendence. Long before the appointed time, the assembled crowd is so large, that scarcely half of them can hope to obtain tickets. From much personal experience, I can assure the reader that waiting in the open air in a New England winter is not the most agreeable pursuit in the world, and that those who will undergo it prove that they are worthy of their tickets.

However, everything is conducted in the most orderly manner. As the first man passes in he takes his stand at the little window of the office. The next comer is placed against the wall, touching the side of the office, and as they go in, the stewards arrange them in single file, thus forming a "queue," as the French call it. The queue is generally so long that it reaches several times round the room.

As the clock strikes, the secretary closes the door, opens a little wicket-gate, and gives the word to march. The first comer then receives his ticket and passes out through the gate. The effect of this procession winding in and out is very picturesque, reminding the spectator of the march of children in a kinder-garten. As the tickets are numbered in order of their proximity to the platform, it follows that "first come best served" is a rule which is rigidly carried out. If a family should wish to have good places and sit together, they must either all attend personally, or employ substitutes. A little amicable exchanging of numbers generally takes place after the issue is completed, while all those who fail to obtain tickets at all have only themselves to blame.

The value of this rigid rule was forcibly exemplified when I was lecturing before another institute where this plan of giving tickets was not

followed. No tickets were required, the doors being thrown open, and any one being free to walk in just as he liked. The consequence was, that the room was not half filled, and that people were continually going noisily in and out, clattering with their heavy boots, talking loudly, whistling, and disturbing both the lecturer and those of the audience who really wished to attend to the lecture.

This laxity had another evil effect. The better class of people were so disgusted by the ill-conduct of these rudesters, that they gradually ceased to attend—a result not at all contemplated by the founder.

At the conclusion of my course, the secretary was so annoyed at the behaviour of the young roughs who composed the greater part of the audience, that he intended to recommend to the committee a system of ticket-giving similar to that which is employed at the "Lowell" Institute.

There is another admirable arrangement at the Lowell. A quarter of an hour before the commencement of the lecture the door is closed, and no one is allowed to enter. Ten minutes before the hour, the janitor goes on the platform and holds up his hand. This is a signal that all seats which have not been occupied may be taken by any one who is not satisfied with his own place. The scene is a most amusing one as seen from the back of the platform.

As the janitor gives the signal, several torrents of excited human beings pour tumultuously down the passages between the seats (called "aisles" in America), each person making for the seat on which he has set his fancy. As four or five competitors are eager—striving to gain each of the best seats, and as at least twice as many persons compete as there are empty places—the rush is short, sharp, and noisy. So noisy is it, that one of my predecessors, who happened to be a nervous man, thought that the tumult signified an alarm of fire, and tried to escape from the building. Those who fail to secure the places which they wanted make the best of it and return good-humouredly to their former places.

Another benefit to the lecturer is, that the audience is brought in front of him, for as all know who have had much experience on the platform, a scattered audience is very trying to the voice, and throws much additional strain on the speaker.

So important is this point that in one place I have addressed nearly four thousand people without straining my voice, while in another an audience of one-tenth the number has fatigued me so much that I had great difficulty in making myself heard, the people being scattered in the galleries, or seated on the right and left of the hall, and nearly behind the speaker. This fault is common to both sides of the Atlantic, and is due to the architect, who only thinks of the beauty of his design, and forgets that the primary object of a lecture-hall is to enable the audience to hear and see the speaker.

As to the character of the audiences, I find little difference between those of America and those of England. I believe that all are equally

appreciative, though they are not equally demonstrative. Some audiences encourage the speaker by frequent applause, while others, although they may equally appreciate his efforts, chill the very soul within him by sitting in dead silence, and never by voice or gesture giving the slightest indication of their approval.

No lecturer, however case-hardened, can do justice to the subject or himself in the depressing atmosphere of a silent audience. An audience ought to be like a cat, and purr when it is pleased, if it wants the speaker to do justice to his subject or himself.

Perhaps the most important point in the career of a travelling lecturer is the watchful care which he must take of his health. No amount of talent, no mastery of his subject, no command of language, will be of the least avail when the body is unable to carry out the dictates of the mind. More especially is this the case when the lecturer is travelling in a strange land. Even if he should have nothing to do but to walk on the platform and read his lecture, he will find that after a few weeks the incessant strain upon body as well as mind begins to tell upon him. And if, as in my own case, the lectures are delivered without book, and involve more than an hour's hard work before and after each lecture, the strain is very greatly increased.

Putting aside the constant fear of taking cold and contracting sore throat, the lecturer finds that the strength of the general system *must* be maintained. For this purpose, two essential requisites are necessary, *i.e.*, nutritious food and quiet sleep. In England there is little difficulty in obtaining them both, especially the former. Putting aside the larger railway stations, where the refreshment rooms can always furnish a fair meal, every little town contains at least one inn, where a traveller can obtain his meals at any time which suits him.

I need hardly say that a lecturer ought not to dine before his task is over. He must take some light refreshment about an hour and a half before he goes on the platform, and when his task is completed, have a quiet supper—say about half-past ten, and get to bed about midnight. This is easy enough in England, but almost impossible in America.

If the lecturer be staying at a first-class hotel in one of the great cities, he can always make arrangements with the manager. But no sooner does he diverge into the towns or lesser cities than he is launched into a sea of discomforts. How the Americans can put up with the tyranny of the hotel-keepers, and fondly imagine themselves to be a free people, I cannot imagine. We, in this land of slaves, would not for an hour put up with the despotism to which the Americans meekly submit.

Here, for example, is the table of "hours" at a hotel where I had to put up: Breakfast, six to eight; dinner, twelve to one; supper, five to six. Now, I did not arrive until after four. Then I had to walk nearly half a mile to the lecture-room through deep snow. Then I had to put up my apparatus, arrange the light, and walk back again.



so that I could not reach the hotel until half-past six.

Supper had been over for some time. The proprietor was quite astonished when I asked for some refreshments, and said that the dining-room was shut, the kitchen locked, the fires out, and the servants gone away. I should have been obliged to wait until the dining-room was opened next morning, had not one of the professors of the college before which I was going to lecture prevailed upon the proprietor to give me some cold beef and bread, and reserve a little more for me when I returned from the lecture.

This is by no means an exceptional experience. Here is an extract from a letter addressed by an American gentleman to an American paper: "When we went, a few hours later, to seek a noonday meal at a hotel to which we had been directed on Salisbury beach, we were told that we were too late. 'Dinner over,' said the matron in charge, 'two minutes ago.' Money could not buy her to depart from the rules, and love we had none to offer."

Let not the traveller depend upon the refreshment rooms, which in America have scarcely yet attained to the standard of "Mugby Junction." The announcement that at a certain place there will be half an hour for dinner looks well enough, but no trust can be placed in it.

In the first place, the hour is almost invariably twelve, or even earlier, an hour at which we on this side of the Atlantic are not in the habit of dining. In the next place, the length of time given to the dinner entirely depends upon the punctuality of the train. Should it be a quarter of an hour late (an event of quite common occurrence), the half hour will be shortened by that amount. So the passengers rush tumultuously into the room, seize what they can, grasp and bolt it as fast as possible, trying to swallow as much as they can before the conductor's long-drawn "All-aboard" sends them rushing back to the cars.

As to the viands which are dispensed at these refreshment rooms, they are simply appalling. At one station, which is about equivalent to Swindon, York, or Crewe, the train was twenty-six minutes late. Four minutes, therefore, were left for dinner. The "dinner"—save the mark—consisted of apples, oranges, biscuits, dough-nuts, and Pie. There was also milk and water.

When I mention pie my pen trembles in my hand. A pie is a circular tray of indigestible dough about as large as a soup-plate, filled with some compound, such as apple, pumpkin, or other fruit.

It is cut into four quadrants, so that it can be

taken up with the fingers and consumed without the sybaritish adjuncts of fork or spoon. The rapidity with which these wedges of pie disappear is absolutely appalling, and the spectator ceases to wonder that the columns of the newspapers are filled with advertisements of remedies for dyspepsia.

I am thus emphatic because it is a very serious matter. When a man has to deliver an average of four lectures weekly, travelling an average of a thousand miles, and to keep up the lecturing and travelling for some four or five consecutive months, he will certainly break down before he has finished his task, or will inflict a lasting injury upon his health, unless his body be properly nourished. The food cannot be too plain, provided it be nutritious and taken at suitable hours. But the strongest man that ever stepped upon a platform cannot live on dough-nuts and pie, hastily bolted at noon (with every chance of missing the "supper" at five), deliver a lecture at eight, wait until next morning before he can obtain food, and hope to keep his health.

There are exceptions to the general rule.

There are stations where a really good (in American parlance, a "square") meal can be obtained. There are hotels in small towns where the proprietor will supply "lunch" after the lecture, mostly falling back on stewed oysters (which are the staff of life in America), and will not be scandalised if the lecturer does not want to go to bed at ten. But these are the exceptions and not the rule, and the traveller must not count on meeting with them. His only security lies in being independent of them.

After a while I learned wisdom and always took with me half-a-dozen hard-boiled eggs, some salt mixed with pepper, a ham and chicken sausage, and a few biscuits. These articles will be fit for use for a week or ten days, and I seldom passed a week without needing them. To some of the trains a restaurant car is attached, and is everything that can be desired. But these cars only travel with the long-distance trains, and are never found except on the main lines.

Private hospitality is often extended to the lecturer, for the Americans are an essentially hospitable people. But the lecturer cannot depend upon it, and, as I know from long experience, the mere feeling of independence is a pure gain to the lecturer.

Despite these drawbacks, the life of a travelling lecturer in America is a very attractive one, and it was with great regret that I was obliged to decline an invitation to deliver another series of sketch-lectures through the session of 1885-6.



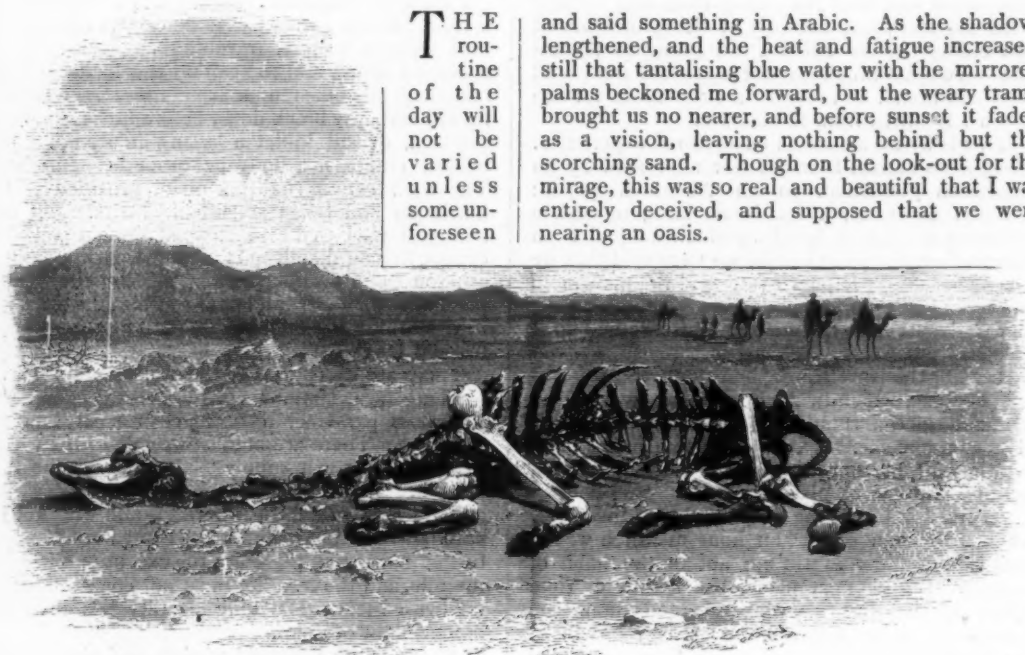
## A PILGRIMAGE TO SINAI.

BY ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, AUTHOR OF "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," "A LADY'S RIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," ETC.

### II.

THE routine of the day will not be varied unless some unforeseen

and said something in Arabic. As the shadows lengthened, and the heat and fatigue increased, still that tantalising blue water with the mirrored palms beckoned me forward, but the weary tramp brought us no nearer, and before sunset it faded as a vision, leaving nothing behind but the scorching sand. Though on the look-out for the mirage, this was so real and beautiful that I was entirely deceived, and supposed that we were nearing an oasis.



A CAMEL'S GRAVE.

event happens. Up to this halting-place the journey has been monotonous; an expanse of hard, gravelly sand, with low red ranges of hills on the east, and on the west the blue waters of the Red Sea, here and there rocks a few feet high, the shingly bed of a dry wady, with tufts of wormwood here and there, a skeleton of a camel at intervals, suggestive of the end of unwilling labours, a whitish-blue sky, and a sun which blazes and scintillates so long as it is above the horizon. About two hours after leaving Ain Musa the wind changed from north to south, and the air became very sultry and oppressive. The wind is strong enough to blow the sand against us in stinging drifts, and is dry and hot, as if it came over hot metal. Yesterday at noon the mercury was  $107^{\circ}$  (F.) in the shade, at  $89^{\circ}$  in my tent at night; to-day there has been no shade in which to test the temperature, and now, at 7 p.m., it is at  $91^{\circ}$  in the tent. The sand is so hot as to burn the feet uncomfortably if one has only stockings on. The glare from the sand and the vibration of the heated lower strata of the air have been very distressing to-day. About noon I saw, some miles ahead, a lovely scene—a sheet of bright blue water, with tall, graceful palms reflected in it. I asked Hassan if we could not camp there as well as here, but he shook his head

To-day we met a caravan of six American clergymen on camels, with a dragoman, two mounted servants, and eleven baggage-camels. One of these still carried claret, two more barrels of water, one, coops still containing fowls and a sheep, and the others were loaded with camp equipage—tents, beds, chairs, tables, etc.

"For in the desert when men meet,  
They pass not as in peaceful street."

So the travellers came up to me and we exchanged experiences. They were four days "out" from Sinai; they had found the Greek monks grasping and exorbitant in their charges; the heat had been intense for two days; did I not think I was running a risk in going alone? etc. They invited me to dine with them, but my scanty fare seemed more suitable for a pilgrimage than their four or five courses eaten at a table; and, though I should have been glad to compare notes with them, I was so anxious to push on that we parted. They were in much fear of being detained at the quarantine station.

With this exception, I have not seen man, beast, bird, or insect for two days, and not a trace of man. The glossiness which the desert takes from the repeated passage of the spongy feet of camels has been effaced by the drifting sand, so



that the desert is literally the "trackless desert." Along the wadys I have seen a few stunted tamarisks ("manna-trees"), some wizened brooms (the juniper of the Bible), some tufts of wormwood, and some yellow gourds, the shape and size of Seville oranges, lying among shrivelled leaves. The Bedaween collect these gourds with great care. They scoop out most of the inside and let goat's milk stand in the rind. This milk, which is very nauseous, is the medicine which they most prize, the gourd being the fruit of the colocynth.

The wadys, which are simply rents or depressions, down which water, when there is any, flows, are the great highways of this peninsula, without which it would be impossible for beasts of burden to penetrate the granitic ranges of the interior. In the winter and early spring these valleys or depressions or watercourses—for a wady may be any one of these—are for a few hours or days the



MOUNT SERBAL.

beds of tremendous torrents. When the rains have run off pools remain for a time, but these have dried up already.

Last night, after a toilsome march of ten hours,

we encamped at Wady Sadur, a stony depression marked by a few stunted tamarisks, from which there is a view of a striking isolated peak called Gebel Bisher. The heat during the night was



great, and though I slept soundly I awoke unrefreshed and unwilling to move on. To-day the heavens have been "as brass," or rather as steel, and the earth "as iron."

*Wady esh Sheykh, Easter Sunday.*—I have encamped here to-day with the traditional Sinai within an hour's journey, and Gebel Serbal, the highest mountain in the peninsula opposite the camp, rising magnificently above two curtain ranges which form the opposite side of the valley. I arranged with my escort to take a "Sabbath" to-day, my seventh day from Ain Musa. This wady is a broad shelving depression of stones and gravel dotted over with grey tamarisk shrubs and boulders of granite. I am sitting "in the tent door in the cool of the day," but "the cool" is 95°! The mercury did not fall below 90° last night in my tent. For three days the khamseen, or hot wind, has blown strongly, and the sun, with rays untempered either by mist or cloud, has glared fiercely down from a bright blue sky. The blue waters of the Red Sea were left behind on the third day from Ain Musa, and the mocking waters of the mirage, with their waving palms, vanished with the plains. The mercury in the shade has marked from 105° to 108°, an unusually high temperature for April.

It seems almost ludicrous now, and if I live to return will seem quite so, that I am having some kind of illness! I had shivering fits in Cairo, with great lassitude and drowsiness, and was told that nothing would work such a speedy cure as life in the desert. There were several cases of typhoid fever in the Cairo hotel. Mr. — who sat next me at dinner is severely ill of it, and I think I have some form of fever. Three days ago I took a bad sore throat, accompanied by headache, nausea, severe pain in my back, and very bad eyes, the discomfort of the latter being much aggravated by flies. A rash which came out much like scarlet fever has developed into blisters or pustules like lacquer poisoning, and the whole skin is so inflamed and burning that for the last two nights sleep has been impossible. Under these circumstances the miseries endured from vermin, boils, the glare, the awful heat, the fatigue of riding a slow-paced camel for ten or eleven hours daily, and, worse than all, the thirst, have been only just endurable. Yet even in the midst of it I feel that this glorious desert, this "waste howling wilderness," the new and rich experiences, and the prospect of Sinai, are worth them all.

On the first and second days there were no marked features to vary the monotony, but on the third day the plain became more undulating and diversified by hills and small plateaux glittering with gypsum crystals, while spurs running down from the Tih on the left, and glimpses of the blue sparkling waters of the sea on the right, give a degree of variety. This is the "Wilderness of Shur," in which the Israelites "went three days and found no water." There are two claimants to be Marah, Wady Amarah and Ain Hawarah. The last is a very uninteresting spring, overshadowed by two or three desert palms. The water is intensely nauseous and bitter. Turning

off the shortest route, and passing below some magnificent cliffs of crystalline limestone, we came down upon the sea. The foam-crested sparkling blue waters dashed blithely on the shore, and I revelled in the cool spray on my face, delicious after the long blazing day. There we encamped by the sea, between black and white cliffs and deep blue water, and all night long the waves murmured along the silent shore. The sun set in glory, bathing the desert in fiery light, and I strolled in the evening along the shell-strewn shore, reading Numbers xxxiii., feeling sure that the Israelites came down the Wady Taiyibeh to the sea which had befriended them so well, and once more, and possibly for the last time, saw the hills of Africa, behind which lay the "House of Bondage" purpling in the sinking sun, for this Dean Stanley makes no doubt is the site of the "encampment by the sea."

In the Wady Taiyibeh the glare from the walls of limestone rock was fearful, and the thirst very hard to bear. In the afternoon we came upon some pleasant-looking springs of clear water, among a cluster of shaggy palms and ragged tamarisks. Hassan had gone on, so I made signs to my camel-driver to draw some water, holding out to him an iron pan which hung on the camel, and pointing to the pools. He shook his head and made various gestures of unwillingness; but at last he drew some water and brought it to me all sparkling and beautiful. I seized it from him with a feeling of ecstasy, and took one long deep draught, though the sun had warmed it, only to find it salt, bitter, nauseous. Again, as so often before, I sympathised with the vast and thirsty host parching upon these glaring sands, and recalling the sweet waters of the abundant Nile. My sufferings from thirst after that were considerably increased.

That encampment by the cool blue sea was the last gleam of comfort. The next morning was hotter, and the heat more blasting than before. I was sick and faint from the hot wind before eight a.m., and a new discomfort was added in incessant drifts of fine sand, burning and blinding, gritty in the eyes, nose, and mouth, and stinging the inflamed skin of my face. Still it was possible to admire the white marble terraces above the sea, with dull brown cliffs streaked with purple bands above them, as we turned into the plain of Markhah, supposed to be the wilderness of Sin, passing a promontory of limestone rocks washed by the ocean, through which the camels somewhat unwillingly splashed their way for some distance. Then came the bold white cliffs of Gebel el Markhah, painfully dazzling, followed, as I said, by the plain of El Markhah.

This was a woful experience. The khamseen was blowing strong, with its blinding, stinging drifts of sand, the sun, white and scintillating like a huge magnesium light, blazed from a sky blue indeed, but full of a white light. The air simmered above the heated earth. The mirage spread out its mocking waters and waving palms, but I was no longer deceived. Through that evil simmering air I now and then had glimpses of an oily simmering sea. For three hours we glided silently over

a hard and hateful expanse of sand and flints, from which even the grey wormwood was absent. The shadows shortened, but when noon came there was no shadow of a great rock in all that weary land. I flung myself into a rift in a boulder of sandstone, from which some lively lizards were ejected, and covered myself with blankets. Sand and rock radiated a burning heat. The supply of water in the skins was not abundant, and what there was, though it was taken from a cooler, was tepid and thick, and tasted of goat, leather, and tannin. The camels were quarrelsome and listless, and when we resumed the march after an hour's halt, protested more loudly than ever.

The sun was scorching that afternoon. I thought I should fall from my camel. The fatigue was intense, and tired of the effort of holding my umbrella against the hot wind, I put two blankets over my head and "desired the shadow" as earnestly as any "hireling" in the days of Job. It was a comfort to me to think that the Israelites, with their women, young children, and flocks and herds, never, even under the worst circumstances, had to make forced marches as I was doing. I tried to read, but the pages of Murray, over which I had pored till I nearly knew them by heart, seemed for once insufferably dull. I took my Bible then, and was impressed afresh, not only with its faithful Orientalism, but with its faithful localism. How different would have been the imagery of a prophet of the watery West from that of Isaiah! "A man" would have been represented as sunshine, or as the shadow of a spreading tree, rather than "as rivers of water in a dry place," or "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." In the scorching desert one realises the unspeakable rapture contained in the promise, "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert," and the awfulness of "a barren and thirsty land where no water is." As the hours passed by with their thirst, glare, and furnace heat, I sympathised more and more with the Israelites shut in by the wilderness, behind them the sea, whose waters would divide no more, around them this burning waterless expanse, and before them, as before me as the day closed, a mountain region with granite walls, with nearer cliffs of fantastic forms and brilliant colours, all radiating heat and devoid of vegetation.

Instead of continuing ten miles farther over this horrid plain to the mouth of the Wady Feiran, the supposed route of the Israelites, we left it to rejoin it a little later, and then went up the Seih Baha, a narrow valley between glaring hills of limestone, which shortly opened up on Wady Shellâl, the "Valley of the Cataracts," now an arid blazing defile between sandstone and limestone rocks. Here the monotony of the desert came to an end, and hour after hour brought additional majesty and fresh surprises in colour. I thought that the porphyry and ore-stained rocks of the Rocky Mountains were all that nature could do in the way of colour, but the glorious peaks of the Sinaitic group far exceed them. Fantastic colour moulded into fantastic form has kept my attention strained and eager ever since we left the plain of El Markhah—

walls, peaks, ridges, spires, battlements, towers, rifts, chasms, abysses, forms so definite at times in their simulation of man's work as to deceive me as effectually as the mirage. Here we plunged into the heart of that glorious group of mountains which, as seen from the Red Sea glowing in the sunset, had lured me to this toilsome pilgrimage. These closed the prospect in front, their bases black or bottle green, their tops orange, lake, Venetian red! Joyfully that evening, as the shadows lengthened and the great walls of rock at last threw their deep shade over the valley, I saw in the distance the gleam of my white tent pitched near a cliff, here and there tinged green by the bright leafage of the caper plant. There was a charm about the encampment that night, though shade did not mean coolness, and the burning breath of the khamseen still rendered existence painful, and I had much fever and suffering of various kinds.

A few manna-distilling "tarfa," or tamarisk shrubs, with a little aromatic herbage such as goats and camels love, had attracted some wandering Bedaween to the same spot, and the night was noisy with the loud talk between them and my men. I was entirely sleepless, and wondered what the staple of this Ishmaelite talk was, and just as I had decided that it was probably about camels, goats, wells and springs, and the increasing scarcity of water, day broke, hot and cloudless, and with it all the camels began their noisy protestations, growling and roaring.

The water, as I said before, had been hardly drinkable at noon, and at night, when I asked for rice, Hassan's gloomy countenance grew yet more gloomy, and he said there was not water enough: the Bedaween had stolen it. Being unable to have either rice or chocolate, what I had in the morning having been made of *saltish water*, possibly from Marah, I supped on raisins and chocolate paste only. Of course, there was not any water for washing either that night or the next morning—a discomfort under any circumstances, and an actual hardship in these. When I lay down I asked Hassan to bring me all the water that there was, and he presently reappeared with a most glum and clouded face, bringing a teacup nearly full of a thick, dark-coloured fluid like the refuse stream of a dye-work, and, putting it down by me, said, "You get all; you very ill." Then, smelling it, he said, with a look of infinite disgust, "*Stinks.*" I felt as if I could drink up the Nile, and as I raised myself on my elbow frequently during the night and sipped this fetid decoction of goat's hide in teaspoonfuls, the suffering hourly increased. I was really ill, and wondered if I could remain sane until the afternoon of the next day, twenty hours later, when we should reach the wells of the Wady Feiran. It was a night of misery. I could not keep my thoughts to any subject.

"Thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,  
Came chasing countless thoughts along."

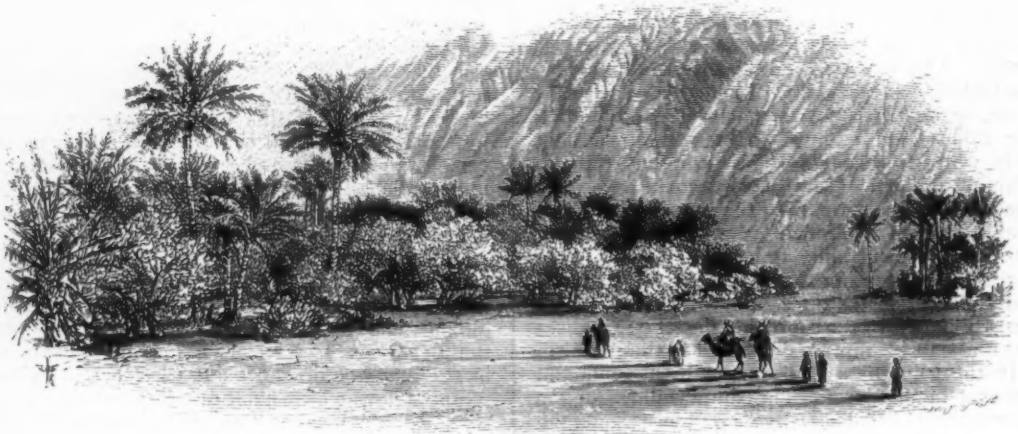
All the watery texts of the Bible came to my memory, and those beautiful words—"A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal"—absolutely tortured me. Water in all its forms filled my

imagination. The height of human happiness—the goal of all desire—was clear, cold water without stint. Once I thought I heard “an abundance of rain,” but on rising to go out into it I found that the sound was but the sweep of the desert wind through the stunted tamarisks.

We began the march soon after the sun had risen, turning the eastern sky into the aspect of a conflagration. The heavens above were “as brass” and the earth beneath “as iron.” I breakfasted on raisins and half a cup of stirabout made with some stale water which had been begged from the scanty stock of the nomads of the night before. These folded their tents and passed away on that search for water which is the life-long occupation of the dwellers in the desert. They left not a trace behind. Soon after they went out of sight I walked on alone, as is my usual practice, in advance of the camels, but soon sank on a stone from exhaustion and suffering. Hassan had peb-

marched on silently under the blazing skies, through the heated, simmering air. I felt my reason going, and tied a handkerchief over my eyes; then lassitude came on, and the longing for water turned into a longing for death, and the fancied murmur of the “dark river” in my ears was a pleasant sound.

Then there were voices, and Hassan, speaking thick, uttered the one word, “Water!” I took the bandage from my eyes, and saw that we were in a valley. In front palms waved, and there was greenness on the earth. I thought I was again being mocked by the mirage, but the blessed reality was confirmed the next moment, when I saw in the distance the Sheykh Barak running towards me with a pitcher of water in his hand. I seized it, and in unreasoning haste drank an enormous quantity, when Hassan forced the cooler from me and drank the remainder, poor fellow! The thirst still raged, but there was hope,



IN THE WADY FEIRAN

bles in his own mouth, and gave me some to put in mine, but he spoke thickly, though doubtless he had taken more water than he gave to me. We marched for four hours—a burning, weary, silent march—and halted at noon in the sharp, deep shadow of a high rock, where the mercury fell to  $111^{\circ}$ . The glare on the sand beyond the shadow was blinding. The lower strata of the air were simmering with heat. It was terrible to emerge from the shadow of that great rock into the furnace glare once more and plod on once more under the fiery sun. I usually soak a towel, several times folded, in water and lay it on my head under my hat, letting the end hang over the back of my neck; and being unable to get any water, I suffered severely from the sun. As the afternoon went on, I became dizzy and distracted; I felt that I should soon be delirious. I tried to speak to Hassan, but my tongue only rattled in my mouth. I felt that if any one were carrying water and would not give it to me that I would take it by force—that I could commit even a desperate crime to get one cupful. And still we

for in the long valley which we had entered I recognised the Wady Feiran, the great oasis of the Sinaitic Desert. The Arabs lifted me very gently from my camel and laid me on a blanket under a palm-tree. Hassan brought me a cup of goat's milk, warm and healing, and putting a water-cooler beside me, warned me to take the water only by sips. It was pure and ice cold; it was abundant; and reason having returned, I drank it rationally. Three thousand fruit-bearing palms, and perhaps two thousand young ones, grow in that grand oasis. Barley was springing, flocks were nibbling herbage which, though scanty, was green; there was a murmur of water, and as I fell asleep that murmur became transformed into the sound of “the river of the water of life,” and the rustle of the palm fronds overhead into the whisper of the foliage of that tree “whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.”<sup>\*</sup>

I. L. B.

<sup>\*</sup> I have transferred to these pages this account of the suffering caused by thirst as having a special interest at a time when attention has been so recently concentrated on the perils and hardships of our brave soldiers in the Soudanese Desert.



## LORD TENNYSON'S LATEST POEMS.\*

THE Laureate himself, in his graceful Dedication of "Tiresias," reminds us of his age.

There is nothing else in the volume to suggest the fact. The unequalled mastery of graceful English phrase, the exquisite cadences which make blank verse as musical as rhyme, and rhyme as free and unfettered as blank verse, are as manifest as ever; with the subtlety of thought, and power of entering into varied moods of character, which, if we may say so, make Lord Tennyson's lyrics more essentially dramatic than his dramas. Yet he tells us in the Dedication that he is seventy-four, and this was three years since!

Well, we are but reminded of Longfellow's lines—

"Ah, nothing is too late  
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.  
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles  
Wrote his grand 'Œdipus,' and Simonides  
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,  
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;  
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten,  
Had but begun his 'Characters of Men.'  
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,  
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales';  
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,  
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years were past.  
These are indeed exceptions; but they show  
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow  
Into the arctic regions of our lives,  
Where little else than life itself survives."

The sweet rich fruit contained in this new volume is all the sweeter and richer because we are encouraged to regard it as by no means the last of that which has so truly enriched the life of two generations, with no dash of bitterness or taste of honeyed poison. The omission of the fine poem "Vastness," recently published in "Macmillan's Magazine," suggests that there are yet other stores to come, and that we may still look expectantly for "Tennyson's next volume."

Other critics will analyse these poems, wonderfully varied as they are in style and theme. The sketches which deal with human emotion show the old power of the master. Nothing in "Locksley Hall," scarcely even in "Maud," can surpass in intensity the pictures of love, sorrow, and sin given in "The Wreck" and in "The Flight." The new Arthurian Idyll, "Balin and Balan," throws fresh light on the poet's conception of Vivien; but otherwise it does not greatly interest us, save in that consummate beauty of form in which it is fully worthy of a place among its companion Idylls.

The dialect studies are excellent in their way; one a grimly humorous conception, the other a powerful setting of an old pathetic story. "Tiresias," which gives its name to the volume, is a

companion poem to the old "Ulysses," to the later "Tithonus," and to other marvellous pictures of the antique. The dozen shorter pieces that close the volume comprise the "Virgil" memorial, the epitaphs on Caxton, Gordon, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, with other poems, some of them already familiar, all perfect in finish; and rounded off with a sonnet, in which Horace, Virgil, and Catullus are congratulated on having lived when it was still possible to win poetic immortality.

The "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," long well known as among the most stirring war lyrics in the language, appears here with a new setting—a Dedication to General Sir Edward Hamley, and an Epilogue, in which latter our author remonstrates with a young friend, Irene, who had protested against such martial strains:

"And here the Singer for his Art  
Not all in vain may plead  
'The song that nerves a nation's heart  
Is in itself a deed.'"

The "Dead Prophet" is a scarcely veiled and terrible attack upon the miscalled reverence for truth which delights, above all things, in the cruel dissection of a great character, and in its ruthless exposures violates the sanctity of death. A recent application of Tennyson's scathing words will occur to most readers; but as if to prevent any exclusive interpretation of them, he has placed at the head of the poem the date "182—." In truth, the poet's lesson is many-sided, and can be fettered to no particular biography.

But that which is of deepest and most lasting interest in this gift of the poet's ripest years will be found in the pieces which indicate his deeper thoughts on the main topics of human faith and hope.

Since "In Memoriam," all thoughtful readers of Tennyson have looked to him not in vain for words that may lighten the mystery of life, or if that be not always possible, may point to the light beyond. In this point of view, we prize more highly than all besides in the volume, the poem entitled "The Ancient Sage."

"A thousand summers ere the time of Christ" there stands a sage, outside the gates of some great city, in view of a mountain range, whither he purposes to betake himself beyond the crowd and stir of men.

There approaches him a true child of the city—a friend yet not disciple of the sage, a poet and voluptuary, but not without a philosophic strain. Such is the framework of the dialogue. It is another and even a profounder "Two Voices." The poet's discourse is couched in a lyrical form of easy flow; the meditations of the philosopher are expressed in blank verse. The former soon shows that he discerns all potencies in Nature herself. Why seek to go higher? Is not the bird sufficient to account for the song? The blue sky and the green earth are their own expla-

\* "Tiresias, and other Poems." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Macmillan and Co. 1885.

nation; what sign is there of aught behind them—the secret of their beauty and power to charm? In searching for this, is not man but "Fancy's fool"?

But not so readily is the sage satisfied. There is, he holds, a power beyond, "the Nameless of a hundred names," discoverable by him who will dive into the depths of his own spiritual being; yet not even thus to be *proved*, but to be apprehended by faith.

"Wherefore thou be wise,  
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!  
She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'  
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,  
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,  
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,  
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
She finds the fountain where they wail'd 'Mirage'!"

Again, the sceptical lyrist pleads the broken order of the universe as an argument against its origin in a perfect Mind. The sage responds, in words which give form and expression to the thoughts of the wisest of the ancients, when they pondered the mystery of the unintelligible world:

"But some in yonder city hold, my son,  
That none but Gods could build this house of ours,  
So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond  
All work of man, yet, like all work of man,  
A beauty with defect—till That which knows,  
And is not known, but felt thro' what we feel  
Within ourselves is highest, shall descend  
On this half-deed, and shape it at the last  
According to the Highest in the Highest."

*A thousand years before Christ!* It was the age of Solomon. Prophecy had already begun to point to His coming who in the end would solve the mystery. Perhaps the sage of the poem had some glimpse of this. Or does Tennyson mean to hint at the yearnings and dim dreams which haunted the thinkers of olden time before the days of Anaxagoras and Plato?

But not thus is the querist satisfied. To his view Time brings only decay; and, as the individual, will not the world also one day succumb to this resistless power? A description of old age follows, in the spirit of the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, and wonderful in vividness and force. The sage replies by steadfast utterances of Faith, though but in the form of a *perhaps*. The part of the dialogue which follows is admirable in its compression and force. We can quote but a few fragments. In the description of the old man's infirmities:

"The griefs by which he once was wrung  
Were never worth the while"—

"Who knows? or whether this earth-narrow life  
Be yet but yolk, and forming in the shell?"

"The shaft of scorn that once had stung  
But wakes a dotard's smile."

"The placid gleam of sunset after storm!"

"For man has overlived his day,  
And, darkening in the light,  
Scarce feels the senses break away  
To mix with ancient night."

"The shell must break before the bird can fly."

"For all that laugh, and all that weep,  
And all that breathe are one  
Slight ripple on the boundless deep  
That moves, and all is gone."

"But that one ripple on the boundless deep  
Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself  
For ever changing form, but evermore  
One with the boundless motion of the deep."

"Yet wine and laughter, friends! and set  
The lamps alight, and call  
For golden music, and forget  
The darkness of the pall."

"If utter darkness closed the day, my son—  
But earth's dark forehead flings athwart the heavens—  
Her shadow crowned with stars—and yonder—out  
To northward—some that never set, but pass  
From sight and night to lose themselves in day."

"And idle gleams will come and go,  
But still the clouds remain;"

"The clouds themselves are children of the Sun."

"And Night and Shadow rule below  
When only Day should reign."

"And Day and Night are children of the Sun,  
And idle gleams to thee are light to me."

The old lesson follows—"Let be thy wail and help thy fellow-men!" "And," in following the path of due service done to others—

"And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,  
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou  
Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond  
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,  
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see  
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day  
Strike on the Mount of Vision!  
So, farewell."

Here, then, as in "In Memoriam," there gleams the hope of immortality. To this vision our poet is true. "The deeper night!"—he sings in his Dedication of "Tiresias"—

"The deeper night? A clearer day  
Than our poor twilight dawn on earth—  
If night, what barren toil to be!  
What life, so maimed by night, were worth  
Our living out? Not mine to me."

And again in his Epilogue to the "Charge of the Heavy Brigade"—

"Earth passes, all is lost  
In what they prophesy, our wise men,  
Sun-flame or sunless frost,  
And deed and song alike are swept  
Away, and all is vain  
As far as man can see, except  
The man himself remain;  
And though in this lean age forlorn,  
Too many a voice may cry  
That man can have no after-morn,  
Not yet of these am I.  
The man remains, and whatsoe'er  
He wrought of good or brave  
Will mould him through the cycle-year  
That dawns behind the grave."

These are truly noble words, and seem to reach a loftier assurance than some of the Laureate's former strains. We only miss the express recog-

nition of His word who has "brought life and incorruption to light." There would, we cannot but think, have been in the frank recognition of this great message to man a power to pierce the funeral pall of clouds that overhangs that terrible poem "Despair." None can know better than the Laureate that the form of doctrine which his wretched unbeliever repudiates with such shuddering recoil is alien from the spirit of Christianity. The minister of the "Know-all" sect which the poor castaway had abandoned was perhaps as far from the central reality of things as the "Know-nothing" teachers to whom he turned in blind revolt. Perhaps Tennyson meant us to feel this. Only we could long for some companion poem, in which the gladness and courage that spring from the recognition of GOD IN CHRIST might be as thrillingly set forth. Even the magnificent description of Faith that we have already quoted would glow all the brighter for one added touch, "I know whom I have believed."

S. G. GREEN.

## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN A QUIET SPOT.

III.—MARSHLAND MOSS.

ANY one who can thoroughly relish an autumn ramble on a fresh, breezy, sunshiny afternoon, should have accompanied us upon the Moss when we started to seek for blackberries one lovely September day. The zest would have been heightened, if, as in our case, a long period of abode in the dreary second-class streets of a large city had caused a peculiar sense of delight in the freedom, width, and expanse of scenery, which is the characteristic of the Marshland Moss.

The perfect level of the land creates a feeling of boundlessness in earth and sky, which is very exhilarating. The free air plays over it without check, the clouds float over the broad vault of heaven, and cast ever-changing variations of light and shadow upon the fields, unbroken by hill or copse; the curlew circles around us if it also revelled in the sense of space in which to move.

Further delights lie in the silence and loneliness of the place, and the absence of haste or hurry which prevails. To town-bred eyes and ears this is perfectly delicious, as one gradually comes to recognise wherein the dreamy charm of the place lies.

The fields are divided by dykes, wherein the water moves with a lazy flow that, at times, is scarcely perceptible; and, with an utter disregard of all recognised customs and duties of streams, their flow is inland, not seawards. It is to be supposed that the water does reach the sea at some period and in some manner, as there is now no inland lake which it feeds, but no sense of duty hurries it to its bourn. It likes to creep slowly along in the way which seemeth to it good, and it does so. Deep brown shadows lie on its

depths here and there, and the sun sparkles pleasantly on the gentle ripples of shallower and broader spots. Fresh water snails, and other shell-fish, some of them delights to the conchologist, crawl over the peaty bottoms of these water-courses, cling lovingly together in dark masses, and attain to patriarchal sizes undisturbed.

Here is the second, or perhaps the third or fourth, bloom of the forget-me-not. What a mass of green tangle are the leaves, and how delicate and lovely a blue are the flowers! In contrast with their tender beauty, what gorgeousness of brilliant colouring comes next. Masses of purple loose strife raise their spikes four feet high, and clusters of scarlet dock-leaves emulate their growth. The bank is russet brown, where thick fringes of meadow-sweet, now gone to seed, must, two months ago, have cast rare fragrance around; a few tufts of ivory-white linger yet; low-growing bushes of blackberries stretch long arms across, glowing with crimson and orange, through which pale green fern-leaves push up. Here, the gorse is golden still; there, heather and the paler tinted ling lie in lilac waves. A young robin is trying his voice in a sweet short note from a willow bush near; a water-wagtail is making short runs on the path in an idiotical manner, without any apparent reason for its movements; and a couple of tomtits are fluttering about a dilapidated gate-post, seeming to be happily enjoying a game of play now that the labours of nesting and rearing their young are over for the season. A covey of partridges is disporting itself in the field, and a huge peacock-butterfly is sitting on a bramble blossom, lazily closing its wings up, and then



spreading them wide again, as if it knew that the pale pink hues of the flower showed off its own rich tints to advantage.

Here is something in a hurry at last. A water rat is swimming on the stream; how long and soft the brown fur on his back looks! But he spies us, and, rightly distrustful of man, slips suddenly into a hole in the bank.

Insect life is the exception which proves the rule of laziness in this elysium of the "dolce far niente." A dragon-fly, with golden wings and scales, darts hither and thither in the sunshine with rapid movements, and a magnificent musk beetle, all gilded green, runs swiftly athwart the way, and buries itself among the grass.

What ages must have elapsed ere that black peat had matured for the use of man. Somebody had cut and stacked it, and left it to dry, but nobody appears near it now.

Among some trees, here called "woods," is to be seen Marshlands Hall, an ancient, low, rambling grey pile of buildings, speaking in every line of the lapse of years. Many generations of Marshlands have evidently lived and died in quiet comfort there.

The footways here are not lanes or roads such as one sees in other country places. They are long reaches of grass, with a few cart ruts indistinctly visible here and there; but, evidently, little used for traffic. They are bordered by water-courses on either hand, sometimes deep, sometimes shallow swamps. In rainy weather the water spreads over the track, which becomes impassable; and, in the dark, it is easy to miss it at any time, so little is there to distinguish it from the fields. Once off it, so slight is the difference between land and water, that you may carry your life in your hand.

Dismal stories occur from time to time, at no great interval, to prove the sad truth of this. We have known a working man, crossing these fields unwarily, on a foggy night, become bewildered, lose the path, which is plain enough by day, and wander about in solitude and darkness until exhaustion compelled him to sink down on the sopping grass to die.

Less wonder that the old man of eighty, a little wandering in his mind, having given his friends the slip one wild winter night, as the gloaming deepened towards dark, and set off to visit his married daughter who lived on the other side of the moss, should become bogged in water up to the waist, and, unable to struggle out, should be found stone dead, three days afterwards, by a chance passer-by, still grasping the bank with clenched fingers, upon which his poor old head had dropped.

These possibilities seem far enough removed on this sunny afternoon, though the light is beginning to cast level rays, and the clouds to take on themselves their sunset glories, for here are men reaping the sedge, and piling it high in a cart in rustling heaps. A white horse, released from the shafts, but with the harness hanging loosely upon it, stands hitched to a gate, and a girl in blue linsey petticoat and pink cotton bedgown, her apron tucked up at one corner to her waistband, and her pink cotton sun-bonnet tilted

over her eyes, is slowly driving some rough-looking cows home to be milked, and knitting as she follows in their wake.

Farther on, down a pathway or lane, one mass of brackens, now turning orange-coloured in patches, we spy the small figure of a boy, who is struggling to reach a cluster of ripe blackberries, growing, as the finest fruit ever will, just beyond his power to grasp. Fearful lest he might overstretch himself and fall into the water, which is perilously masked with ferns and undergrowth, we strike from the road and plough our way through bracken knee-deep to help him.

It is Mrs. Howard's little orphan grandson, from the farm where we bought currant-bushes.

"Why, my little man," say we, "are you all alone here, so far from home?"

"Nay," replies the child, "Auntie Ally is over yonder."

We do not see Auntie Ally, so devote ourselves to the little one and his blackberries, of which he has a basket three parts full. The hedge is thick with berries here, and, with the help of our long arms and crooked stick, the store increases rapidly. The child is too busy and happy in gathering them to chatter, and the basket is nearly full before, at a turn in the hedge, he suddenly darts round, crying,

"Eh! Auntie, only look what a lot we have!"

There stood pretty Alice Howard, the sleeve of a fisherman's blue jersey round her waist, her face flushed with crying, her brown eyes heavy with tears, her dark hair all rumbled on her forehead, as if her face had been buried in that woollen jersey which covered the broad breast of stalwart Harry Scarisbrick.

This sunburnt face took a deeper hue, and her flushed cheeks flamed a richer crimson as they sprang apart, shamefaced at being caught. Utterly regardless of her manners, Alice pulled her hat over her eyes and fled like a startled hare, unheeding her little nephew's cry of "Auntie, Auntie!"

"Hold your noise, Bobby," said the young man, roughly, but not unkindly, catching him back as he was starting off in pursuit. "Here, climb the gate, I'll carry you home pick-a-back, blackberries and all! don't bother your Auntie."

The offer is too delightful a one to be refused. Bobby's sturdy legs surmount the gate, and a manful spring causes him to light safely upon Harry's back.

Harry passes his arm backwards beneath his burden to make it safe, stoops to pick up the basket in his other hand, and straightens his figure up, glancing sideways as he does so with a little uneasy hesitation at us, wanting to speak yet not liking to do so. The lane has come to an end; there is nothing for either of us to do but to turn round and plod back again through the ferns; so we take the bull by the horns, and say that we regret having intruded at so unfortunate a moment, and would not have done so had we been aware that anything so interesting were going on.

"I don't know," said Harry, ruefully, "as it would be interesting to any folks but just our two selves. Ally and me, we're cousins, and always

meant to be man and wife from the time we was little 'uns. There warn't any sense in letting on to every fool about us as to what we meant, but them as had any call to know, they knew well enough if they'd chosen to know, but there's none so blind as them as don't want to know. My old feyther and mother, they was alive first; and, while I had to keep them, there was no good in thinking of having a wife to keep too. One man's wage won't keep half a dozen comfortable, and there was my sister Annie, as was a cripple and took fits, so she could bring in little or nothing, but she couldn't clem outright. I did think as my eldest brother, as is a gardener and very well to do, might have helped with the old bodies. 'Twas his affair as well as mine, in my opinion, but set him up! He would have it that I lived at home along with them, and had the good of the old furniture and all, so I might pay for it. My mother, she set a deal of store by Dick; he was her favourite like, and she'd be for giving him this and that and t'other, the best of it all, bit by bit, but I'd have none of that. 'Nay, nay,' said I, 'an' you've a mind to her bits of things, you come and live home and mind her and let me go free.' But my gentleman had two words to say to that; he'd not live home, not he. He had a wife and children of his own, he said, and I'd none, so there it was."

"Well," asked we, "how is that settled now?" Harry plucked a long blade of grass and put it into his mouth.

"Why, first Annie died, a matter of two years ago. Then the old man, he took a stroke, and the mother and me we had a deal of work with him; he went off his head, and took notions and such like, so as we dared not leave him, day nor night. The old woman had always been a little nesh sort of a body, and it was too much for her. She just kept up till we laid him in the grave, and then she took to her bed and followed him. I buried them both decent, spared nothing, I did, and put up a stone over them—a pretty stone as ever a body seed, with a verse upon it, and a motto that 'In their deaths they was not divided.' Ally made it out for me, and she's a grand scholar.

"Well, no sooner was all done—and a pretty penny it cost me, too—I was forced to borrow three pound after all I'd got put by, but I didn't grudge them that, poor bodies, they'd been good father and mother to me, times back, as Ally said—but Dick he come down and he must have the things. He was eldest, he says, and his was the right. 'No, no, my fine feller,' I says; 'we heerd nowt on your right to bury them or to keep them whiles they lived, and I'll hear none of your rights now to the things,' and we had a fine row. I'll not deny but what I'd took a drop of liquor that night. We'd had the funeral, and I'd done things handsome, and was feeling that lonesome all there by myself I might, maybe, have had a drop more nor was good for me.

"Well, we made it up after that, and I give Dick the best bed and a chest of drawers, and some more things, and he was content, and so I gived his missus poor mother's clothes and Annie's, for

they was no good to me, and she might use them up for the little 'uns, and I'd have the place clear of it all before Ally'd come. And then my way was straight, and I thought all was right, and Ally was willing, but then her folks struck in. 'And what was she to do without her darter?' says the old woman; 'And what was the old body to do with the little lad without Ally?' says the brother. 'And was Ally to wed a man who went brawling with his brother the very day his mother's head was laid in her grave?' said one; 'And who had nought respectable of furniture in his house,' says another; 'And who took a drop to drink,' says they all. As if every one of them theirselves couldn't do the like, for all they make up such a serious mouth over it!"

Harry's voice failed.

"Could you not put that matter right by taking the pledge?" we ask.

"Aye, could I," replies Harry, dolefully; "if they would but trust me, I'd get furniture, respectable enough, once the three pounds was paid off. I've paid one by now, as it is. Ally and me, we wouldn't mind waiting in reason for that. As for the little lad, he'd be company for Ally, and his keep would be no great matter; he might come along with her if he chose. I take to the poor chap mightily, and he to me."

There was no doubt of that, were it only to see the confiding manner in which the chubby face had nestled itself down on the young man's shoulder, as sleep had overpowered childish eyes, now concealed beneath their black fringes.

"Aye, Bobby's a bright little lad, he'd be welcome enough, and Ally's not afeard of the drink. She knows it's not drink I'd want if I'd got her in the houseplace, bless her! It's Ally's mother; she wants to keep Ally there, working and slaving till John takes it into his head to marry, and then she may go, and have nothing for all her work. What's it to me if all the others went and got married, that's no reason why Ally should not get married too. She's as much right to look out for herself and get settled in her own house as ere a one of them."

It did seem to us a hard case, but what could we say save to preach patience, to remark that both he and Alice were young, and that things often settled themselves if we waited a little? It was poor comfort, we knew, and hardly wondered that it seemed so to poor Harry, sore under his sense of ill-usage. That it did seem so to him was evident from the energetic and contemptuous tone in which he emphasised our words. "Settled themselves!" quoth he.

So saying, he spat the piece of grass out of his mouth, as if he therewith spat out the bitter taste of common sense and good advice, and, with a rough gesture of farewell, turned off on his road home.

We hoped that he met with better comfort than ours ere he reached that bourne, for we were convinced that we saw a brown straw hat waiting about behind the hedge, a few paces from where we parted, but we had no desire to spoil sport a second time that afternoon, and therefore chose another path.

G. NORWAY.

## A Valentine.



CLEAR young eyes,  
In whose childish candour lies  
Love's first innocent surprise;  
All unconsciously beholding  
Summer's far-off golden noon.  
Happy child, may its unfolding  
Cloudless be as skies in June!  
Snows in crocus cups may tarry,  
Spring-time linger, dawning late;  
But whate'er the seasons carry  
Love is never out of date.

Aged eyes,  
Whose fond interest and surprise  
Some sweet memory underlies.  
Now the long day is declining,  
Tender care its evening cheers,  
And the lovelight still is shining  
After more than seventy years;  
Strength may fail and hair grow hoary,  
But to hearts with youth elate,  
All through life's long chequered story  
Love is never out of date.

MARY ROWLES.



## AMONG THE MICROSCOPISTS.

### I.—THE USES OF A CLUB.

THE popularity of the microscope is an interesting sign of the times, representing as it does the employment of leisure hours in a form of recreation and instruction on a scale quite unknown until the last half-century. The present generation has seen wonderful and unexpected advances in the construction of the instrument and the development of its capabilities, whilst the results achieved in the realm of the beautiful, the mysterious, and the unfathomable in the world around us have been so rapid and various as to create a new and voluminous literature, which only the hard-working specialist is able to keep pace with.

In its social aspect, as the friend of the solitary and the delight of the family circle as well as of the village or city club, the microscope has much to say for itself. In our cities and large towns, not only in the United Kingdom but in the great British colonies at the Antipodes, innumerable societies and clubs have sprung up, and are multiplying year by year, for the use and enjoyment of the marvellous "armed eye of science." Much, too, might be said as to the value of the microscope to the lovers of nature who live quiet lives in secluded country houses, and the way in which the city denizen is indebted to them for supplies and preparations of the interesting objects in which rural life abounds. A glance at the growth of popular microscopy will introduce us to a very considerable community of amateur workers, who find their reward not only in the use of a most fascinating instrument, but in propagating a taste for microscopical pursuits amongst their friends.

It is now some twenty-five years since the epoch-making compound "binocular," or double-barrelled microscope, began to find its way from the hands of a limited circle of professional workers into those of the larger body of amateur natural-history students and collectors. In London the formation, in the year 1865, of the now famous Quekett Microscopical Club, the earliest and most influential of our popular microscopical societies (although Birmingham, it should be said, was close on the heels of the Londoners), was the setting-in of a great propaganda for the more general use of the microscope in social circles.

Dr. Thomas Quekett, the famous professor of histology, or the science of the tissues of plants and animals, at the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was worthy to be thus commemorated by the founders of the new club. He was an admirable example of a self-taught and devoted student, a skilful and inventive manipulator of microscopical objects, and an original worker with the instrument itself in those early days of the science of microscopy. When only sixteen Quekett gave a course of lectures on microscopical science in his native town, illus-

trated by diagrams and a microscope of his own making. Young Quekett's microscope at this time (1831) was a primitive affair. Its materials were furnished by a common roasting-jack, a lady's old-fashioned parasol, and pieces of brass purchased at a neighbouring marine-store dealer's, and hammered out by himself. The "binocular" microscope was still some twenty years in the future. Indeed, its predecessor, the compound monocular microscope, which substituted a battery of some seven or eight lenses for one, had hardly yet been perfected.

"Quekett's "Practical Treatise on the Use of the Microscope," and his own achievements with the instrument, aided science with direct and valuable contributions. But for our present purpose, which is to show the microscope in its popular aspects, the excellent professor of histology did more than this. He opened up a new and wonderful field of interest and enjoyment for the amateur microscopist. He was the means, at a critical juncture, of upholding a beacon to save one of the greatest gifts to modern civilisation from being degraded into a mere luxurious toy, and of indicating for it to the newer generation a field of investigation worthy of its powers.

Quekett died in 1861, at the early age of forty-six. Within four years of his death the Quekett Microscopical Club was founded. The Royal Microscopical Society—a more select body, consisting largely of advanced workers and professional scientific men—had been in existence since 1831. But in 1865 the time had come for a society which should be established on a wider basis, and with more social aims. The compound microscope, both in its monocular and binocular form—single-barrelled like a telescope, or double-barrelled like an opera-glass—was becoming a comparatively common possession, but the new possessor often lacked the knowledge to use it with advantage. There was no society as yet to recognise amateur microscopists, and to bring them together for mutual association and for instruction by their superiors.

"Why should I join a microscopical club?" is a question we will suppose to be asked by one who has just become possessor of a microscope.

To the novice in the art it may seem surprising to find us attaching importance to external and social aids to the use of the microscope. So fascinating an instrument it might be thought may well be left without comment in the hands of the eager and zealous amateur, who will speedily make himself its master. Such is the language sometimes heard outside of microscopical circles. The inexperienced wonder at the existence of special societies and elaborate manuals for teaching the microscope. But the truth is, as every microscopical teacher will know, that the amateur too often comes to the instrument of his choice

with the notion that it is simply a pocket-lens or magnifying-glass on a larger scale, and can as easily be applied to its purpose. Adjust the lens directly to its object and the desired result will instantly follow; the hidden secrets and mysteries of nature will at once flash up before your astonished vision. Nothing, perhaps, is more natural than this eager and expectant ambition. Perchance the happy proprietor of a newly purchased binocular has heard of the wonderful feats of magnification achieved by experts during the last few years, and is impatient to obtain for himself the same marvellous results. He, too, will magnify an object, say four millions of times, or will undertake to resolve one of those celebrated little bands of glass upon which with almost miraculous skill the Prussian expert, Herr Nobert, has ruled 112,000 lines or more within the space of an inch. Or he has probably heard of the tiny creature, the veriest of known atomies, 150,000,000 of whose bodies would lie within the one-hundredth part of a cubit inch, and he is apt to think the sight can as easily be seen by himself as by so veteran an observer as Dr. Dallinger.

Fortunately for the amateur and student alike, these sanguine expectations are not to be realised. An invaluable education for the eye, the hand, and the mind alike, is not thus to be lost, nor yet those useful lessons in patience and teachableness which help to make the true scholar. Microscopy is in fact a subtle as well as a very beautiful art, as we hope in these papers to show. Yet, for the encouragement of the beginner, it may safely be said that no other science within reach of the non-professional student and the daily breadwinner yields such rich results upon its very threshold. So ready a key to the marvels, mysteries, and beauties of structure, which can be exhibited even if they cannot be solved, exists in no other form. There is ample choice for the beginner in the series of instruments ranging from low magnifying powers and few accessories to the higher and more costly machines with their elaborate and complex armament.

By joining a microscopical club, the novice will profit by the work of his superiors. Let us mention one out of many of the advantages which await him. Strange as it may seem, the young microscopist has first to learn the use of his eyes. He must acquire what might be literally called the art of second sight. He must begin afresh and under new conditions the exercise of that which, according to the highest authorities, is the rarest of arts, the art of observation. It is reported of so eminent and practised an observer as Professor Huxley, that in a recent visit to the late Dr. Carpenter, that famous past master in the art of microscopy, he asked the professor to look down his microscope at a newly found organism which lay upon the stage. The visitor first asked, "What shall I look for?" Such a question would seem to the uninitiated to argue imperfect powers of observation. It was, on the contrary, the inquiry

of an expert. Dr. Carpenter himself was an eminent example of the value of highly trained vision. Had he not spent years of his life in using his eyes to recognise the small aquatic organisms known as "foraminifera," he would never have become famous as the discoverer of the earliest form of life fossilised in the rocks beneath us the "dawn animal," Eozoon.

We might add to these remarks on the education of the eye still fuller notes on the art of illuminating the object under the microscope. The beginner speedily finds out that the preparation of objects for examination to the best advantage is a department of microscopy in which he is still more dependent upon the aid of others. Some of the feats which have been accomplished in both these directions we propose to notice in a subsequent paper. At present they are mentioned simply as departments in which the beginner will find the personal help of the more advanced members of the microscopical club quite indispensable.

The original prospectus of the Quekett Microscopical Club may well be taken as a description of similar clubs which are still needed in the face of a rapidly increasing population, whose means of recreation in their leisure hours scarcely keep pace with the times.

"This club," the promoter, wrote, "has been established for the purpose of affording to microscopists in and around the metropolis opportunities for meeting and exchanging ideas without that diffidence and constraint which an amateur naturally feels when discussing scientific subjects in the presence of professional men.

"The increased study of natural history during late years has created a large class of observers who, notwithstanding their limited leisure for such pursuits, possess earnestness of purpose and ability to render good service in the cause of microscopical investigations.

"The want of such a club has long been felt, wherein microscopists and students with kindred tastes might meet at stated periods to hold cheerful converse with each other, exhibit and exchange specimens, read papers on topics of interest, compare notes of progress, and gossip over those special subjects in which they are more or less interested; where, in fact, each member would be solicited to bring his own individual experience, however small, and cast it into the treasury for the general good."

The social circumstances under which this great metropolitan club, with its thousand members, came into existence are being repeated to-day in many an increasing town or village where as yet no amateur microscopical society exists. Will the more advanced microscopists who live in such places take the hint, and keep a kindly watch for the opportunity to help the less fortunate amateur with such social gatherings for instruction and enjoyment as the case may permit?

HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.

## A STROLL THROUGH THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

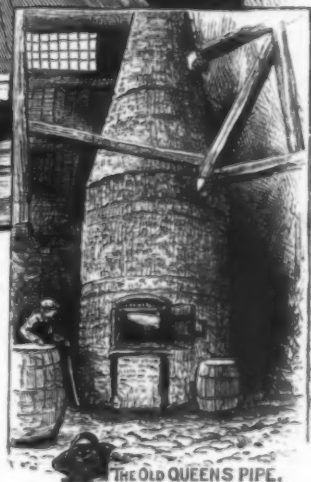


IT is "a fact not generally known" that in an out-of-the-way corner of the London Custom House there is a museum. The museum is not very extensive, but it boasts a collection of curiosities whose like is not to be found elsewhere. These illustrate the art of smuggling as practised in modern times, and afford many a suggestive instance of waste of work and perversion of inventiveness.

What a figure would the smuggler lugger make if fitted complete with the improvements which the ingenuity of these later days has produced! She would have ropes of pigtail tobacco like the one here which was found innocently coiled on a vessel's deck; and these would be rove through blocks with sheaves of cavendish like that which was hanging aloft in the rigging. Her fender would be hollow and crammed with cigars, and her chopping block half covered with chips would be but a fraudulent skeleton. Her patent fuel would be scooped out till the sides of the lumps were only a quarter-inch in thickness, in order that the tobacco might pack comfortably away. Her lining would be festooned with cigars like strings of sausages, and her keel would be decorated with a line of bladders filled with inferior brandy. Her pitch-pots would hold six inches of spirit and an inch of pitch on a metal lid; her greasiest oil-cans

would hold but two inches of oil, for the remaining ten inches would be dutiable goods securely kept from damage; and her lobster-pots and life-buoys would be rendered safe from sinking by copious charges of alcohol. Even her mop-handles and broomsticks would be hollow, and have a "pigtail" core.

Her library—for whoever heard of a proper smuggler that had not a "selection of literature"?—would consist of such books as "no gentleman's library should be without." The "Constitutions of the East India Company," for instance, a highly respectable volume, with its title-page and few preliminaries complete, and the bulk of the book sewn together and hollowed out to form a tobacco-box; or as light stimulating fare for the studious, a still more sober volume with its whole inside gone, and replaced by a tin flask with a due allowance of cognac. As a musical instrument—for are not all smugglers musical?—there would be an accordion such as that which





the cheery Customs officer took up in the innocence of his heart to while away an odd half-hour, and found, when he worked the bellows, to have no other notes than those of an old hundred of cigars. As provisions she would have an assortment of bread such as the loaf which was found on the captain's table by the side of a few cut pieces. "Like some crust? Have a bit of this new loaf?" And seizing the loaf to hand it over, the astonished representative of her Majesty found that the new-looking loaf was all crust, for what crumb had existed had all been removed, and its place had been taken by a huge bundle of "the weed"! And these loaves would be mixed with others of various shapes, all, like the cottage, hollowed out and being but crusty skeletons doing duty as tobacco-jars.

Her crew would have chest-protectors of flattened spirit-flasks of prodigious area, underlinen of the finest lace, shirts piped elaborately with cigars, and belts and comforters of cake tobacco; while to keep them from catching cold in the feet they would of course be provided with a good thick pair of cork soles, cut to proper shape, the cork being ingeniously replaced by slabs of negro-head. Her steward would possess a sea-chest false in its bottom, its top, and its sides; and the marble pedestals in his pantry would be stiffened with Hamburg havannahs. The stewardess would wear a crinoline in which the bars would consist of gigantic bladders, each distended with alcohol; and she would of course take an interest in pigeons living in a box whose capacity for stowage beneath its false partition would occasion considerable surprise.

And what should be the cargo? Oil-cake probably. "A vessel from Holland," says Mr. Chester in his "Chronicles," "was discharging at one of the quays near the Custom House a cargo of presumed oil-cake; an officer was placed on board to watch the unloading. Two or three waggon-loads had left, and at midday the labourers ceased work for dinner, when an officer on the quay paid a friendly visit to his colleague on the vessel. Some joking took place between them, and in a quasi-sparring match one took up a piece of oil-cake from the deck and threw it into his opponent's mouth. The effect was to set him sneezing and choking, and the utterance of very uncomplimentary words at the attempt to poison him. An explanation soon satisfied them that this oil-cake was not genuine, and upon examination it was discovered that the whole cargo was snuff made up into the form and shape of cattle food. The ruse on the part of the importer was at once discovered. The laden vans were pursued and detained whilst on their journey to some snuff-mills in the Essex marshes. The cargo was of course confiscated, and the parties concerned prosecuted." And on a shelf in this museum is a sample of the cake.

What the passengers on board the lugger would be like we may guess from the following. When watches were subject to duty a passenger started from Holland to Harwich wearing a curious under-garment crowded with small pockets, in which were stowed away no less than one hundred

and forty-six watches. This shirt of watches was so arranged that it was impossible for him to sit down, but as the time usually spent on the voyage was not very long, say twenty-four hours at the outside, this inconvenience did not seem to matter. The boat started, and the man began to wander about the deck, no one having the slightest suspicion of the curious armour in which he was encased. Unfortunately for him a fog came on and the vessel's progress was stopped. The fog was obstinate, it would not lift, and "the man who couldn't sit down" wandered despairingly about, growing more and more tired each turn. Thirty hours had passed since he had left the Dutch coast, and all the time he had remained on his legs. The man who did not sit down became the observed of all on board, and as he wandered hither and thither, longing for the fog to rise, he became conscious that all eyes were turned on him. He thought he was discovered; he grew alarmed; and still the vessel remained motionless; and like an unquiet spirit he shambled across the deck. Thirty-six hours from Holland, and still he kept his legs. Forty-two hours went by, and the wandering watch-carrier, eyed and wondered at by all, tottered to and fro, unable to bend, unable to rest, and ready to drop from fatigue. No sign of the fog going; no sign of relief. Twenty-two hours overdue, and still the wandering Jew glided about in the gloom! At last there came a slant of wind which cleared away the fog, and as the vessel neared the harbour the Customs officers came on board. Catching sight of the man's haggard look and peculiar gait, they spoke so sharply to him that his courage gave way, and declaring his goods in tones of terror, he went off in a faint, and, retaining his rigidity, toppled over into the officer's arms. He was decently unclothed, and he left his shirt to be shown at the Custom House of an unappreciative country.

In the same case as this gentleman's shirt is a bundle of old sticks, which in curve and head are not very unlike the tallyman's stick of the peripatetical draper, with which we shall, of course, be assured they have no connection. These are the old "tallies" (the wooden vouchers for sums paid in to the Treasury). Strange-looking sticks of willow are these, about two feet long, and deeply cut back at the end as if they had been originally intended for tent-pegs; and they are all nicked over with a pocket-knife, as if some boy had been scoring the runs in a country cricket-match, in the manner from which the "notches" took their name. These were the official receipts of the past, which still live on in our technical terms. From the way they were roughly torn apart we get the teeth of the indentures and the ragged edges of many official forms in which foil and counterfoil have their exact correspondence assured. It is astonishing how such a barbarous device could have endured so long. When these walking-stick vouchers were in vogue the larger houses of business must have needed good-sized sheds in which to keep their woodstacks.

This cumbrous system of payment lasted in the Customs up to 1823, and a very curious system it

was, to judge from the official description, which we quote verbatim from the blue-book, in which Mr. James Oldham, "Landing Waiter," related at length, for the edification of the Treasury, the whole history of the growth of the Customs, and the ways in which their duties were collected. An interesting report is this, buried in the Parliamentary Papers for 1857, and well worthy of separate publication. It is the true key to the Customs mysteries, as one by one it lets in the light on the many quaint taxes of old. In it are all the old puzzlers duly defined—"murrage" for repairing the walls, "pontage" for repairing the bridges, "pavage" for repairing the roads, "prisage" for the in-bringing of wine by Englishmen, "butlerage" for the in-bringing of wine by foreigners, "tronage" for weighing at the public beam, "strondage" for landing the goods on the shore, "scavage" for showing the sheriffs what they should tax, and all the other "ages" of that sorely taxing age.

But concerning these tallies. "When any money was paid into the Exchequer the proper place was at the Receipt, or Lower Exchequer at the office of the Tellers, where it was duly entered in a book. This entry was immediately transcribed upon a slip of parchment called a Bill, or Teller's Bill, and thrown down a pipe into the Tally court, where a Tally was struck or levied. A Tally was a stick or rod of hazel, or some other wood, on which were cut certain notches, which indicated the sum in the Teller's Bill—a large notch for £1,000, a smaller one for £100, a smaller still for £10, and so on for pounds, shillings, and pence. The Clerk of the Pells entered the Bill with the Teller's name in order to charge him therewith. This was called the Pell of Receipt; in addition to which the Tally-writer (who was afterwards Auditor of Receipt) wrote the sum on the two sides of it; then it was cleft from the head to the shaft through the notches, one part of which was called a Tally, the other a counter-tally, or tally and foil. One of the parts was retained by the Chamberlains, the other part was given to the party paying in the money, and was his discharge in the Exchequer of Accompt, when joined by the Joiners, whose business it was to fetch away the foils from the Chamberlain's chest when parties claimed allowance on their tallies, and the Bill was filed by the Auditor, who also entered the same, by which he saw what every teller received, and made receipt thereof to the Lord Treasurer." To which it can be added that when a man lent money to the State such a tally was prepared, and that the half retained by the Exchequer was called the Counter Stock, while the half held by the lender was the Stock, which, owing to the thing signified being of greater importance than the sign itself, eventually transferred its name to the Government and other funds. And further—for we may as well give the old tally its due—it was the overheating of the flues by the tally-fire that burnt down the Houses of Parliament in 1834.

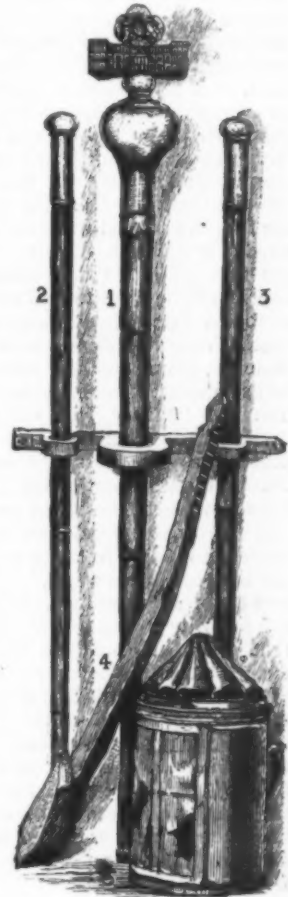
Besides the tallies there are a few odds and ends of interest, such as the maces formerly borne before the commissioners, the old seals of the various ports, and an old bill of entry. These occupy but

little space. The bulk of the museum consists of samples in small bottles of a few of the articles of importation. These are not particularly numerous, considering the opportunities that must exist for making such a collection. Surely a great chance is here being missed.

Just as the copy of each publication required by law to be sent to the British Museum has gradually given us one of the finest libraries in the world, so the samples taken by the Customs from our cargoes might find their way to some national institution, and form a technical museum that would be of immense service in educating our people. The cost of such a collection would be trifling, the tax on the importers would be no greater than now, the organisation is ready to hand, and nothing seems wanting but the word from those in authority to go ahead and form the fullest and fairest exhibition of products and manufactures that the world can show. To any one but a cheeseparer it seems quite pitiful to let such an opportunity go by. The best policy for a State is

that which does the best for its youth; and the working a great empire on the cheap does not necessarily imply the wasting of the means of knowledge.

The Customs has never been a very popular department of administration; but it is a necessity and can afford to be cynical. The work that it does is at best an ungrateful one, and it seems as though everything had been done in the early stages of the institution to aggravate the feeling against it. In the year 1329 the Bardi of Florence farmed the whole Customs of England for £20 per day, Sundays excepted. As they were also creditors of the Crown they paid themselves their own debts, and, according to King Edward, robbed his exchequer to the tune of £100,000. This was bookkeeping by double entry with a vengeance; no wonder that "the Italian system became generally used in commerce."



1, 2, 3.—Maces formerly borne before the Commissioners.  
4.—Exchequer Tally.  
5.—Old Lantern in Library

This farming of the Customs—at gradually increasing rates be it understood—went on until 1671, when the transfer to commissioners took place, but the practice did not quite die out until the union with Scotland. The Customs, as far as legislation is concerned, are said to have originated in 1297, but over three centuries before there was an act of Ethelred's witan at Wantage imposing a "custom" of one halfpenny on every small boat arriving at "Billyngesgate," a penny on each sailing boat, and fourpence on a keel or hulk. In Henry the Second's days, when Queenhithe was the port of London, the Customs for the year amounted to £36, but from that time the revenue began to rise. King John, always well to the fore in financial matters, managed to secure to himself a fifteenth of the gross imports; but in the first Edward's day differentiation had duly developed, and a long list of articles—such as almonds, rice, pepper, ginger, cinnamon, incense, quicksilver, vermilion, cummin, sugar, liquorice, pimento, rosin, sulphur, raisins, figs, cloves, nutmegs, mace, cubebs, saffron, and silk—shows that the "tariff" had fairly begun. And the triangular duel between free trade, fair trade, and protection had also got under way; for the Stamford parliament of Edward II in 1309 issued their writ that the duties on wines, broadcloths, and avoirdupois articles should cease "in order to ascertain if any advantage would thereby result to the king and his people." Free trade, however, had but a short innings, for in August next year the majority swung to the other side and affirmed that "it being evident that no advantage has ensued either to the king or his people, the prices of such merchandises not having become lower after the cessation of the duties, the collectors are commanded to resume the collection of the duties and to answer the receipt to the king's butler." In short the king was at his wits' end for money, and free trade stood no chance with Gaveston raising the land in revolt, and Robert Bruce making short work of the claims over the border.

The records of the Customs preserved in the library do not go as far back as this, but they throw considerable light on the state of the country during the last two hundred years. In the "establishment" for 1688 for instance, when William of Orange landed at "Torkey," when Bristol was our largest port and Hull came second, when Portsmouth was inferior to Chichester, and Dover larger far than Liverpool which had just emerged from being a "creek" of Chester, we find unfortunate surveyors, landing waiters, and tidesmen mulcted of all their quarter's earnings on religious grounds; and farther on we find an unhappy gauger dismissed the service because some interfering busybody had frequently reported that "his wife is or was lately" of an unpopular creed. It is not, however, with the customs of the past but with the Customs of the present that we are here concerned; and it is time we devoted some attention to the work that now goes on in Thames Street.

The system is briefly as follows. When a vessel arrives in port she is obliged by law to bring-to at

some particular station appointed for the purpose, and is then and there taken in charge by the Customs officers. Ascertaining that she is free from infectious disease, the men board her, examine her papers, and institute a search, or "rummage" as it is technically called, to discover any dutiable goods, spirits, tobacco, or what not, that may be hidden. When the search is over, a guard is left on board, who keep constant watch day and night to prevent any goods leaving the vessel until the proper landing or delivery orders have been received.

Within twenty-four hours after the arrival of his ship, the master is bound to report her to the collector of Customs, and should the port be London, he makes his way, accompanied by his broker, to the Long Room. This Long Room, the great show-place of the Custom House, is a lofty hall twenty-two yards wide, and three times as long, in which at the various compartments of one long desk the office business of the house is conducted. The present is the third Long Room; the second fell in bodily in 1825, owing to the foundations giving way. Altogether London has had five Custom Houses—Churchman's, built in 1385; the second destroyed in the great fire of 1666; Wren's, burnt in 1711, the only building of Sir Christopher's that came to grief during his lifetime; Ripley's, burnt in 1814, the first which contained a Long Room; and Laing's, opened in 1817, which is still standing. It was in clearing the ground for this building that in the old bed of the Thames there were found the three lines of embankment and also the wall of Purbeck stone which is supposed to be the river rampart of Fitz Stephen.

The sooner the captain can reach the Custom House the sooner his ship can be cleared of her cargo, and in most cases he leaves her at Gravesend and hurries here by train. In the days of the tea clippers it is recorded how one energetic mariner of American origin came ashore at St. Catherine's, caught the train from Portsmouth to Waterloo, and appeared here to report his ship before even she had entered the Thames! At the desk nearest the door is a thick parchment book, and in this the ship's name is entered under a consecutive number, which number is carried through the series of papers that her clearance necessitates. The report handed in by the captain is a detailed account of his cargo, enumerating the number and contents of the different packages, with their various marks and figures of identification. The authorities are thus informed of all the ship contains.

To get the goods ashore an "entry" has to be passed. This is practically a statement of the goods required, with directions as to their delivery; and it has to be handed in at another desk in the same department. Should the merchant be ignorant of the exact contents of the packages, he hands in a "prime entry," and when the goods are landed and examined he completes the statement by a "post entry;" should he know nothing whatever of the contents he makes a "bill of sight," and inspects the cases with the officers.

The entry goes to the landing officer at the



wharf, and the officer on board sees that the goods specified are duly passed ashore. If they are duty free there is little to be done; but should they be dutiable, like tea, spirits, or tobacco, either the duty must be paid, or a bond entered into that the duty will be forthcoming when the removal from the warehouse takes place. The duties and bonds are received at the desk in the Long Room, and the payment of the duties is almost the only proceeding that gives life to the place in the eyes of a visitor. This bonding system began in a small way in 1700 with a cargo of Indian and Persian silks, and it is now one of the chief features of our system of trade, and, according to some, the great cause of our carrying supremacy.

The goods remain under "Crown locks" at different warehouses in charge of Customs officers, and the merchant has access to them but must not remove them. A few operations such as are likely to make the goods more saleable take place "in bond," but the general idea is that they remain untouched as if they were still on the voyage until a favourable turn of the market makes it worth while to pay the duty, or shipment outwards cancels the claim. Export does not always, however, release the merchant from liability, as, in the case of hostilities prevailing between us and any of the more important Powers, he may be called upon to enter into a "war-bond" that the goods shall only be delivered in some neutral territory.

Goods cannot be landed anywhere. The Coast Guard takes care that nothing comes ashore except at the recognised ports where the Customs are represented, and the Customs officials take care that nothing is received except at authorised wharves and quays. The landing-places for the port of London are of three varieties. There are the docks; there are the old "legal quays," eight in number—Botolph, Brewer's, Chester's, Cox's, Hammond's, Galley, Fresh Wharf, and London Bridge; and since 1851 there have been the "sufferance" wharves, which the growth of trade rendered it advisable to recognise as auxiliaries. At these different wharves certain kinds of merchandise only are received; but we need not go further into detail.

When the ship is clear the various entries are checked with the report, and the parts have to form up into the whole. The officer whose duty it is to do this and complete the round is the "jerquer," which word is practically the same as "checker." The "searcher," another term peculiar to the Custom House, has to do only with the export trade, and his is really the "goods outwards" department. There are now no export duties, and nearly all the various forms and papers necessary in sending a ship to sea are either required for the foreign Customs or for our statistical purposes. Of late the appetite for statistics has grown at such a pace that their collection and arrangement occupies the bulk of the Civil Service, and it is not easy to see where this analytical bookkeeping is to end. It would be quite possible to occupy the whole population of the United Kingdom in arranging figures in different combinations, trying their effect in

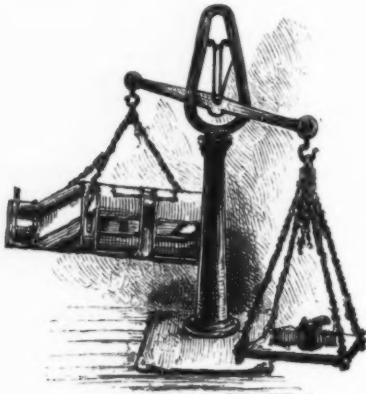
column and line, casting them vertically, horizontally, and diagonally, grouping them, dividing them, and subdividing them, until the statist sank appalled beneath the weight and variety of the columnar structure he had summoned into being. But would it be worth while?

In addition to the special business of the department a few matters closely allied to it are transacted in the Long Room. The City, for instance, here collects its wine dues, and the Thames Conservancy receives its tonnage dues.

In the basement is the Queen's Warehouse, where the sales used to take place of which so much has been written. These were about the completest clearance auctions on record. They wound up with the sale of their own unsold catalogues! When they were in progress the place resembled a huge bazaar, for almost every article over which there had been a dispute as to price found its way to Thames Street to have its value settled under the hammer. Some of the old disputes seem almost as absurd as that between the passenger and the stationmaster who eventually passed the tortoises free because they were "hinsects." The first mummy, for instance, proved a regular puzzler to the Honourable Board. Was it a raw or manufactured product? What was its value? The importer settled the question by declaring the value of his consignment at £400, and thereupon the officials decided that the ancient Egyptian was a manufactured product, and demanded "fifty per cent. *ad valorem*," or in plain English £200! Another awkward question is said to have been that of the first cargo of ice. Was the ice wet or dry goods? The decision of the Board was long in coming. The solution of the question proved contemporaneous with the solution of the cargo, for when the judgment arrived that the goods were "dry," the goods themselves were simply water. Such absurdities are, however, rare amongst us compared to what they are amongst those intelligent foreigners of whom some one in his haste declared that "they manage things better," and who thankfully seized on the phrase and adroitly passed it into their language as a proverb.

To the Queen's Warehouse come all the goods received from abroad for the Queen and the foreign ambassadors. The ambassadors receive their goods duty free, on the ground that their dwelling-house is a part of the country of which they are the representatives. And the Queen receives her goods duty free on the ground that the Customs revenues are received at her command for her to dispose of as she wills. In many items of inland revenue this privilege of exemption applies to the Prince of Wales and the Royal family generally, but it does not do so here. Only one individual in these realms is free of the Customs—the reigning sovereign. All goods addressed to the Queen are unopened, ungauged, and untouched. They are landed at the Custom House Quay, and stowed away here in a special cellar to await instructions. In short, her Majesty's goods come to her own warehouse, which is, however, not quite so majestic an apartment as the outsider would suppose.

The prevailing odour of the Queen's Warehouse is that of the snuff of which some hundreds of bags are piled up near the door. This snuff has a curious history. The stalks of the tobacco-leaf are of no use to the manufacturers except to a certain extent in the preparation of birdseye, which owes its peculiar spangles to the sections of stalk with which it is dotted. As the revenue is only levied on the manufactured article and not on the waste, the difficulty of separation is got over by allowing the tobacco-makers to grind up as much of the stalk as they do not use and return it as snuff to the Customs, so as to obtain a drawback. During the twelve months as much



CUSTOM HOUSE SCALES.

as 270,000lb. of snuff comes back to the Queen's Warehouse, where it is weighed in a Behemoth-looking scale, from which samples are taken from the back and mouth. After passing muster it is sent away in bond to form, perhaps, hopwash or sheepwash; or it goes off by the boatload in far greater quantities to cease its irritation of the nose by being flung overboard at the Nore.

While we are on this tobacco business we may as well deal with the Queen's Pipe, as the furnace is called where the seized tobacco is burnt. A fair share of the condemned tobacco now goes to Kew Gardens for plant fumigation, and the bulk of it is really fit for nothing else. The "waste of good things" notion is a popular delusion; the tobacco that feeds the Queen's Pipe is chiefly unsaleable damaged stuff that has been surrendered as not being worth paying duty on. Tobacco is not the only article that is given up rather than pay the sum demanded. In one corner of the warehouse is a store of articles seized from travellers, which have been handed over to the officers as not being worth the claim. These chiefly consist of ullage bottles of liqueurs and scents, which have probably been regretfully left unconsumed in ignorance of the law.

Year by year the work thrown on the Customs becomes more varied. The Trade Marks Act, for instance, caused a considerable increase. Articles of foreign manufacture bearing such marks or names as might lead them to be mistaken for

home productions have now to be stopped, and as an example of this the bags of snuff are flanked by a huge pile of potato-peelers made in Germany and bearing a London address. The Explosives Act put another "stop" in the Customs organ. The Copyright Act added another, which is likely to be even further developed; and we find piles of the prohibited Tauchnitzers seized from the unsuspecting. As, however, such books only are stopped as the publishers have put on the list, we are not surprised to find that some of these editions can pass unchallenged. Another pile is a lot of English music published in America, which is half way on the road to its fate, for each copy has already been cut in half preparatory to its introduction to the pulper. The Adulteration Acts have also given the Customs an immense amount of important work. The Queen's Pipe gets much of its fuel from the filthy mixtures that importers have hoped may do duty as tobacco. The cabbage leaf flavoured with extract of nicotine is, except by accident, a thing of the past. But it is in the matter of tea that the operations are most extensive. On one of the upper floors an analytical laboratory is in full swing, and to it come over three hundred thousand samples per year, of which quite a fifth are condemned.

Tea, botanically speaking, is merely a camellia, and only lately two cases of ordinary camellia leaves were "stopped." It so happened that they had been shipped to this country in mistake, and so they were disposed of by being sent on to the firm in Spain for whom they were intended. The incident is, however, worth noting as a curiosity of commercial botany. The true tea all comes from the same plant, of which, however, there are many varieties, botanically and commercially. There is, to start with, the very important division into the tea that pays duty and the tea that does not. This latter pays no duty for the very sufficient reason that it is not tea at all. As an illustration of this variety we are shown a sample of Cape tea. Some of these so-called teas, like Maté, Kola Nut, Guarana, and Coffee leaves, have a slight percentage of theine, the active property of the legitimate tea; but the majority of them, such as Oswego, New Jersey, New Zealand, West Indian, Australian, Appalachian, Labrador, Trinidad, Siberian, Chilian, and Faham, are merely medicinal mixtures with no more claim to the name than the familiar senna tea—and just as nasty.

The genuine dutiable tea all comes from one plant, for even the specific differences between Indian and Chinese have been classified away into variants. And what is still more astonishing, perhaps, not only can black and green tea come from the same variety, but it can come from the same shrub at the same time, the only difference being that the black tea has lost some of its essential oil and gained its colour by being stored in heaps until it has undergone slight fermentation. Tea reaches us in separate packages of chests, half-chests, and boxes which are in reality quarter-chests, for they can be averaged at 20lb., as the chests can be averaged at 80lb. These chests are all parts of a "bed," and each bed is

a subdivision of a "chop;" in other words, the brand adopted by the Chinaman for each of his particular consignments is the "chop," and the chop is further divided into "beds." Every "chop" of tea imported here is examined by the Customs officers, and from every suspected "bed" or "chop" a sample comes to Thames Street for analysis. As showing how strangely taste may be perverted, it is significant that when these analyses began, the teas rejected were those which the customers in many towns had been so in the habit of drinking that they were quite angry to find that no more could be had. In vain the wholesale dealers explained that under the new Act the imitation had to give place to the genuine; with them the true was the false and the false was the true. Of course, no such thing as pure tea all picked from one bush is now sold; our teas are all "blends" of at least half a dozen kinds.

The varieties of samples in the laboratory may thus be imagined, and most of them are Chinese. Teas there are of nearly every shade of black and green, and not a few of the green are black; for the test of the tea is the liquor and not the colour of the leaf. Here are Java teas bigger than peas, and Gunpowders like small shot, owing their shape to being placed in bags and rolled into spheres by the Chinamen's feet. Here are spindles of Hyson trodden into form in a double-

shuffle hornpipe by some solemn Celestial. Here are teas so rolled that each leaf is over an inch in length; and teas that are nearly as fine as dust; and one tea is actually dust—Pekoe flour, really a waste product, but doubtless "going in the blend." Here are teas like crumpled rose-leaves, and teas like flakes of hammer scale; teas that seem all stalk, and teas that seem all blade. And here are teas from the most brilliant to the sombrest of hues. The laboratory "will not stand copper," so copper as a facing has "gone out;" but here is a very gay work of art in soap-stone and indigo that will probably suffer when it gets into the crucible, for of spurious teas as of many other things it can be truly said that "in their ashes live their wonted fires." The reason given for "facing" tea is the same as that for "capering" it—the less the surface exposed to the air the longer the tea will keep. The practice, however, is on the rapid decline, and the curious coloured rubbish of a few years ago is imported elsewhere. Here are scented Pekoes of many sorts, some of them doubtless due to "the flower of the tea-plant being picked with them," and some of them due to quite another representative of the local flora. And to end this catalogue there are a few typical samples of the good sound Congous and Souchongs that form the bulk of our imports and the basis of every blend.

W. J. GORDON.

### A CHAT ABOUT SOME DOGS.

SELIM is one. He is a grandson of a very dear old friend of ours, Guy (a grand deer-hound), and was called after him Selim-ben-Guy, but came to be known by his first name only. His prospects when a puppy were doubtful by reason of a big brother who promised to fill his grandfather's place in the household and society. But he was insupportably stupid and selfish, since no spark of originality was discernible in his mischievousness. Former members of the family had been humorously troublesome, and forgiven. An uncle of his whom I gave to a friend when two months old, prospectively cleared himself from the charge of sheer iniquity by eating a Greek Testament and a new bonnet the day he arrived, and thus making himself pleasant to the master and mistress of the house at one inaugural catholic meal. But his degenerate nephew was no more than dull and greedy. I tried to reach his heart in many ways, descending even to strong cheese. Some dogs are passionately devoted to this, and are thereby made not merely servile through the period of grateful sensuality involved in the realisation of its taste, but capable of entertaining the finer phases of affection when the crust of indifference has been coarsely broken. So I tried this young Guy with a grossly importunate appeal to his palate. The

local merchant, with thumbs on counter, ineffectually concealed his surprise when one day I asked him for a quarter of a pound of the very strongest smelling cheese he had got. He had some, very strong indeed. My inquiry resulted in the production of so pungent an article that I expected to have headed a procession of sniffing dogs (full of conjecture as to the causes which had surrounded the parson with the odour of so sweet a smell) by the time I reached my home. Young Guy was prepared to eat a hundredweight of this dainty, but took its arrival and swallowed it with no more expression of gratitude towards myself than if it had been sunshine. This determined his immediate future, for I sold him. He has preserved or rather added to his reputation for size and comeliness, and I believe has won several prizes thereby. But I have not seen him since he accepted the cheese as a providential rather than a personally human gift.

Selim has stepped into his shoes, but has had his affection for myself (at least the outward signs of it) grievously impeded by another dog-friend, Tros, who never leaves me, and gathers jealousy with years. At first the puppy Selim played with him unsuspiciously, and received a grudging tolerance. But when he had grown nearly to dog estate, one day Tros fell on and handled him so



suddenly and roughly that he has never recovered confidence in his position, nor realised the development of his own muscle and jaws. I should say that Selim has a younger brother now, another Guy, rather bigger than himself. He is a royally magnificent dog, with deeply-marked black rims to his eyes, as if he painted them, like an Egyptian princess, or Pharaoh himself. Over him also Tros has triumphed. When these two big dogs are lying on the carpet in the dining-room, and Tros enters "promiscuously," but with a dangerous glare in his eyes and a tail as long, stiff, and thick as a biggish cucumber, slightly curved, they both leap hastily on sofas. These he has reluctantly agreed to reckon as "sanctuary." The fact is that he is far too short to command or look down upon them otherwise than morally, and though he has once or twice weighed the temptation to bite their protruded toes, he declines eventually (with much inward growling) to commit himself to a level above his head. He is moved by this consideration more than by any righteous regard for cities of refuge, at which he sneers with a display of contempt wholly irreconcilable with correct views concerning their purpose.

Occasionally the two big dogs look over their ramparts to see if Tros is far enough off for them to risk the cooling of their tongues in the waterpan under the sideboard; but when the enemy is anywise plainly awake and irritable they lie on the sofa for hours, and thus, indeed, have learned to sleep prodigiously. But though he is thus fierce and peremptory with big dogs, he is very friendly with cats. . . .

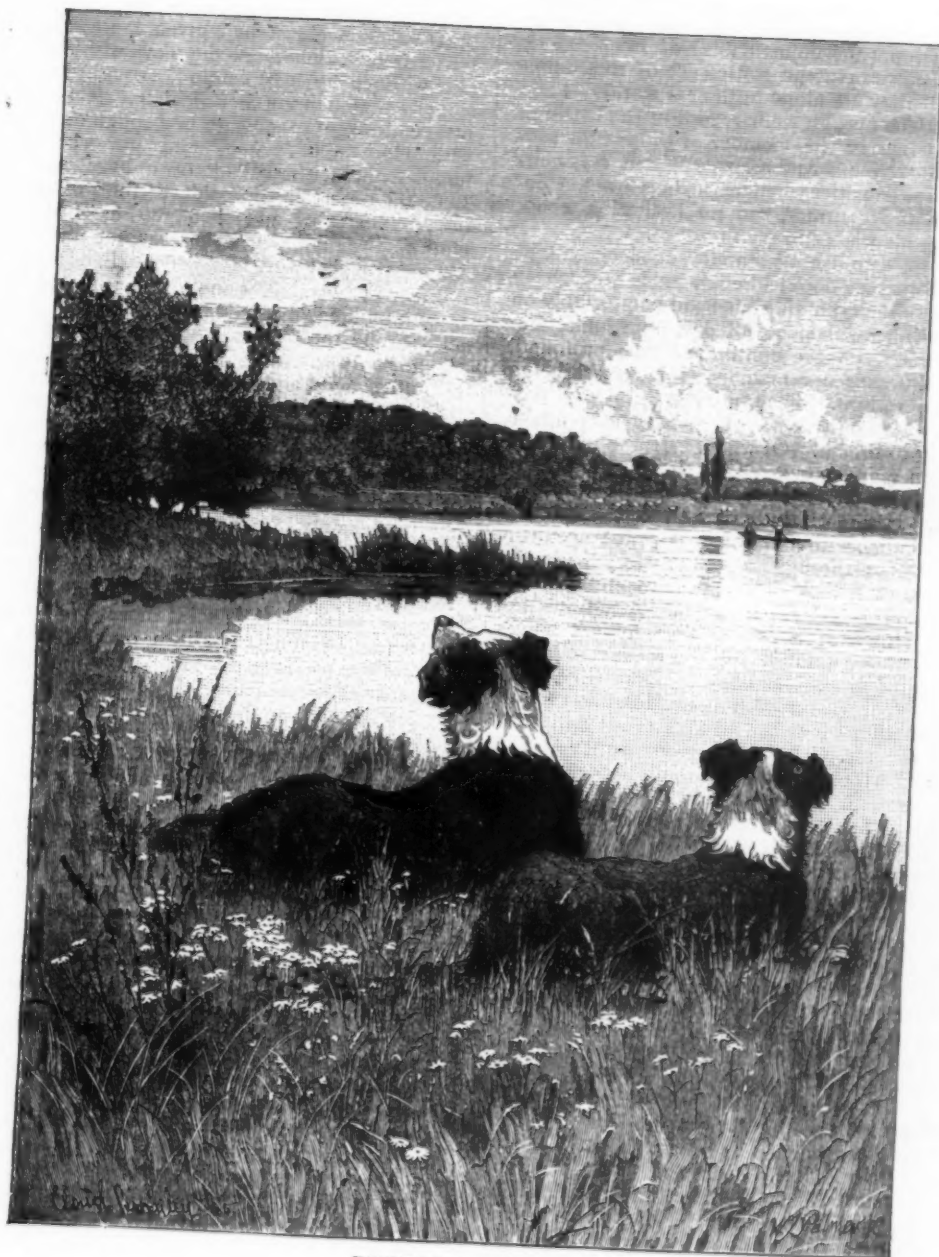
Alas! I had got thus far in this little paper when Tros died. He insisted on staying for hours in the mere, pushing himself through weeds and persistently barking at a coot. We did what we could, but he died, before his time. It was a perfectly still autumn evening, near sunset. I had given poor Tros some beef-tea with a little brandy, and set him gently down in Guy's old basket, which was filled with straw, and stood by the garden door just inside the house. Then I lay down for a few minutes in a South American hammock hung in the chestnut-trees ten yards off, and began to read the "Times." Presently I heard a groan. Tros, seeing me there, had crawled out, craving for help. He had trusted me so utterly. Could I not heal him of his pain? I carried him back to his bed. Though disappointed in his appeal, his faith was not cold. He looked up and tried to wag his tail. Then he died.

"Tros," so wrote a great friend to me, "is a real loss. He had all the attractiveness of the scamp of the family, the delightful naughty-boy and the affectionate prodigal, only he returned to his father half a dozen times a day, and was forgiven seventy times seven. An impulsive, loving, wayward dog, whose exuberant energy has found what outlet now? . . . This, I suppose, is a force that is conserved somehow and somewhere."

Snow too, another old friend and mother of countless kittens, steadily produced throughout a long and fertile course, is dead. But she lived to

a good old age, and made curiously befitting provision for the continuance of her attentions and greenness of her memory, before her decease. She had only one eye; and in her latter days made a favourite for herself in a one-eyed kitten. This grew up to cat estate, until at last it was almost impossible to distinguish between the mother and her child. They were both black, of exactly the same size, had each lost a left eye, and generally kitted at the same time. Moreover Snow taught this promising prolific double of herself to come up to our bedroom door early every morning, and mew, as she herself did. When the lesson was obviously perfect, Snow contentedly laid herself down to die, knowing that a black one-eyed cat would punctually visit our room betimes every day.

I think that some exercise of consideration, some wave of peculiar and appropriate sentiment, takes place among, or passes over, the animals of a household when one of their number dies. No apparent notice was taken of the decease of Snow. She was not prominently authoritative enough. But the death of Tros sent a distinct pulse of some feeling through his society. I do not mean to say that any of his fellows "mourned" him. There is no sepulture among beasts. When they solemnly lay a fellow in the grave we shall have to reconsider our position. But Selim woke up out of sleep and walked about in a half-credulous mood, looking and listening round corners and hardly believing himself to be safe. His big brother, Guy, who had scarcely dared to put his head into my study (since Tros would brook no rival near the throne), took an early opportunity of entering, and tried to sit in my lap. I could as easily have nursed a calf there. But he meant something specially impressive. Both he and his brother, moreover, soon planted themselves boldly at my elbows during dinner-time, a thing which they did not dare to do while Tros was alive. Their mood is not merely optative, but their position is commanding, since their chins sweep the table (occasionally of some glass near the rim), and, without effort, they survey a near horizon of dishes. At present they merely keep jealous watch over one another (with reproachful glances at my wife or myself, as they suspect an unfair division of their goods) when scraps are being had. They do not as yet interchange complaints. In time I suppose they will proceed to snarls and blows. As it is, they both retain the puppy temper, and, romping in the paddock, bite and devour one another with prodigious good-humour and display of teeth. Presently this atmosphere of Eden will be disturbed, this mood of innocence disappear. There will be a misunderstanding, an insistence on some supposed rights, a *casus belli*, and a fight. One will have to be master. The question, however, will probably be arranged once for all, since dogs (when they ascertain their position in a household) rarely reopen a dispute. When they do, however, it is notable that although their respect for man is sincere and conspicuous, it does not hinder them (if the combative mood should arrive) from fighting in his immediate presence. No regard for the sacredness of home, no recol



EXPECTATION.

lection of conventional proprieties, hinders dogs in the discharge of sudden rage. In this they are curiously unlike cats, which, however morose, I have never known to fall out in the presence of the household. To judge by nocturnal evidence they have their disputes, war goes along with love, but either long-drawn ancestral domesticity or an apprehension (not unjustifiable) of interference, makes them reserve the settlement of their difficulties till they are alone in the cat world. Then come settlements (Tickler's record of the battle of cats must live in the memory of those who ever knew the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*"), but cats conceal their animosities when on the hearthrug. Poor Tros, on the contrary, had no hesitation about enforcing his wishes in my presence.

What an astonishing amount of sleep can be accomplished by dogs! Selim, indeed, excels in this, for (after arranging his head comfortably on a cushion) he will sleep all day, on a sofa. But this slumber is more continuous than profound, since he awakes in a moment on a remark being addressed to him. Then, mostly, he gives a prolonged, enormous yawn, and goes to sleep again, presently to dream. Of what? If the nature of the vision may be guessed by the movements of the dreamer, he is in some mystic hunting-ground. His feet faintly paw the air. Now and then he barks, with a curiously distant voice, as if it had come through a telephone. Then he awakes with a look of surprise, to find that the mystic deer is gone. If we may determine the mental pursuit of a dog by his physical movements while he dreams, it would seem that he has no vision of food. He does not work his jaws as if in the enjoyment of a bone. But it may be asked whether we ourselves ever smell and taste in our dreams. The starving man, they say, is tantalised with the sight of food, and delighted with its ravenous consumption, but is the dream actually toothsome? Has he anything more than a delusive sense of fullness?

Let us go back to dogs. Perhaps their appetite for and use of sleep may help to provide them with that extraordinary recuperative power which they sometimes display. The apparent injuries which they survive are surprising. Years ago I had a favourite spaniel, which one day accompanied me as I was driving out in a dog-cart with a stout friend, who is now a stouter archdeacon. While doggie was capering about at the horse's head he missed his leap and fell under the nearest wheel. This went (not very rapidly) over him. I got out, picked him up as dead, and put the corpse into the cart to be carried home for burial in the garden. But when I had reached home, and essayed to lift out his lamented remains, they barked at me. Their owner had wholly recovered by the time the drive was done, and subsequently was none the worse for having been run over and killed. It is astonishing to note what shocks (and beatings, too often given in hot anger) dogs will survive. When we compare the size of a dog-whip with that of the offender, and recollect that it is sometimes wielded by a strong keeper or sportsman, irritated at birds having been "run up," one wonders at the recovery of the culprit. But he

seldom seems to be any the worse for it, and, except for uncontrolled howling while the punishment is being inflicted, appears not to suffer. Mostly he considers that the offence is condoned, and capers off at once among the turnips as briskly as ever. The way little dogs, too, escape mischief while romping with big ones is surprising. I have just had given me a white fox-terrier puppy, Belle, and she plays with Selim and Guy without the least caution, though they occasionally stamp upon her heavily. It is as if a little child were to engage in a rough and tumble with Gog and Magog, and get occasionally jumped upon or rolled over by them. But Belle takes part in the wildest frolics of my great deerhounds, now and then getting hold of the end of Guy's tail and being thereby flung about, but mostly charging in amongst their legs without fear or hurt. Her mother, by the way, is the most intelligent living dog that I know. She sets an example to the whole household, inasmuch as she not only opens the door of her master's study, but turns round and shuts it when she has entered the room. With this she has marked political views, refusing scraps when told that they come from certain statesmen, though she gets confused, it must be admitted, among the lesser lights. Her patriotism, however, is never shaken. Her master has only to say, "Lass, what are you prepared to do for your country?" and in a moment she is a stiffened corpse on her back, her four legs sticking out like those of a stool. Of course she can, when desired, point successively with her nose to, and sometimes turn over, all the court cards in a pack spread on the ground. But that is easily accounted for. A piece of bread-and-butter is laid under each during the earlier lessons in and rehearsals of the performance; and the recollection of the agreeable discovery following this dainty "deal" is not soon forgotten. It is worth while exploring every court card on the chance of a bite, when a pack appears on the ground.

The heat which dogs endure is great. They will sometimes lie with their chins on the fender when a fierce fire burns in their eyes; and poor Tros used to fit his spine carefully to those hot-water pipes about the house which ran next the ground, especially if they happened to be exceptionally heated. Then, too, a row of cats and kittens might be found perched upon them. But Tros would endure and enjoy a heat intolerable to the hand. And yet with all this he seemed to be quite indifferent to cold, since he could hardly have kept himself warm while swimming (for an hour or so at a time) on bitterly raw days about the mere.

When we talk of their want of feeling, moreover, it may be noticed that dogs, however loving and devoted, are notably inconsiderate, in several respects. If Selim is lame in one foot he makes the most conspicuous display of the advantage which four legs then give to him by going elaborately upon three. Like his kind he has no such regard for the feelings of an affectionate master as to save him from any exercise of sympathy. The smallest ailment is displayed, and an im-



mense fuss is made after some kind of medicinal grass when suddenly discovered in the course of a walk.

It is indeed this perfect unconcern which gives a charm to dogs in the eyes of potentates who can never be quite sure about the devotion of their attendants. Dogs are no courtiers. When a king has a dog which leaves the company of his groom to lick the royal hand, he is happily conscious of being valued for himself alone, and not because of his patronage or station. He knows that the most gracious condescension could not draw that dog away from his groom's side if the dog felt any preference for the groom. A dog indeed who (going further in independence than a cat) barked at a king, would have a soul worth winning. With what candid simplicity some dogs in a household will pronounce for a servant rather than its master. It is not that they are careless in the display of inclination. They are hero-worshippers after their own fashion, but having no respect of persons, sometimes direct their devotion in a direction most disappointing to their lawful owners. When once a dog shall have been proved capable of influence by conventional rank, the worth of his whole race will have declined, so far as it produces the most valuable of friends outside our own generation.

It may, of course, be replied to this that "the way to a dog's heart is down his throat," that

even a housebreaker can silence him with a savoury bait. Cerberus likes sops, no doubt, and yet there is a phase of affection in some dogs quite independent of carnal appetite; and it is this which makes them such trustworthy companions, if they are pleased to bestow their companionship upon us. Nothing really makes or mars their love when it is once given. Thus, indeed, it is not so far removed from such as is most valued amongst ourselves. For that can hardly be called love which gives a "reason" for its preference. There is nothing for which we need be more thankful than the blindness of love. Conceive the dissipation of relationships, the confusion of amity, if we were always expected to account for the love which we feel, or to have such as we enjoy withheld from us till we could be proved to deserve it. And the most charming echo of this delightful capriciousness which can be heard outside the circle of purely human ties is found in our friend the dog, whose attachment is as honest as it is open, and who (in the royal presence) will kiss the hand of a servant rather than that of a sovereign if so be he likes the servant best, but who, without any reticence or delay of etiquette, pronounces for the sovereign whom he trusts, and who knows that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not make Tray wag his tail if he preferred to keep it between his legs.

HARRY JONES.



POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW

## THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. M. CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

YORKSHIRE—SECOND PAPER.



BIGNALL WOODS.

**T**HOUGH Yorkshire lay far within the English border it nevertheless suffered from its neighbourhood to Scotland, and was better fitted than the more northern shires to afford battle-fields for the more serious hostilities of the Scots. The troubles of the reign of Stephen gave the Scots an opportunity to plunder the English land under colour of maintaining the cause of Matilda as the rightful heiress of the English Crown. The Scots ravaged the northern shires, burning, slaying, and plundering. The newly-founded monasteries were in many cases reduced to ruins; the people were plunged in despair, and King Stephen did nothing to help them. At last, in 1138, the aged Archbishop Thurstan stirred up the northern barons to undertake their own defence against the Scots, who, after ravaging Northumberland and Durham, had entered Yorkshire and were advancing southwards. The barons listened to the words of the archbishop, who sent them a standard round which to fight. It was the mast of a vessel erected in a waggon; on it hung a silver crucifix and the holy banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon, the three patron saints of Yorkshire. Advancing with this standard, the barons met the Scottish army near Northallerton, and prepared for battle. The representative of the old archbishop, who was too ill to come himself, addressed the

soldiers and prayed for their success. The Scottish attack was begun by a charge of the men of Galloway, the wildest and most barbarous of the Scottish race, but they were repulsed by the steadiness of the English, who fought round their standard, and thought it cowardly to move and leave it to the enemy. The men of Galloway fell back and threw the rest of the Scottish army into confusion. King David fled in dismay, and many of the Scots fell in the retreat. The men of Yorkshire by themselves fought the battle for England and routed the foe. The Battle of the Standard shows how Yorkshire had recovered its old spirit, and how the influence of the Church was powerful for national organisation.

The city of York soon rose again to its early importance as capital of the North, and obtained from Henry I a charter of liberties which enabled its citizens to manage their own affairs. A similar charter was granted by Archbishop Thurstan to Beverley, which, from its position on the Hull river, became a port, and was the earliest centre of the woollen trade in Yorkshire. How rapidly York advanced in commercial importance we may gather from the number of Jews who lived there, and lent money to the needy barons and merchants who were in want of capital. One of the most terrible stories of mediæval times attaches to the Jews of York in

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the reign of Richard I. Crusading zeal had stirred men's hearts into abhorrence of all enemies of the Christian faith, and at the same time many who purposed to follow the king to the Holy Land were driven to raise money for their equipment at usurious rates. The Jews in York were numerous and powerful. They used the opportunity of the crusading spirit to drive hard bargains, till they awakened a feeling of sullen wrath. No sooner had Richard I crossed the sea than an attack was made upon the Jews in York. Five hundred of them fled into the castle, carrying with them their wealth, which they held under the protection of the king. It so happened that the governor of the castle was away. When he returned, the Jews, terrified by the massacre of their friends outside, and doubtful of the governor's goodwill, refused to admit him inside the castle. The townsmen rejoiced at this act, which gave an opportunity for vengeance. The castle was besieged, and priests and monks joined the ranks of the besiegers. After some days a breach was made in the wall, and the Jews could resist no longer. The night before they expected the final onslaught an old rabbi rose and spoke: "God has called us to die for His law. Let us choose death rather than apostasy; let us freely give our lives to Him who gave them." The greater part hearkened to his words. They set fire to the castle and cast all their wealth into the flames. They slew with their own hands their wives and children, then they leapt into the flames and perished. Those who were not brave enough to follow their example tried to make terms with the enemy, but when the gates were opened all were put to the sword. The victorious rabble rushed to the cathedral and seized the chest in which were kept the registers of the money lent by the Jews, which they burned in the nave of the church.

Such outbursts of disorder were not common, and Richard I ordered the men of York to be punished for their doings. But the story shows how York was growing in wealth, and illustrates the difficulties which beset the development of trade and industry. Money was almost entirely in the hands of the Jews, and could only be borrowed at a ruinous rate of interest. The Jews shared their profits with the king, who in return took them under his protection and allowed no one to plunder them save himself. The nobles were spendthrifts; trade was carried on without much capital, and its returns were uncertain. Men were only too glad of any opportunity of wiping out old scores and freeing themselves from the bondage of the money-lender.

We soon find a more striking instance of the renewed importance of the northern shires. The training which the northern barons obtained in their defence of the borders made them vigorous and clear-sighted politicians. They took the lead in the opposition to the tyranny of King John, and were the first to begin that breach with the Crown which was only healed by the grant of the Great Charter. Men of the families of Mowbray, Lacy, Percy, Bruce, and the like, were the first who banded themselves together in defence of the ancient liberties of

England, and set an example which was readily followed by those of the south. Even then the severer life of the north seems to have favoured the growth of sturdy resolution and clear decision in the conduct of affairs.

Thus Yorkshire prospered while the barons built their castles and the monks reclaimed to cultivation its waste lands. Agriculture flourished and population increased. The civilisation of Yorkshire was restored by the barons, the church, and the monks, during two centuries of comparative peace, till the failure of Edward I's plan for the conquest of Scotland again exposed Yorkshire to invasion. After Edward II's defeat at Bannockburn the Scots acted on the aggressive, and again penetrated into Yorkshire. So formidable were they that the Prior of Bolton fled into Lancashire in 1316, and the monks took refuge in Skipton Castle. Again the Archbishop of York strove to organise the defence of the country, but he was not so successful as Thurstan had been. The best soldiers were all absent with the king, and the army of ten thousand men whom the archbishop succeeded in collecting fled almost without striking a blow before the Scots, who were posted at Myton on the Swale, not far from Knaresborough. So many monks and clergy were present at this battle that the Scots called it in derision "The Chapter of Myton."

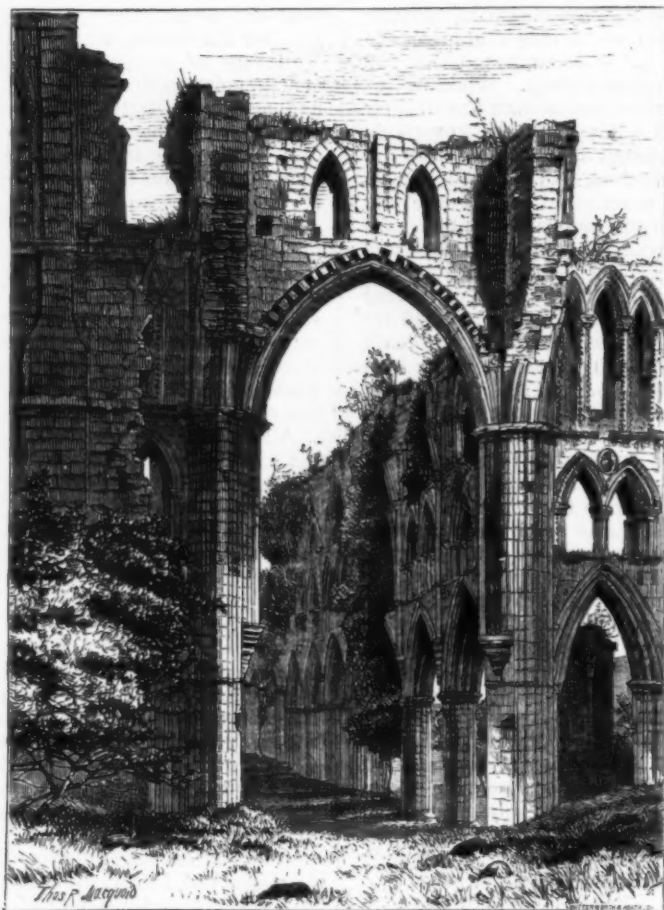
A few years later, in 1322, King Edward II had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of the Scots. He was sitting at dinner at Rievaulx Abbey when a Scottish army suddenly swooped down across the moors. Two monks guided the king to York, but his treasures fell into the enemy's hands, and the monastery was stripped of all that it contained.

Nor was it only the invasion of the Scots that disturbed the peace of Yorkshire. The unbusinesslike qualities of Edward II made him an incapable king, and threw him into the hands of favourites, who awakened the envy and anger of the English barons. The baronage opposed the Crown, not as before, in behalf of the nation at large, but by asserting their own influence against the growing power of the courtiers who immediately surrounded the king. Their leader was the king's cousin, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby, who had married the heiress of the Lacys, and was lord of their lands at Pontefract. The strength of the castle at Pontefract, which commanded the passes of the Aire, made Yorkshire the scene of the baronial conflict against Edward II. Thomas of Lancaster was violent, and determined to assert his power. Edward II vainly strove to save his favourite, Gaveston, who took refuge in the castle of Scarborough. The castle was taken, and Gaveston was carried away to execution. For a time the king was powerless; but Earl Thomas had no wish to see him freed from his troubles with the Scots. He lent no help to the men of Yorkshire in their efforts to resist the Scottish invasions, and was suspected of helping the Scots as a means of embarrassing the king. At last, in 1322, Edward II was ready to take his revenge. Earl Thomas advanced northwards from Pontefract,



hoping that he might be aided by the Scots. At Boroughbridge he found the governors of York and Carlisle with their forces ready to oppose his progress. He was compelled to surrender, and was taken as a prisoner to his castle of Pontefract. There King Edward II passed sentence upon his relative. He would not forgive the man who had so long thwarted him and who had wrought the death of Gaveston. Regardless of his rank, Edward II condemned him to die

better protected from the raids of the Scots, and Archbishop Zouche sent a contingent to the defence of Durham which redeemed the Yorkshiremen from the disgrace of their defeat at Myton. Again the country applied itself to the arts of peace. The monasteries set the example of manufacturing woollen cloths, not, however, of the finest sort, nor of much reputation for the purposes of export. Edward III induced many Flemings to settle in England and teach the



RIEVAULX ABBEY.

a traitor's death, and the great baron was led to a mound outside his own castle. His face was turned to the north, that he might look towards his friends the Scots; then, as he knelt, the executioner cleft off his head by a stroke of a heavy sword. After his death men saw in his opposition to the king's folly something noble that we do not find in the brutal character of Thomas. The people flocked to his tomb in the priory of Pontefract, and miracles were said to be wrought by his relics. He was called by many Saint Thomas of Lancaster, as though he had been a martyr for the liberties of the people.

In the reign of Edward III Yorkshire was

people better ways of manufacturing cloth. Some of these Flemings came to Leeds, but Yorkshire was not yet adapted for a great manufacturing centre. Its harbour at the mouth of the Humber was only struggling into existence. The old village of Wyke-on-the-Hull was brought into new life by Edward I, who on his return from Scotland in 1299 happened to light upon the hamlet while on a hunting expedition. He bought the site from the Abbot of Meaux, caused a new town to be laid out, and gave privileges to all who settled there. He gave it the new name of Kingstown, and may claim to be its real founder. The eye of Edward I was keen enough to see the advan-

tages of its position as the only possible harbour for the Yorkshire coast. The flats of Holderness made the harbourage of the Humber uncertain. The earlier ports have passed away. Hedon, with its mighty church that tells of early greatness, is now a little hamlet two miles from the sea, and its ancient harbour is a shallow creek. Ravenspurgh, where Henry of Lancaster landed when he came to claim his heritage, no longer exists. Spurn Head offers some resistance to the waves, which avenge themselves by capricious encroachments on the low-lying land within the estuary. Kingston-upon-Hull alone held its place, and grew in importance as its rivals declined.

Yorkshire was deeply involved in the struggles between the baronial parties which mark the history of the fifteenth century in England. The balance of the strength of the baronage lay in the north. The northern barons were foremost in expressing their discontent with the weak government which the pressure of untoward circumstances alone made possible to Henry IV. The Percys rose in revolt and were with difficulty put down in 1403. But the discontent of the northern barons still continued, and in 1405 Archbishop Scrope of York joined with the Earl of Northumberland and Lord Mowbray in demanding a free parliament for the redress of grievances. Eight thousand men assembled in arms at Skipton, near York, but on the arrival of the Earl of Westmoreland with a message from the king, they disbanded and agreed to leave their matters to the king's decision. Archbishop Scrope and Mowbray were taken prisoners to Pontefract. Thence they were led to the archbishop's palace of Bishopsthorpe and were condemned to death. It was an unheard-of thing to put an archbishop to death, and the Chief Justice refused to pass sentence upon him. A more obedient judge was found, and Archbishop Scrope was executed in a meadow outside his house. The men of Yorkshire were filled with indignation at the murder, for so they called it, of a man who was beloved by all. He was revered as a saint, and crowds hastened to make their offerings at his tomb in York Cathedral.

When war broke out between the houses of York and Lancaster, the northern barons were mostly ranged on the Lancastrian side and supported Queen Margaret in her gallant efforts to uphold the rights of her young son. She would not agree to the compromise by which the Duke of York should succeed on Henry VI's death, and gathered troops in Yorkshire. The Duke of York advanced against her to Wakefield, where, on the meadow between his Castle of Sandal and the town, he was hemmed in and slain, together with the greater part of his army, December 30th, 1460. But his son Edward was undeterred by his father's fate, and renewed the war with vigour. Margaret was repulsed in an attempt to march on London, and retired into Yorkshire. Thither Edward followed and made his headquarters at the royal castle of Pontefract. Both sides were eager for battle, and there was a skirmish at Ferrybridge for the passage of the Aire. On March 29, 1461, the two armies met between the

villages of Towton and Saxton. The fight began in a heavy fall of snow, which drove in the faces of the Lancastrians and prevented them from calculating the distance for their arrows. The battle raged for ten hours, and was a desperate hand-to-hand encounter, in which no quarter was given. When at last victory declared for the Yorkists, the number of slain exceeded 30,000. Half the Lancastrians were killed, and Edward IV found the crown upon his head at the cost of terrible bloodshed.

The Battle of Towton marks the beginning of a period which exercised great influence on the fortunes of Yorkshire, the period of the decline of the baronage. Nowhere in England were the barons more numerous or more powerful than in Yorkshire. The ruins of their mighty castles are still dotted over the land, and tell of a time when the lords in their fortified houses kept great retinues of servants, and were attended by many officials who regulated the administration of their lands. They did justice within their territory, levied soldiers, and kept in their pay bands of trained soldiers. Their houses were schools for the sons of neighbouring knights and squires; their service was a source of profit to farmers in the country and tradesmen in the towns. They were popular through their wealth and munificence, and men were glad to be dependent on them. It was thus that Richard Neville rose to his position as the kingmaker, and when he died his possessions in Yorkshire, chief of which was the Castle of Middleham, was given by Edward IV to his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Richard lived at Middleham and showed great energy in organising the defence of the north against the Scots. His popularity in the north helped him in his schemes to raise himself to the throne, and the treacherous conduct of Richard III did not shake the allegiance of the Yorkshiresmen. Even after his fall it was said that "his memory was so strong in the north that it lay like lees in the bottom of men's hearts, and if the vessel was but stirred it would rise."

Thus it was that Henry VII was not popular in Yorkshire, which supported the pretender, Lambert Simnel, and was ever ready to rise against the king. In 1489 the Yorkshiresmen refused to pay the land-tax, and when the Earl of Northumberland addressed them in the king's name, and ordered their obedience, they rose in arms, seized the great earl in his manor house at Topcliffe, and beheaded him. The insurrection was soon put down, and its leaders were executed; but it shows the existence in the north of the old spirit of independence, which it took long to quell. The men of the north did not follow the lead of the men of the south; even their great nobles could not lead them as they were wont to do. They resented change, and were loyal to old names and expiring causes.

The Wars of the Roses had seen the destruction of the power of the great baronial houses, and Henry VII was resolved that they should not regain their former place. He favoured the growth of the middle-class and fostered commerce. He invited foreign workmen to England, and new

settlements of Flemings at Halifax and Wakefield gave a fresh impulse to the manufacture of cloth. Halifax had only thirty houses in 1443, but rapidly began to spread, while Wakefield became a market town for the sale of coarse drapery. Besides his care of the middle class, Henry VII was also persistent in his endeavours to reduce the power of the nobles, and make them obedient to the laws. They were not allowed to keep a body of retainers, ready at all times to espouse their quarrels, and numerous enough to prevent any hope of redress against their caprice by legal means. Even after all that Henry VII could do, the position of a great

day something like three hundred must have been fed at the castle. At six o'clock all attended service in the chapel, after which they breakfasted off beef and ale. At ten o'clock came dinner, at four supper, and at nine o'clock all retired to rest. The household of a great noble gave a training in business habits, in which our forefathers were as proficient as men of the present day. In fact, their ordinary occupations were so few that they gave great attention to the regulation of the minor matters of daily life.

The Earl of Northumberland, however, was one amongst a few in the greatness of his establish-



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noble remained almost equal to that of the king. We have an account, written in 1511, of the household of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, in his Yorkshire castles of Wressel and Leconfield. The number of attendants who lived permanently in the house was 166, besides those who were employed outside. Amongst them were officials of every sort, including eleven chaplains, and a complete choir to sing the service daily. The daily occupations of each were minutely regulated, and the system of accounts was carefully prescribed. The various articles of provision for this vast household were estimated for the year to amount to 2,116 quarters of wheat, 124 bullocks, 677 sheep, 10 tons of Gascon wine, and so on in proportion. The meat was generally eaten salted, and needed 160 gallons of mustard to make it palatable. Of course the number of the household does not include guests. Every

ment and in his magnificence. Even he had few comforts, as we should reckon; and when he moved from one of his castles to another, all his furniture was carried with him. The rough walls were hung with tapestry, which was suspended from hooks. Food, though plentiful, was coarse, and furniture was plain. There was little privacy in the grim fortresses which the great inhabited. Two or three rooms were set apart for the use of the family and their guests; the rest were small chambers for holding stores and providing sleeping room for the host of attendants.

Meanwhile the towns were growing in proportion as the nobles declined. Their organisation became more complete, and covered all things relating to their various industries. Each trade was regulated by its guild, a corporation originally instituted for religious purposes, but rapidly gaining importance as it gained wealth. Every



guild regulated matters concerning its trade, admitted apprentices, and prescribed the conditions of their service. Round the guilds the social life of the mediæval towns chiefly centred. Thus York had its guild of the Lord's Prayer, which was instituted to keep up a yearly play "setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer, in which all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise." At Beverley was a guild of St. Helen, which represented the discovery of the cross. There, too, in the church of St. Mary, are traces of the pious work of the different classes of the community, each of whom contributed a pillar to the building of the church. One bears the inscription, "Thys pyllor made the meynestrells," and round its capital are the figures of a harper, a drummer, a piper, and a violin-player. Two other pillars bear a record that they were the gift of the "good wives" of Beverley. Civic feeling, and civic energy found in Yorkshire a rapid development.

The decline of the power of the nobles under the Tudor kings greatly affected one of the two great powers round which English civilisation had hitherto centred. The other was suddenly swept away by the progress of the Reformation movement. The dissolution of the monasteries was a great social change everywhere; in Yorkshire it was almost a revolution. No part of England was so thickly covered with large and important foundations, which discharged manifold duties. The children of the peasants were educated in monastery schools. The alms of the monasteries provided for the poor and aged. Impoverished gentlemen wandered from one monastery to another, and lived on monastic hospitality. The monasteries were the inns to which travellers resorted, and were the chief employers of labour, being more constant and permanent than the barons. This great system fell all at once, amongst general bewilderment. The monastery lands passed into the hands of new landlords, men who wished to make the utmost profit. Much that had made life tolerable for the poor was swept away. The popular discontent gathered in strength till it broke out into rebellion in 1536. The rebels were happy in finding an able leader in Robert Aske, a lawyer, whom they forced to stand at their head. They captured York, Pontefract, and Kingston-upon-Hull; then they laid siege to Skipton Castle. Most of the great families of the north joined them in their purpose to march on London in a pilgrimage, and demand from the king that he should put away his low-born counsellors and call back the old nobles; that he should make restitution to the Church for the wrongs done to it, and restore the commons to what they used to be. The insurgents marched under the banner of St. Cuthbert, and called their expedition the "Pilgrimage of Grace." At Doncaster they met the royal forces under the Duke of Norfolk, and so sure were they of their good intentions, and of their numerical superiority, that instead of fighting they listened to proposals for peace. Envoys were sent to lay the grievances of the insurgents before the king, who used the delay to detach many from

their opposition. Meanwhile the monks were restored to their monasteries and the rebel army began to disband, thinking that it had gained its point. Aske was summoned to London for a conference with the king, who, however, granted nothing more than a general pardon to all who had been concerned in the rebellion. On his return the popular disappointment found expression in a renewed rising, but the royal forces had now been gathered together, and the Duke of Norfolk was enabled to put down the rebels. Aske, who had been guilty of nothing more than trusting in the king's word, was executed at York.

When the rebellion had been put down, and many of the rebels punished, Henry VIII took steps to keep in order the discontented spirit of the northern counties. For this purpose he established a Council of the North, a branch of the King's Privy Council, which sat at York, and exercised jurisdiction over the five northern counties. This extraordinary council was one of the chief means by which the authority of the Tudor rulers was established. Strengthened by the suppression of the rebellion, Henry VIII proceeded with the dissolution of the monasteries. His visitors scoured the country, and the terrified monks were driven to surrender their possessions into the king's hands. By the end of 1540 the great monasteries of Yorkshire were untenanted, and many of them lay in ruins. The causes of the discontent created by the dissolution of the smaller monasteries were now ten times more powerful; but the peasants were reduced to silence, and the wealthy men of the middle class were glad to get a share of the monastery lands.

The reign of Elizabeth saw the overthrow of the great northern families, the Nevilles and the Percys. The "Rising of the North" in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, in 1569, was the last attempt made by the old baronial families to assert their political power. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland showed themselves incapable leaders. They meant to have rescued Mary from her prison at Tutbury, and when she was removed out of their reach they marched back from Tadcaster northwards, and were easily overthrown. Knights and men of smaller name who had been trained in affairs were able to thwart the projects of the great nobles, and the Nevilles and Percys were overmatched by Sir George Bowes, of Streatham. The day of the great nobles was past, and the time had come in which power really rested with the capable and diligent man who applied himself solely to affairs. The official class had supplanted the nobles, and the official class attracted to itself men of capacity and ambition from every rank of life. The political training of the reign of Elizabeth raised up the men who, in the next generation, resisted the power of the Crown and brought clearly forward the power of the middle class. If Yorkshire tells the story of baronial and monastic civilisation in its remains, its present aspect no less clearly tells the tale of the energy and enterprise which the middle class developed, and which changed the face of the land as completely as it had been changed by the hands of the monks and the castles of barons.

## THE LITTLE REBEL OF KRANMULLIN.

### CHAPTER I.

KRANMULLIN RECTORY stood four-square to all the winds that blew. The drawing-room looked south, and the dining-room looked south—and pretended to look west too, having a blind window which would have driven Mr. Ruskin into despair. The aforesaid imposture paired with the window of Mr. Donovan's study on the other side of the hall-door. None of the sitting-rooms looked north; the kitchen did, but as it was always pretty warm there the aspect did not so much matter. In front was the lawn, and beyond that a little shrubbery bounded by a low wall. The gravelled walk to the right of the lawn led to a little wooden gate which opened into the churchyard, the church being only about two minutes' walk from the Rectory.

Across the road lay the garden where Bob Kelly did what by courtesy we will call his work, for he always appeared very busy indeed when Mr. Donovan came into the garden. Bob might have been descended from Penelope, judging from his most decided talent for hindering any perceptible progress in his work. He had also discovered the art of preventing that luxuriance of fruitage which might possibly have been troublesome to the trees or their owner; and furthermore, Bob was often very "dhry," and would sometimes slip away to the village to slake his "dhrooth" with poetical "mountain dew." And Bob had no faculty for amusing folk; he could not make the worse appear the better reason; he was neither witty in himself nor the cause that wit was in other men. So on the whole Mr. and Mrs. Donovan had come to think that the garden might possibly do better without Bob. However, Mr. and Mrs. Donovan were a very soft-hearted old couple, and besides, as Bob had been in their employment for twenty years, and had kindly allowed them during that period to contribute to his support and that of his large little family, he had much too strong a claim on their gratitude to get his dismissal.

Mr. and Mrs. Donovan, otherwise "Master" and "Mistress," were the rector and rectress of Kranmullin, county of —, Ireland. The old pair had just seen their golden wedding-day, which had found them nearer and dearer to each other by all the joyful and sorrowful sympathies and memories of fifty years than they had been on the happy marriage morning when their feet had entered on the self-same path for better for worse, for richer for poorer.

Mr. Donovan had not proved the truth of the proverb that a prophet has no honour in his own country. Everybody honoured him and knew something about the good he had done and was still doing, though now his working days were nearly over. Had he not worked for years and years with brain and voice and pen, trying to teach his poorer countrymen how to make the most of land and stock, besides showing them how to lead a good life? Had he not, in his younger days, founded an agricultural school? and now, in his

old ones, had not the great publisher, Mr. Whitegrove, asked him to give the results of his long experience in a paper for his magazine?

And what of Mrs. Donovan? She had been a beautiful young woman, and was now a more beautiful old woman, for that fair life of hers that had been set to her husband's and had helped him more than any one knew. She did not know it herself; she thought she owed everything to "the Master." She had a scrap-book filled with newspaper cuttings about Master and his doings, which she produced with sweet innocent pride when very intimate friends came, that they might see the latest paragraph. Theirs had always been a happy home, and thence many had gone forth gladdened and bettered. Out of the large family that had grown up in that home not one remained. Some were married, some were dead; the first-born son had died several years ago, leaving his wife and two little daughters aged nine and two; and when, a very short time after, young Mrs. Donovan followed her husband, the children had come to live at Kranmullin and had never afterwards left it. They were grown up now; Elly, the youngest, was nearly nineteen.

Jenny and Elly were different in appearance and character and ways. Elly was small and plump, with very blue eyes and curly brown hair, rosy cheeks, and quick, light step; Jenny was tall, and thin rather than slight, with fair smooth hair and large grey eyes; her step was light and quick enough, but there was a kind of soft gliding motion about her which little folk like Elly seldom or never have. Elly was buoyant and impulsive, and full of playful affectionateness; Jenny was calmer and more tender.

The life at Kranmullin was a quiet one. After breakfast came post-time, the most exciting period of the day. This over, Grandmamma gave her housekeeping orders, and then she read the lessons for the day aloud to Jenny and Elly, and, after the lessons, a few pages of some "serious" book. Whiston's Josephus was the standing dish for a great many months; I fear the audience got very tired of it. Occasionally Elly tried the plan of moving the perforated cardboard marker about three pages forward, but Mrs. Donovan was sure to detect the change; and so much time went in finding the right place, and so many paragraphs which had been read were gone over to make sure of missing none, that Elly at last gave up the plan as one quite hopeless. On saints' days and holy days, a chapter from Nelson's "Fasts and Festivals" superseded the other literature. On the whole Elly liked the saints' days and holy days best.

When the reading was over Mr. Donovan would come in and bring an offering of a little "posy" to his wife. Even in winter there was always "a little something," if only a small bit of greenery. "My old lover brought me this," she would say, as she pointed to the flower in her

bosom; and the commonest flower brought by the old lover was dearer to her than the fairer one that came from any other. Then Mr. Donovan would read the paper aloud to her, and Elly and Jenny would go and study together.

There was one subject on which Elly differed from her family, and, strange to say, it was a purely political subject. She had read many of the pathetic ballads of earlier days, in which Irish genius had given voice to the aspirations and dreams of a troubled time, or recalled the incidents of a dark and disastrous history; and these had so worked upon her imagination and heart, that one day she announced herself a "Young Irishman." She had in reality no knowledge of the political issues to which these pointed; and, grave as they were, we are concerned with them here only as they affected the current of her otherwise quiet life.

Mrs. Donovan only smiled at Elly's announcement. Grandpapa put his hand into his pocket and handed her half-a-crown, begging her to buy a bunch of green ribbons to tie up her bonny brown hair, if she would condescend to use base Saxon coin for the purpose. Elly pocketed the half-crown, though it did bear the image and superscription of the English tyrant, and, the evening of the first day she had an opportunity of sending to the nearest market-town, appeared in a white dress with green ribbons. Mr. Donovan held her at arm's length and contemplated her critically; then said, in a grave tone,

"Green and white  
Is the Croppy's delight."

After this Mr. Donovan would sometimes call Elly "Little Croppy," for Grandpapa was not a bit too old to love teasing.

But Elly did not confine her patriotism to the wearing of green ribbons, but made up her little mind to display her sympathies more thoroughly than by the donning of this colour. So one morning she began to hold forth to Cook somewhat after this fashion.

"Cook, don't you hate the English?"

Cook looked up from her bread-making.

"Hate the English, Miss Elly? An' why would I hate 'em, my dear?"

"Now don't talk nonsense," said Elly. "You know you hate them every one, and there's good reason you should."

"Now is there, miss?" said Cook, in an innocent manner.

"Yes, there is. Haven't they enslaved Ireland and trampled on her rights and liberties, and put in their stupid old papers 'No Irish need apply'? And aren't they always laughing at us? I hate them, and if I were a man I'd wear a green uniform and fight to the death for my country."

"Musha now, Miss Elly," said Cook, "it's mighty quare ye are. Ye're hoombooggin', so ye are."

"Not a bit of it, Cookie. I know well enough ye're a Fenian."

"An' who says so?" said Cook, a little sharply.

"I know it," said Elly. "You're—"

"Whethen, Miss Elly, ye know more about me nor I know my own self, that's where it is."

"I know you're a Fenian," said Elly, "and I'm another; and I'm going to help to move heaven and earth 'till Ireland, long a province, be a NATION once again."

Cook smiled.

"Musha now, honey, I don't care a bit whether Ireland is a province or a nation, so long as I have my bit an' my sup, an' so long as I makes a comfortible bit an' sup for the owld Masther an' Misthress, God bless 'em."

Elly looked at Cook with the air of a little tragedy queen.

"I don't know what to think of you, Cook. Either you have not the spirit of a patriot, or you think I'll betray you. For shame, Cook, how can you think so of me?"

Elly's face was hot and crimsoned, and the tears had sprung to her eyes. Cook was much concerned, though indeed she hardly understood the situation. She seized Elly's hands and wrung them hard, and said, "God bless ye, Miss Elly, whatever ye do!"

"Say 'God bless Ireland, and make her free,'" said Elly.

—"Elly!"

Elly and Cook started, and dropped each other's hands, as Jenny came in.

"Elly, dear, can you come now to reading? Grandmamma is quite ready."

Elly wiped her hands, floured from Cook's touch, and followed Jenny, saying,

"I wish Josephus had never written a line; I'm sick of Herod and Mariamne, and all that stuff. I don't know why Granny reads it, I'm sure."

So they went into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Donovan was sitting in her arm-chair near the window, with her little table by her side, on which little table were lying the Bible and Josephus, and "the traveller," as they called the little basket which went with Mrs. Donovan to her bedroom at night, and came with her into the sitting-room in the morning.

It is a pleasant room, this drawing-room, wide and high, with its two large windows looking out on the garden and the great beech-tree and the lawn edged with young firs. Between the windows stands the old square piano, sweet-toned and small of compass, and tuned considerably below concert pitch. The sofa is on the other side of the room, and there are two or three tables, mostly spindly and shaky; there are chairs of divers shapes and sizes—alas! no Chippendales are they, nor indeed is there anything æsthetic or artistic in the furniture. Woe is me! the antimacassars are all large and white; two or three of them—for they are many—look like cradle-quilts, and the careful Granny has tacked little pieces of knitting on the arms of the two big arm-chairs, in one of which she always sits. Some good prints are on the walls, and there are plenty of flowers, and all looks refined and comfortable, none the less so for the presence of the two girls and their beautiful grandmother.

This day the reading went on as usual, inter-



rupted only by an argument between Mrs. Donovan and Jenny as to whether the correct pronunciation were *Sâlôme* or *Sâlome*. When reading was over, Mr. Donovan came in with his usual "posy" for his wife, and the grandchildren went to their own pursuits. When Elly was putting away the books after the studies were over, Jenny said,

"Ell, do you mind telling me what you were saying to Cook this morning?"

Elly reddened a little. "Why, Jen? What does it matter?"

"It is very great matter, my darling; you don't know what mischief your foolish talking might do."

"It *isn't* foolish talking," said Elly, hotly; "it's right and true. I said that Ireland ought to be free, and will be free, and shall be free, and I'll stick to it."

"Is not Ireland free?"

"No!" said Elly, emphatically.

"What would you have?" asked Jenny.

"I'd have her a kingdom to herself."

"Under whom?"

"Under *the true Irish King*," said Elly, and broke into—

"He must have come from a conquering race,—

The heir of their valour, their glory, their grace;

His frame must be stately, his step must be fleet,

His hand must be trained to each warrior feat,

His face, as the harvest-moon, steadfast and clear,

A head to enlighten, a spirit to cheer;

While the foremost to rush where the battle-brands ring,

And the last to retreat, is A TRUE IRISH KING!"

Elly paused a moment, and Jenny said,

"But who is 'the true Irish King'?"

Elly hesitated. "I don't exactly know; perhaps one of the O'Briens."

"Oh, he would be crowned in a cabbage garden instead of on 'the Rath of the Kings.' Don't you know that Smith O'Brien made a cabbage garden very famous?"

Jenny's face was full of laughter.

"It's a shame to insult over fallen greatness; it's cruel! it's mean!" said Elly. "Of course, Jane, I know that 'success makes the hero' in the eyes of *the world*."

After delivering herself of this, Elly vigorously dusted the bookshelves; then she turned to Jenny, saying, "You may make as much fun of me as you like; I hope I am able to face ridicule."

Jenny put her arm round Elly, and said, "I don't want to hurt you, dear; but I can't help feeling how much mischief you might do."

"Of course!" said Elly. "Hofer was very mischievous, and Joan of Arc was an idiot, and the Maccabees were wicked rebels; and Gideon and Jephthah and Samson, and all who dare to love their country, deserve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, do they not?"

Jenny was fairly startled, for it seemed that all this was to Elly a deep and serious reality. Ireland was, in her eyes, a downtrodden, oppressed land; all the spirit of Moore's lyrics and Davis's pathetic lays and fiery battle-songs had, it would

appear, entered into Elly and rooted itself in her being. What did it mean? Was there anything more than foolish, vainglorious sentiment in all these songs? Was there any grain of genuine patriotism? Was there anything now that could justify them?

She did not put these questions very clearly to herself, for her thoughts on the subject were too confused. The gentry all round her had been frightened enough two or three years ago; and then soldiers had been quartered near, and soldiers being quartered near had involved the presence of officers, and the presence of officers had brought on many balls and parties, at which Jenny and Elly had much enjoyed themselves. This was all Jenny felt about Fenianism. She must think about it now.

Before she could frame any kind of reply to Elly, Mr. Donovan came in, and asked his youngest grandchild to have a little turn with him before dinner, which put an end to the discussion for the time.

When Jenny next tried to resume the talk, Elly said, "I don't wish to speak on this subject at present."

"I haven't been ten year in this house wid Miss Elly," said Cook, moralising in her turn on these events, "widout knowin' that she takes notions into her head, an' spakes 'em out, and does 'em out, all iv a sudden; and thin, whin she gets to think over 'em, or Miss Jenny or the Misthress talks to her about 'em, she'll say, 'Oh, I was very wrong,' an' she'll goff right on the other tack. Not but she's the swatest young lady in the worruld, but she won't take time to make up her mind."

And so no group of patriots heard any of Elly's dangerous words. But it was quite impossible to keep up a long reserve with Jenny. She treated her sister indeed to a private recitation of Fontenoy, and frightened her by the savage way in which she shrieked out

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenagh!"

and her furious rendering of

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,  
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang."

It struck Jenny as the expression of a wild bloodthirstiness; a something infinitely less noble than the desire for the true Irish King, full of valour, and honour, and beauty. For Jenny saw the something now that had fascinated Elly; the noble dream dreamed by some of her countrymen in the old troubled times. None the less did Jenny feel sure that the dream was but a dream, and that things must be accepted in their reality, and duty be bravely done while law and order were kept.

#### CHAPTER II.

JENNY did not talk about the matter then; but the next Sunday afternoon, when she and "the child," as Elly was even still sometimes called, were sitting together, on a

rustic seat under a great beech-tree, while the shadows danced on the walk at their feet, and the sunbeams flickered among the boughs and rested in a streak on one of the great roots that had flung themselves over the path, Jenny talked a little talk. She blamed herself, she said, for knowing so little of the matter; for having remained in simple, unsympathetic ignorance. She had thought a good deal about it since she had laughed at Elly. She was sorry she had laughed (here Elly's head went down on Jenny's shoulder). She thought that people had a right to their opinions, and she could imagine that to some people it might seem the right thing that Ireland should be no longer united to England (here Elly gave her a little hug). But it was to be remembered that many, very many of the people called "Irish" were descended from English settlers, were English as far as blood went, and it seemed unnatural for these to wish for a separate government. Grandpapa, who was of course much wiser than Jenny, thought that the union between England and Ireland, though imperfect in some respects, was in reality much closer than many people at all imagined, and that separation would be death to Ireland and a sore wound to England. Elly was not bound to think as Grandpapa and Grandmamma, of course not, but any one who wished to take action was bound to give very careful consideration before taking it, and to count the cost of it very fully. Elly might be in the right; would it not be well to be sure that she was? Would it not be well, till she knew more of history, to refrain from trying to promulgate rash opinions among uneducated people?

Jenny was very gentle and humble about it all. Elly felt that she had merely "taken up" the matter without any weighing or thinking, that the romance of it had fascinated her, and that she knew little, if anything, of the subject. So Elly resolved that she would not talk about Irish nationality with Cook, or any one who did not know the other side, for a year. "A year and a day it shall be, as the old fairy stories have it," said Elly.

"Very well," said Jenny; "I think you will not be sorry if what you now think—"

"I'm not sure that I do really *think* it," interrupted Elly.

"Well, if what you perhaps think," Jenny went on, "be really the best thing and rightest, you will have had time to see it more fully as the right thing; and if it is wrong, you will have had time to see that it is so."

Elly told Cook of her resolution, and Cook said she had been quite right to make it, and then Elly took her ballads and made them into a packet, which she tied up and sealed, and labelled, "Not to be opened for a year and a day, dating from the 19th June, 1869."

"You see, Jenny, I mustn't read poetry; I must confine myself to facts."

"And thoughts about facts," said Jenny.

Before the year and the day had flown something had happened which altered Elly's life, and made the current of her thoughts

more strong in the direction they had already taken; for Elly had come to think that Ireland must lean on the great, strong sister-land who in the olden days had wronged her—wronged her very bitterly it might be, but who was now working to repair that wrong with all the strength of one to whom justice is dear. And the something which I have said had happened was that little Elly had promised to intermarry with the Sasanagh instead of dashing them down. The name of the favoured Saxon was Thomas Maxwell, more commonly called Tom, and he was an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, of the rank familiarly known as that of a "sub," stationed at Fillalusk, some eight miles from Kranmullin. There were police barracks at Kranmullin village, whither the officer from Fillalusk came every Wednesday to "transact business."

Tom Maxwell was the youngest of five brothers, and as his father was not more than moderately well off, and had daughters to provide for, he did not feel bound to give each of his sons a profession, even if each of them had felt inclined to enter one. Just as the question was cropping up, what Tom had better do with himself, a letter came to his father from an old friend in Dublin, offering to procure Tom a nomination to a cadetship in the Royal Irish Constabulary. Tom turned up his nose, not understanding the difference between the officers of the English police force and those of the Royal Irish Constabulary; but this was soon explained to him, and, after the matter had been duly debated, he accepted the offer and went over to Dublin for his examination. He was successful, though the competition was keen enough, and was sent to the depôt for three months' drill, and then received his commission as sub-inspector, and was ordered to Cranetown, county of —.

Tom stayed four years at Cranetown, and was then removed to another county, with rise in rank and rise in pay. As soon as his mother heard that he was going to Fillalusk she wrote him word that an old friend of her mother's, a Mrs. Donovan, was living in the county in which Fillalusk was situated, and begged of him to try to see her. At the same time Mrs. Maxwell wrote to Mrs. Donovan. So one day came a letter to Kranmullin bearing the postmark of Clifton. It had taken two days to reach Kranmullin.

It was one of the small crooks in Elly Donovan's lot that breakfast was seldom over in time for her to go and take the letters from their bearer. Andy Simmons was postboy in ordinary, as well as postilion when Mrs. Donovan took a drive in a certain little vehicle, drawn by a donkey, and familiarly known as the shanderadan. Andy was also sent, arrayed in a livery coat much too big for him, which had belonged to a less juvenile flunkey, with Elly and Jenny whenever Elly drove the eighteen-year-old mare with the jaunting-car. "Just, you know, my dear," said Mrs. Donovan, "to have the appearance of a male." The appearance of a male was young and frolicsome, and not given to needless hurry from post-office to rectory; and he had once been discovered playing marbles with two or three

kindred spirits, while the precious post-bag was tucked cushion-wise under him, and its contents were strewn about the road. There had been a terrible scene when Andy was hauled up to justice; dismissal from the service of the Master and Mistress was threatened in the Master's most magisterial tones, and was apparently averted only by the promise of Andy's weeping mother to "bate the young villian till he couldn't stan'," a promise which I may inform any tender-hearted reader of mine was honoured, as the Master had reason to believe it would be, in the breach, not in the observance. Since that time Master Andy had not usually been more than twenty minutes or so later than he need have been; and the brown bag, of which Mrs. Donovan carefully kept the key (the lock was broken, but that did not in the least matter), reached its destination in comparative safety.

But Elly's patience was often sorely exercised. As soon after breakfast as ever she could she would run down the avenue to watch for Andy; but, alas! she was often prevented by Mr. Donovan, who also liked to meet the post, and who, having no tea, sugar, etc., to put away, or anything to "see after," generally got the start of his grandchild. Elly did not at all like this, for Grandpapa, having taken the post from Andy, always kept her waiting while he fumbled in all his pockets before the right one; and, when he did get to the right one, pulled out the letters one by one, looked at the addresses, made believe not to be able to decipher them, turned the letters this way and that way, and often pretended there was not one for Elly when there was, and sometimes—which showed a still greater moral obliquity—pretended that there was one when there was not. This particular morning Elly met Andy just at the gate, and took the letters from him in peace and comfort, Mr. Donovan being engaged with something or other which kept him quiet, as Elly expressed it. There was no letter for Elly this morning, but one for Mrs. Donovan in an unfamiliar handwriting, a letter which she turned over and examined, wondering whom it could be from, until Elly exclaimed, "Do open it, Gran, there's a dear."

These were the contents thereof:

My dear Mrs. Donovan,

Though it is so many years since I saw you, I have not forgotten my mother's dear old friend, to whom I owe many happy childhood hours. You would hardly recognise little Mary Churchill in the mother of five boys and three girls. A good-sized family, is it not? They are very good boys and girls, and a great comfort to us, their father and me. Fancy how many years since I saw you! Not since a week before my marriage, and now my youngest child is twenty-three. This youngest, our boy Tom, has been in your constabulary force for some time, and has just got promotion, and is going to a place called Fillalusk, which is in your county. I do not know the distance between you and Fillalusk—and your miles are longer than ours!—but Tom will be at Kranmullin every week, and will be very glad to call on you if he may. You shall tell me whether you think any of my dear mother's charm of face and manner has descended to the third generation. There are many things to tell you about, but Tom will talk of us all to you. I shall be so glad for my boy to have again the advantage of cultured society, apart even from the pleasure which the hope of his knowing you gives me, as

he has been living in a very out-of-the-way place. I believe you have some grandchildren living with you. I hope they are quite well; happy they are sure to be in any home that you make. I am looking forward to hearing much about you. Perhaps I shall come and pay you a visit some day. Who knows?

With very kind regards to Mr. Donovan, whose sermons I wish I had profited by as much as I ought to have done,

I am, affectionately yours,

MARY MAXWELL.

Lancaster Terrace, Clifton, Bristol,  
August 4th, 1869.

This letter furnished matter for a good deal of talk. It was cordially answered, and the time drew near for Tom Maxwell to make his appearance. Elly teased Mrs. Donovan by quoting bits of Mrs. Maxwell's letter in the most provoking way. She would talk of the unseen Tom as the youth with his granny's charm of face and manner, and hoped that the sermons which his mother had not profited by had mysteriously transmitted their good to him. "My love," said Mrs. Donovan, "those who do not profit by your dear grandfather's beautiful sermons must be indeed very hard to influence. I never heard a more eloquent discourse than that which he gave us last Sunday."

Elly went off to feed her chickens, half laughing, but saying to herself something or other about the pity it was that all married folk did not love each other as much as Master and Mistress.

In due time Tom made his appearance and easily won Mrs. Donovan's heart. She pronounced him most engaging, which Elly of course laughed at, amusing herself by talking of Granny's engaging young man.

Mr. Donovan looked up from his book, saying, "Oh ho! so he's engaging, Miss Elly, is he? I hope for your sake he isn't engaged."

Elly shook her head.

"He's plain, isn't he, Granny? and he's too tall."

"No, my dear, not a bit too tall; the only fault I find with his appearance is that he cuts his hair too short. I suppose it's the fashion, but it's very ugly."

"It's regulation," said Elly, "and young people are apt to go into extremes. What are you laughing at, Jen? I don't wear my hair short."

"No, dear," said Jenny.

Time went by, and Tom often came to the rectory, and grew intimate there, and at the end of six months asked Elly to marry him, and Elly said "Yes."

"Young Maxwell wants to marry Elly!" exclaimed Mr. Donovan, when his wife explained to him the state of the case. "You are joking, my dear. Elly is only a *thackeen*; a dear little, sweet little *thackeen*.\* She is going to stay with us these dozen years yet."

The dozen years got commuted into two, at the end of which Elly would be twenty-one and in possession of a hundred a year. Mr. Maxwell promised to settle two hundred on his son, and the young folks would start in life on some-

\* *Thackeen* is Irish for female hobbledehoy.



thing between four and five hundred a year, including Tom's professional income. They would be obliged to leave Fillalusk, as an Irish Constabulary officer may not live in a county where he or his wife has any relatives.

How happy they were, those lovers! How they teased each other! Boy and girl they looked, and boy and girl they would look and feel for many a day. They ran races, making Granny's Bath-chair, in which she sat in the garden, the winning-post. Elly made a little red suit of clothes, and they dressed up the small terrier in it, and they barked and mewed and distracted the dog and the old cat too. Then Tom left the rectory and sat up all night in a little cabin with a fever-stricken child in his arms, and talked brightly and cheerily to the father and mother, helpless as they were; and when they moaned out "Shure it's th' Almighty that done it, and we mustn't s thrive agin Him," just told them simply how fevers come when we neglect laws of health, and how many things may be done to send away the fever; and all the time they saw that he was not afraid to run the risk of contagion, and so they profited by his words, and the next day the child's father began to remove the manure-heap that was built right up against the cabin-wall.

Elly heard of this by-and-by, and it stirred her much. It was just the kind of thing she would have gladly done herself, but she expected less from Tom, she being a girl and he a big young police-officer. She felt that something in her lover had just been revealed to her, and she looked reverentially at him as she sat at luncheon, and perhaps had a feeling a little like that which came to Adam in respect to the feeding of his angelic guest. But after luncheon Tom began to tease her, and the wings were folded away.

A never-failing source of teasing was the errors of idiom or pronunciation which they discovered in each other. Tom declared that Elly must empty her pocket; and she said she had no idear of such a thing, that lawr and equity were against it. Tom meekly said, "I will be very happy to be corrected, ma'am."

Elly averred that this was an unjust attack. "You know, Tom, I never say 'I will be happy'; sometimes I say 'I'll be happy,' but that's *quite* different; I think *I'll* ought to be considered a contraction of *I shall* as well as of *I will*."

Tom opened his eyes and held his peace; but Elly went on, "We poor Irish people *think*; English people 'don't think,' eh, Tom? It isn't very wrong, *I don't think*, you know."

"Sure an' it isn't meself would like to conthradict ye," said Tom, gravely.

"Now, Tom, that isn't fair; I only chaff you about things you yourself say, and you chaff me about things other people say. I'm sure I never accused you of dropping your *h's*. Oh, Tom, I can't open this window; do come, like a good boy, and see can you do it."

"I'll come and see can I do it," said Tom, with a queer little grin; and Elly looked cross for a quarter of a second.

Sometimes there were quiet seasons; times when

they said a few words to each other in which many things were folded; and these times were very good.

Tom and Elly had been engaged more than a year; the life at Kranmullin was going on much as usual; Tom came over every Wednesday to the barracks, and finished the day at the rectory, where he also spent Sunday; these were his two regular days, and occasionally he came over one other day in the week, but this was very seldom.

Sometimes Tom and Elly read together, and "discussed" the subject-matter of their reading. Elly had not been taught on the modern method, but she was not ill-educated for all that. Mrs. Donovan had made her care for history; Grandmamma talked about the old dead kings and statesmen and poets almost as if she had known them, and they became to Elly real breathing people, not mere names. Mrs. Donovan and the girls, and often Mr. Donovan, read Shakespeare in the winter evenings; and sometimes friends in the neighbourhood dropped in and took part in these readings. Then Elly and Jenny knew a great deal about animals, and insects, and plants; and they made Tom care more than even he had used to do about these. Music too was cultivated at the Rectory, and so was that beautiful art, reading aloud. Tom had never heard four people who could read like the old pair and their grandchildren. Tom took in reviews, etc., which he brought to Kranmullin and expected every one to read. He also patronised more modern literature than the bookshelves at the Rectory afforded. He was shocked to find that Elly had derived her ideas of Homer from Pope's translation, and more shocked to find that she admired Pope's translation. He brought her Lord Derby's, and Elly read it and enjoyed it; but she retained her affection for her little brown duodecimos, plentifully marked with her name, Ellie Donovan, Ælle Donovan, Ellen Donovan, Eibhlin Donovan. Eibhlin she had written during her season of patriotism; she took it from Davis, treasured it fondly, and challenged Mrs. Donovan to a task beyond her powers—that of spelling it. Before this Elly had had an Anglo-Saxon fit and spelt her name Ælle; but of course Ælle and Eibhlin could not live on the same ground, so Ælle was ignominiously transixed with a pen-stroke.

Tom called her sometimes Eibhlin á ruin, and though she had ceased to be "a Fenian" she had not ceased to love this pretty name.

So the time went happily on, very quietly and evenly. Tom and Elly often talked about Ireland and said they would always love her and serve her, and Elly had come to see that Grandpapa had done more for her than he would have done had he called out men with pikes and green flags; done more in his quiet, unromantic way to help his country than the Nationalists had done; and Elly and Tom were as happy as two people in the prime of their youth and health, and not yet weighted with the great responsibilities of life, could be. Then something came that brought a great stir to this quiet life of theirs, and with the stir a great trouble and sorrow.

## SOMETHING ABOUT UPPER BURMAH.



BURMESE LADY.

THE number of Europeans who have anything approaching an intimate acquaintance with Upper Burmah is very small. By Upper Burmah is understood that northerly portion of the country which, until quite recent events, was unannexed by Britain, and was still under the sway of a native sovereign.

It was my good fortune to spend several weeks in that little-known portion of the world, and, after having lived some four years amongst the various peoples of the eastern hemisphere, I can safely assert that my sojourn in Upper Burmah was the most pleasant of all those experiences.

The countries lying between India and China are peopled by races which bear physiognomical resemblances to both Hindoos and Chinese, in most cases in proportion to whether they are nearer India or China. Those bordering upon the Chinese frontier partake very much of the pigtail race, for instance, whilst those residing on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal partake more of the characteristics of the Hindoos. Of these intermediate races the Burmans, occupying, both geographically and physically, a central position, have always been, so far as we can learn, a dominant race amongst their immediate neighbours. In both mind and body they are superior, the result being the possession of the largest and richest portion of Indo-China, as this region is called.

In Upper Burmah vegetation is of the most luxuriant kind, and in the enormous, and in some cases untrodden teak forests alone, is contained incalculable wealth. The soil is most productive, and produces all kinds of grain readily, and there is a very large export.

Rangoon and Bassein, the coast outlets for all the up-country produce, have a reputation amongst traders in the East solely as the chief headquarters of the largest rice-supply in the world. Whenever this great food staple is scarce anywhere within a radius of a couple of thousand miles or so, the first thing done is to telegraph to a Burmese port, and it will be strange indeed if the demand cannot be met at once, however great its magnitude.

In Upper Burmah there is also considerable mineral wealth. Some petroleum wells, although badly worked, have, for a lengthy period now, furnished an income for the king, who, according to

time-honoured Burmese custom, claimed everything accruing from the natural wealth of the country. The ruby mines have a world-wide reputation, whilst sapphires and other precious stones are found, some fine specimens being seen in the regalia and the trappings of the royal white elephant, when there is one.

Rangoon, situated on one of the mouths of the Irrawaddy, is the starting-point for visitors to Upper Burmah. This river is one of the most splendid waterways in the world. It flows through the centre of Indo-China, and, in consequence of the fine means of communication it affords, nearly all the principal towns have been built upon its bank, or within easy reach of it. For a long time now fine river steamers have run up and down the river at intervals of a fortnight, and in busy times more frequently even than that, and have always paid their owners, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, a large dividend. A glance at the map of the delta of this river will show a great number of small branches, which are again subdivided into still smaller ones, too insignificant to be shown on a map. Through these the steamers have to thread their way for a couple of days, past scenery of the most uninteresting description, mud being the prominent feature, and on the third day Prome is reached. This town is one hundred and sixty miles from Rangoon across country, and as a railway connects the two places, Europeans invariably travel by it, the fourteen hours' journey, tedious as it is, being greatly to be preferred to the river penance.

At Prome every amend is made for the poor scenery below, for there it is very beautiful. All around are exquisitely-tinted hills, and the river is just the right breadth to enable one to view both sides with ease. Our vessel was of iron, which caused us considerable inconvenience at times on account of the heat. She had an upper deck, upon which, aft, were arranged some capital cabins. Below, forward, was a large concourse of natives. On either side was fastened a huge flat, in which was carried the merchandise, and, occasionally, dusky passengers, when the fore part of the steamer became too crowded.

Above Prome the scenery continued to be of a delightful nature. In width the river varied considerably. Sometimes it would be not more than three-quarters of a mile, whilst suddenly it would widen out to two miles or more. Broad rivers look better on maps than they do in nature. A breadth of several miles sounds very majestic; but, upon the traveller who has just traversed some ten thousand miles of ocean, any effect attributable to the grandeur of immensity is lost, and the only feeling he owns to is that of annoyance, because the river banks are so far removed as to preclude any examination of the objects upon them. The mouths of nearly all the big rivers of the East have one common feature, viz., that of an enormous expanse of rushing water, of an exceedingly

muddy nature, with a tiny black line upon the horizon indicating the position of the bank.

In the rainy season the Irrawaddy rises to a very great height. At the time of my visit it was falling rapidly, and the sandbanks with which the river is filled were shifting about in a most perplexing manner. As the currents altered so were the sandbanks moved, and in less than a week a navigable channel would be filled up, and a fresh one opened, perhaps half a mile away. The navigation of the river under such conditions is only possible with the aid of a large staff of pilots, each of whom looks after a given stretch of water. These pilots are of course natives, in the lower part of the river Chittagongese, and higher up Burmans.

At three o'clock we reached our river frontier garrison town, Thayetmyo. Properly the "myo" should be separate from the root of the word—thus, Thayet Myo, Pagan Myo, etc.; but English methods of spelling invariably play sad havoc with Asiatic forms of language. Thayetmyo has a considerable garrison, and is a remarkably well-ordered little place, bearing a quiet countrified aspect. There were just sufficient Europeans in the place to make up a match at polo, and we found them hard at it. The ubiquitous Chinaman was here in full-trading force, and having things commercial very much his own way, as he usually does amongst thriftless races, of which the Burmans are a type. A capital market supplied us with some excellent beef.

We travelled only during the day, and as night comes on very early in the tropics, six o'clock invariably found us anchored. If we did not happen to be at a stopping-place we simply dropped anchor where we were, in mid-stream. In these solitudes there was no fear of being run down by anything, for we had the whole of the mighty river to ourselves.

All the way up from Prome the country had been profusely studded with pagodas. A pagoda in Burmah is a solid brick erection, tapering upwards from a broad base to a point, where it culminates in an iron basket-work arrangement, of the umbrella order. These structures, reaching, as they do in some instances, to a great height (the highest, the Shwé Dagone, at Rangoon, attains 360 feet), are exceedingly graceful, and quite fulfil the poet's ideal of "a thing of beauty." Every hill-top has its pagoda, and the stranger soon becomes lost in endeavouring to find a reason for their existence in such vast quantities. It is naturally assumed they are shrines of worship, but they are not. They are, however, the outcome of religion. When a Burman of pious tendencies has accumulated a certain quantity of money, instead of investing it, as we should, in some paying concern, he spends every penny of it in erecting a pagoda or monastery, or, if his fortune be of modest dimensions, in putting up an ordinary priest's dwelling, a rest-house for travellers, in casting a bell, or in constructing a well. His religion teaches him that by so doing he pleases Gautama, the Burmese Buddha; and it is no uncommon thing to meet a man who has to work very hard for his daily rice, who can point with conscious and secure pride to a pagoda, which

one would have thought must have owed its origin to the king at least, but which our friend of the coolie appearance has paid for. It is not reckoned ruin to disburse one's uttermost farthing in such work.

Soon after leaving Thayetmyo the frontier is crossed, and, whilst the country itself remains as beautiful, the aspect of the towns changes entirely. In place of well-kept roads the traveller has to traverse mere tracks of deep sand or mud, rendering locomotion very difficult. Priests of all ages, known by their shaven heads and yellow robes, simply swarm, and, living as they do entirely upon the people, do not enable too many of the latter to reach the pagoda-building condition.

Burmah is a dreadfully priest-ridden country. The term "ascetic" would apply better than priest, if we understand the latter in a European sense. It is the custom amongst male Burmese of all ranks to spend at least one year in a monastery. This is generally done in early manhood. The head is kept shaven, and nothing is worn beyond the single robe of yellow and sandals. The robe is far from unbecoming, by the way. I believe the priests are supposed to spend their time in meditation, which, being interpreted by what I saw, means being supremely lazy. There certainly are schools in connection with the priests, and it is a remarkable fact that every Burman can read, but the great bulk of the priesthood live in idleness. Every morning the younger members go round to the houses of the village or town with baskets, and into them the natives put small quantities of rice, the priest averting his gaze if it is a female who brings the dole.

As several bodies of priests exist in every place of any size, each villager receives every day a corresponding number of visits. This tax, multiplied by 365, represents a very serious inroad upon a poor man's resources in the course of a year. But no complaint is made; it is the custom of the country and a feature of its religion.

After his year's sojourn in a monastery the young priest will return to his home and pursue his worldly avocations as before. But this return to the world will depend very much upon what prospect fortune holds out to him. If he has but a poor outlook he will in all probability remain a priest; and it is not at all an uncommon thing for some to use the monastery very much as our poor do the workhouse, assuming the yellow robe in times of poverty, and doffing it when things look brighter. This ochreous garment is a veritable "cloak of religion," and on all unbiassed sides it is admitted that it is shamefully abused.

Unless one is able to land and spend a day or two at each place it is impossible to take proper note of the objects of interest. The old Burmese custom of changing the site of the capital with each new sovereign has caused the river, upon which the capital was always built, to have a considerable expanse of ruined remains upon its banks. Thus at a place called Pagan (Myo) there are some eighteen miles of pagodas, numbering some thousands. When we should say "as numerous as the sands of the seashore" the Burman would say "as numerous as the pagodas



of Pagan." A hundred pagodas at least could be counted at almost any point in the journey up.

At Ava the remains of the old capital were just visible in the dim distance, but we stopped neither here nor at Amarapura, which was the capital before a move was made to Mandalay, the present one, in 1857. We reached the last-named place on the seventh day from Prome.

Mandalay is a town originally laid out with the very best intentions. Its streets, modelled after those of Rangoon, are both broad and straight. Their surface, in most cases, resembled that of a ploughed field. When once you have seen a Burmese cart you express no surprise at this. With solid wooden wheels that are generally oval, sometimes three-cornered, occasionally square, but never round, how could it be otherwise? the roads not being metalled or prepared for use in any way. One good road there was. It led from the inner town straight to the river, and its surface was as level as a macadamised road newly laid. The reason for this was that on either side existed two tracks for the use of the native carts, the middle being relegated to horsemen.

Horse-riding is general in Burmah. The ponies are the prettiest and pluckiest of horseflesh, and many an enjoyable scamper have I had upon the back of one. Without a pony locomotion in Burmah would be tedious indeed. The Burman's seat is remarkable. He has a tiny little stirrup, which is, however, large enough for him, since he uses only his great toe. His stirrup-leathers (ropes) are so short that his knees are almost on a level with his chin. He thus depends more upon balance than grip. His saddle and bridle are somewhat gaudy, and horse and rider provide a picturesque sight. In the evening there is a vast deal of scampering about on horseback, the sport being evidently highly enjoyed.

Officials, on visits of importance, ride elephant-back, which is, to a European, a ponderous and uneventful mode of progression. It is, however, imposing.

The inner city of Mandalay, in which is situated the palace and residences of officials, besides numerous ordinary houses, is square, and surrounded by a wall, the four sides of which measure each about a quarter of a mile. This wall is of red brick, is high, and has upon it a large number of pagoda-like structures. Consequently it has a picturesque appearance. There are, I think, four gates, skilfully constructed with a view to defence from an ordinary enemy. Modern artillery would make a practicable breach in half an hour at any portion of the wall. A very broad and deep moat of beautifully clear water surrounds the wall completely. In this moat are fish, the lives of which are sacred, as I soon discovered by the horrified expressions I was met with when I expressed a desire to angle for them. The king had issued an ukase forbidding the destruction of animal life within a radius of twenty miles of the capital. Consequently there was no shooting to be done, although tigers prowled about at no great distance away. (I did not glean the fact that human life was held quite as sacred as that of the lower animals.)

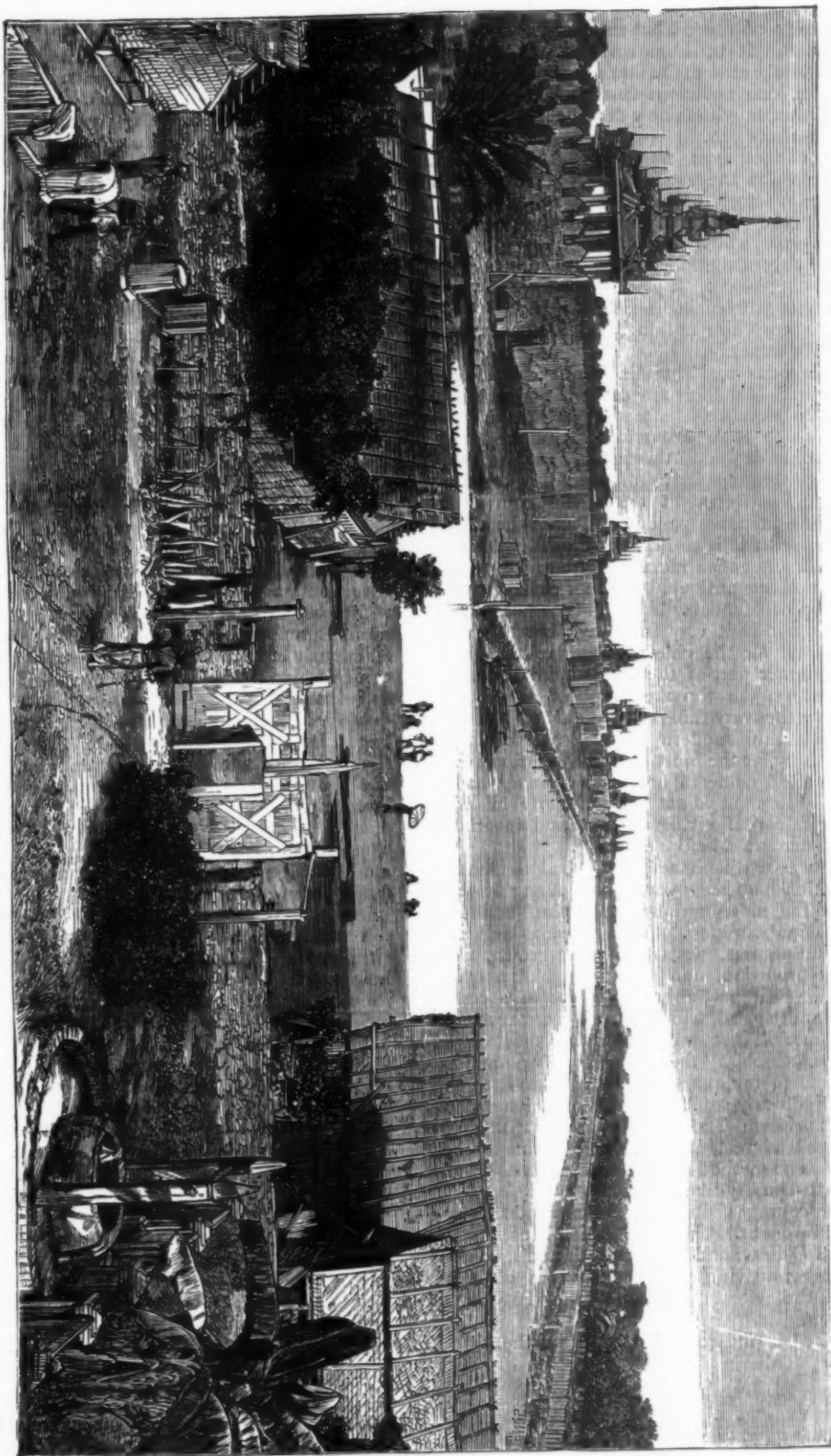
The Mendoon king of Burmah, who succeeded the recently deposed Theebo king (Mendoon and Theebo are the towns in which these respective kings were born), had the character of a very mild ruler. He was certainly not a bloodthirsty one. He was really a priest, and he expended vast sums in building superb monasteries, and in sustaining thousands of the yellow-robed gentry. At the time of my arrival he had just commenced laying the foundations of a huge pagoda, which was to exceed in size and beauty everything previously conceived by the Burman mind. (The wretched people were to pay for it, of course.) Mendoon had, however, reached the end of his resources for a time, and he was awaiting a new influx into the treasury. This never came, for he died whilst I was in Mandalay, Theebo being crowned on the very day of my departure.

Mendoon might not have been a bloodthirsty king, but he was a very bad ruler none the less. He was of a most grasping and oppressive disposition, and there was not a bamboo that he did not covet. His system of getting public works done was to pitch upon some unlucky man who had made some money, and merely suggest to him that such and such a thing required looking after. The poor wretch had then to do the "looking after" at his own expense.

The great artificial river bank, the Bund, which keeps the Irrawaddy out of Mandalay, is always admired, and pointed out as an evidence of progress on the part of Mendoon. But few know how it was constructed. The bank is twelve miles long, and cost some five rupees for every forty-nine cubic cubits (the 18-inch cubit is the standard measure in Upper Burmah). The king paid one and a half rupees, the loss of about three and a half falling—nominally—upon the officials superintending the works. I say nominally, for of course the miserable labourers had to suffer in the end. On another occasion Mendoon, wishing to go by water from the city to the river, had a canal dug, three-quarters of a mile long and fifteen cubits broad by five deep, *in five days*. Such things as these bring one back at a bound to the days of the Pharaohs. An enterprising man started growing some sugar-cane and succeeded. The king confiscated it in quick time.

Empty bombast is the Burman's chief failing, and it affects the highest more than the lowest. This king was the chief swaggerer of the kingdom. He saw the English with steamers, and immediately he ordered a fleet, for which he had no earthly use, and they rotted away and sank, much as they pleased. He had one sea-going steamer, but never an engineer who could get steam up. Steam launches were introduced largely at Rangoon, so at once Mendoon must have some. He sent all the way to France for engineers to build them, and on arrival they received the first order for the modest number of *sixty*. Two were commenced, and then funds were wanted for more monasteries, and they were never finished. The engineers were paid perhaps one-tenth of their salaries, the king's pride being too great to admit he did not want them.

I visited a large foundry which cost hundreds



MANDALAY FROM THE SOUTH.

of thousands of rupees, but the boilers had never been heated. It is, I am sorry to say, too true that, in these vanities, the king was urged on by Europeans, one notorious instance being that of an Englishman, who is now dead, and so beyond the reach of my pen.

Perhaps the most absurd of all this king's weaknesses was the establishment of an Italian velvet manufactory. Fancy velvet in the tropics!

It was the desire to have the name of a generous man which led Mendoon to patronise every beggarly adventurer who sought Mandalay as a final resting-place. It pleased the king to think that he was patronising a white man. But his patronage cost him nothing, for he never paid any one his salary.

The pagodas and buildings of carved teak work around Mandalay are of surpassing beauty. The early morning, before it is hot, is the time to enjoy little excursions. One we made to the old capital, Amarapura, where there is a huge bronze figure of Buddha, captured in Arracan, and brought across the country in pieces. An immense pagoda still exists here, and connected with it is a Burmese Lowther Arcade, in which many native nicknacks are to be picked up, but nothing antique. Another excursion was to the top of Mandalay hill. This is not a very high hill, nor is it very far away; but the road to it is past all the chief pagodas of the place. Up the greater part of the hill is a covered staircase, and on the top are bamboo rest-houses, which are the very things for picnics. There is a very beautiful modern temple of worship up here, with by far the most beautiful interior I saw. Natives would come in here and worship, but in silence. We went about very gingerly in such places, for fear of giving offence, and invariably removed our shoes before entering.

There was a dilapidated royal road to Amarapura, which had been paved, and along it were some of the most curious and typical buildings in the neighbourhood. Small pagodas and ugly griffin-like figures, worn and moss-grown, were there in profusion, and the place had a quiet, reserved appearance, almost like that of a cemetery, but not so sad, which proved a great attraction to me. There was a tempting short cut on the way, through the grounds of a monastery, and, to my astonishment, I found myself being vigorously stoned on one occasion by the younger priests. I afterwards learned that it was considered a great insult to ride through such places. The method of explanation was decidedly of a north-country-like nature.

As the country visitor to London wends his way to the Tower, St. Paul's, the British Museum, the National Gallery, and Madame Tussaud's, so does the stranger arriving at Mandalay turn his steps to see the Great Bell and the Pagoda of Mengoon.

The bell is the second largest in the world.

The taste in Burmah is to me one of the most inexplicable of problems. They have not, nor did they ever have, the least use for such things, nor any buildings in which they could have been swung for ringing purposes. And yet, at Mandalay, Rangoon, Maulmain, Amarapura, and other places, may be found quantities of large bells, depending from crossbeams. These are generally in the enclosure surrounding some great pagoda. At Rangoon there is a bell the weight of which is estimated at forty tons. It is over fourteen feet in height, is seven and a half feet in diameter, and varies in thickness from fifteen to twenty inches. The one at Mengoon is eighteen feet high, *plus* a solid triangular addition at the top for suspending purposes, seven feet long = twenty-five feet. Its diameter is seventeen feet, and it is estimated pretty accurately to weigh ninety tons. This bell had long since proved too heavy for its support, and was resting on some small wooden trestles, which, on their parts, showed signs of rapid decay. A kind of rabbit burrow had been made in the earth, and by this we crawled into the interior. Inside there was ample room for several mounted horsemen. When these large bells were being cast the populace would throw in gold and silver ornaments. The melting was badly done, and pieces of gold were plainly visible. Industrious Burmans had been at work, in places, and feloniously excavated little nuggets. This bell was cast by a Burmese king as a challenge to his successors.

Close by is the ruin of what was to have been the largest erection of the world. It is now but a shapeless mass of crumbling red brick, some 160 feet high. This was to have been the base, merely, of a pagoda which would have reached a height, when completed, of 500 feet. The estimate is easily made by means of a little model, the original design of the architect, to be found amongst the trees close by. The mass of bricks, the largest in the world, took twenty years to erect, and was destroyed in one second by an earthquake. I went to the top, but had I known how fearfully dangerous the trip would be I should have put off my journey *sine die*.

Some very fine modern pagodas are near here, hidden away from Mandalay by the splendid trees. Contrary to the usual custom, some of these structures had staircases and exterior balconies. But never a soul seemed to come to them, and they appeared to be built merely to be left to decay.

When I was in Mandalay there was an English church and a school. Both were well ordered. Under the benign rule of Theebo, who was a mere puppet in the hands of his infamous mother and wife, they ceased to exist as far as work was concerned. Now that the country has become a part of the British Empire they will doubtless be restored, and new hopes awakened for one of the most beautiful lands of the globe.

E. T. SACHS.



## OMNIBUSES AS A SCHOOL OF MANNERS.

"THE manners of your lower classes are very much improved," was a remark addressed to me lately by an old friend, a foreigner, who was revisiting London after an absence of some years. "I trace it," he continued, "to the increased practice amongst you of omnibus travelling."

I expressed my astonishment at his connection of cause and effect; for omnibuses had certainly never presented themselves to my mind as a school of manners.

But my friend persisted in his opinion. "Do you not perceive," he said, "that now, in their omnibus journeys, all classes mix together to a degree they never did before, and the result is that the manners of the well-bred are having an insensible influence in refining those who are brought into contact with them?"

"I *hate* omnibuses," was my egotistic and somewhat irrelevant rejoinder. "They are very useful for getting about in, but oh, I *hate* an omnibus."

"I was not thinking," he replied, "of your special predilections, or those of any one else, but of the general fact, that omnibuses, which preceded the bustling 'Under-ground,' have been a mighty power here in your London—your *vast* London, of which the two sides and the dense centre would never meet, whether you speak of places or of classes, but for the existence of the omnibus. Your fastidiousness does not prevent you from being grateful to them for carrying your body from place to place, and I maintain that you ought to recognise the use they have been to the manners of your people. They want improving still, badly enough, but they are better than they used to be."

I did not wish to get on the subject of "the manners of my people." It is the delight of my heart to believe that we English, take us altogether, are better than any other of the peoples of the world, but past experience has sadly shown me that when my friend falls foul of our manners, I can only take refuge in a discontented silence, and hug to my heart the old proverb that "all is not gold which glitters," applying it of course to those who take off their hat with a better air, and present altogether an appearance of greater courtesy than is displayed by my countrymen.

It was something to find that we are "improved," and on the strength of such encouragement I ventured to think a little about our manners.

They are not generally good; quite among friends we may admit that much, of course reserving to ourselves the right to rejoice in the truism that a rough outside with heart of oak is more worth having than rotten wood and fine varnish.

But as to omnibuses. Can they really have had the influence my friend attributes to them?

My thoughts went back a great many years. They could not indeed reach to the very beginning

of London omnibuses, but they could reach a very early stage of their existence—the days when they were few in number, when the conductors were attired in the livery of the "General Omnibus Company," and presented an appearance almost equalling that token of respectability, the "manservant," in Mr. Pickwick's memoirs; to the days when the ordinary fare was sixpence; when the meaning of the name was commented upon as a new-found word, and tersely translated for the curious as "omni, many; bus, people!" when one schoolboy of my acquaintance could think of no newer experience to be bought with his tip of five shillings than by expending it upon travelling ten times on the top of an omnibus from Paddington to the Bank, one of the longest of their then journeys; to the days when "Punch" was witty on the company and the routes, and when if ladies did go in omnibuses it required some moral courage to confess it.

All that was in the old days. "Alas! how time escapes—'tis even so."

What was the state of London travelling yet longer ago—in the days that preceded the appearance of the omnibus?

There was the glass coach—the ancestor of the brougham—for the long-pursed, who yet could not afford a coach of their own; the more common hackney coach, with its pair of horses and five-caped coachman, immortalised in the pictures of Hogarth and in the caricatures of its period. Then came the cabriolet, drawn by one horse, and having a curious seat stuck on at one side for the driver. This was an importation from France, where, however, as with ourselves, it has long been extinct. But it proved the honoured parent of the Hansom of modern days. All these vehicles were for private hire. There was in them no mixing-up of the gentle and simple.

The two sides of London were then at an expensive distance from each other, though London was such a much smaller place in those remote days, when the towns of Bayswater, Kensington, and Brompton were as yet undug clay in the brickfields, and ere Greenwich, Highgate, and Bow had lost all appreciable division from the City, and still called themselves the pleasant suburbs of London.

With the growth of habitations and inhabitants grew the necessity for the omnibus. The enormous increase that we now find must be a curious chapter in statistics, but only of a piece with those of locomotion generally, since the invention of railroads set us all in motion.

But it was not the wide subject of our change of habits as resulting from the spirit of the age of railroads, but omnibuses and manners in their mutual relation, to which Monsieur B.'s remarks referred.

"Omnibuses and manners," I repeated to myself. What can be more rough than an omnibus? Yet, I have travelled in them a great deal,

did I ever meet with any incivility? No. Actually I cannot recollect any instance of bad or discourteous behaviour among the passengers; but I have witnessed many acts of good-nature, especially in the matter of making room on a wet day for a large ingress of children who have to be accommodated with free sittings on the laps of the tired-looking women who invite them in.

And from the conductors what kindness and gentleness I have noticed in helping in and out of the omnibus the old and the lame. Age and decrepitude seem to be regarded as no hindrance to travelling "by 'bus," and certainly youth is not. The mother with the ever-journeying infant in long clothes confides her two-year-old baby to the conductor to hold till she is safe on the pavement, and did you ever hear the child cry from any want of kind handling?

If none are too old and none are too young for travelling, so neither it seems are any too ignorant. Given the main fact that they are to start by the blue or the flame-coloured omnibus, travellers commit themselves to the intricacies of London, trusting to the conductor to instruct them when and where to change for the red or the green 'bus, by which he directs them to continue their journey.

Conductors do not wear liveries now. They are perhaps a little shabby in their attire—a trifle rough, some of them, it must be said, in their manners—but we claim for them obligingness to the helpless as a leading characteristic. Heart of oak—perhaps as that is there, a little varnish would be an improvement.

The remark of a buxom passenger addressed to the company in an omnibus on one Bank Holiday put the matter in a new light. "Poor fellows," she said, "they'd have a dull life, you see, if it wasn't for chaffing us a bit!"

Remarks addressed to the company are not very common in travelling. We are a silent people and seldom waste our wisdom upon strangers, but sometimes a thought bubbles over, as in the case of this cheerful lady.

Once, but that was in a tram-car, it chanced to me to hear a woman announce that "her husband had been sent to prison that morning," with the corollary that she thought that "it was the duty of the country to support her until he came out again."

Poor woman! that was a bubbling over from the depths of the seething pot, and a murmur of pity was no doubt grateful to her.

However, if we do not talk to strangers, *that* some people think is no reason why we should not talk to our friends so that strangers may hear. If you are making an omnibus journey, with a mind free from personal cares or special thought, you may hear a good deal of your neighbour's business, unfortunately not generally interesting, and sometimes be the unwilling listener to domestic bickerings concerning the destination, delays, mistakes, of your fellow-travellers. I knew exactly how long and why that lady in the brown dress kept her companion in yellow waiting, and I formed a bad opinion of the yellow lady's temper under the circumstances, but what is that to her? We shall never meet again.

It was rather interesting to me one day, and yet more so to the passenger sitting next to me, who appeared to be on a shopping expedition, to know where the lady opposite to us bought her very handsome mantle, and what it cost, though a little disappointing to hear that her companion had one yet more trimmed at home, which she bought a great bargain,—most inconsiderately she did not say where!

I thought it a curious piece of information to confide in a loud voice to your friend in the omnibus, that Clara was living now at — Villa, — (I will not tell *all* I heard), and that she had just received £50 for an article she had written. As "Clara" appeared to be in some money difficulties, it is to be hoped that there did not happen to be any creditors among the passengers who might try to get some of those wonderfully earned pounds, or feel aggrieved at hearing of the pretty things she had bought for her little bijou drawing-room.

Nor can I imagine that it would be pleasant to Mrs. C—to know that her kindness to her ill-conditioned husband was published to a carriage full of people—strangers, happily.

These communicative travellers can hardly be cited as models of manners, though of course these offences are rather against taste than *manners*, and are a different phase of our delinquencies from those on which my friend was animadverting.

Nor indeed are these confidences to the many common to omnibus travelling; neither the omnibus nor the railroad lends itself to conversation so well as did the old stage-coach.

There is "safety in numbers," so also is there solitude. The most expansive egotist can hardly take eight people into his confidence, and the most persevering talker will find his flow of words difficult to maintain amidst the screams and whistles of a railroad journey.

But look back to the literature of the old stage-coach days, when only the minority, and that a small one, travelled, and you will find that the idea of a day's journey represented something very different to merely getting from one place to another, as we now mean when we speak of it.

I remember one old book—and probably there were many to match it—in which the whole story is laid in a stage-coach, one of the passengers relating the history of her life. Indeed, I shall never forget a journey in a stage-coach in a remote part of England, which was even until late days a "land beyond railways," in which one of our four companions talked through many stages entirely for the benefit of his fellow-passengers, evidently with a simple intention—which one could not but honour—of making the most of what might be an opportunity for usefulness to those who, for aught he knew, might never have heard the voice of true earnestness before, and to whom the sketch of his remarkable life and its religious experiences might prove impressive. A curious warning was given of how carefully such opportunities should be used by a lady, who afterwards tried to follow his lead, and succeeded only in being very egotistical. Such long days of travel also brought out the

agreeableness of a genial character and many a pleasant quartet party bowled along in those old cramped stage-coaches, which even railroads have smoked and screamed out of existence.

One form of egotism may be found even in an omnibus or on a railroad—the form called “tall talk.” It is evident that there are some people who wish to let their fellow-passengers know that they are not made of common clay, or, at any rate, that the common clay is encrusted with gold. A few natural words will easily make them aware of the “glories of your lot and state.” “Your carriage will meet you at —.” “The footman will look after your traps.” “The butler will be aggrieved if dinner is kept waiting.” Your “gardener and his underlings have taken such pains with the forcing-houses, that to delay your return would be cruel.”

If your fellow-passengers do not ever know the name of the great man, they will surely feel that they have travelled with a “gilded boss,” and that is something.

But we have travelled far from our starting-point, and, after all, have not proved that Monsieur B. is wrong when he complains of our English manners. Indeed, I am forced to concede to him the fact that when I return home after being in France—to take no more southern country—the *outside* of our common English manners does seem to want a little courtesy. We go into a shop and begin—albeit, in a pleasant, soft voice—“I want some calico, or some cigars,” or whatever we have come to purchase, in reply to the polite shopman who inquires what he can have the pleasure of showing us. By the way, is not that form of politeness going out? “The Stores” do not encourage polite words from behind the counter. In Paris we commence our business with “Bon jour, monsieur.” If we come from the very depths of the country we sometimes here in England say “Good morning” when we leave a shop, but it is only because “down there” we are on terms of mutual neighbourliness with our shop people. To say “Good morning” in a London shop—that would be funny! It sounds polite; but in our hurry of business amongst the busy crowds who throng our streets, the avoidance of such words as would involve a too frequent repetition is not unnatural.

We owe a certain brusquerie to a deficiency in our language, though it is the finest language in the world. We have no title in common use by which to address people.

You want to learn your way and must make some one at a distance hear your question. “Tiens, monsieur,” which you would call out on the other side of the Channel, may be inelegant French. “Here! Hoy!” which ten to one but you will say on this side, is more inelegant English, and as suitable for calling an intelligent horse as a man or a woman. We have always wanted a title for address. “My friend” and “My good man” are the forms used in old-fashioned books; but “Here! Hoy!” was probably even then the vocal call employed.

However, all that is being changed. We shall not have to complain longer of want of titles, if we do of want of distinctions. My friend the

conductor cries out, “Now then, lady, here you are,” to let some one with an inquiring face understand that he can convey her in the direction her looks indicate; and in there gets a woman, a baby, and a big bundle. Well, perhaps when we get used to it, “Lady” will serve for the wanting word—it is at any rate better than “Here, hoy!”

But it seems a pity that men and women are so quickly disappearing from among us. We may parody the old distich, and say—

“When Adam delved and Eve span,  
There was a woman and a man.”

They are, it seems, gone, and here we have instead the “gentleman.”

Mrs. Trollope, in her once well-known book, “The Domestic Manners of the Americans,” tells the story of a call which was paid her by such an entire stranger that she was obliged to ask to whom she had the pleasure of speaking, and the visitor replied, “I am the lady that does your washing.”

That morning call was paid many years ago, long enough for the fashion of speech to have crossed the Atlantic, not by the express steamer or submarine cable, but by the slowest process of ocean drifting, and here it is now safe upon our shores.

“How did this parcel come, Maria?” “It was left, m’m, by the gentleman who brings the newspaper.”

“I see the family who lived at 6, Silver Alley, are gone away, Mrs. Smith.”

“Yes, m’m, the lady thought there would be more sale for her fish in Grimes Court.”

And in the infirmary, “The lady in the next bed to me is so given to swearing it is quite unpleasant.”

“Your young lady said she would take the steak home herself,” was the way in which I learnt from the butcher that my cook had fetched the meat.

The “lady” varnish seems scarcely to give our language the polish it requires. It is questionable whether the attempt to revive the title “gentlewoman,” which seems now being made, will mend the matter; but it may mend the manners, for to demand to have such a very descriptive title accorded to one, involves a necessity of living up to it.

Whatever the faults, however, that remain, our manners are improved. The old adage—

“Manners make the man,  
The want of them the fellow,”

comes home to us more than it ever did before; and if my friend is right, and the mixture of classes in omnibus travelling has a refining influence, the more that high-bred courtesy is shown in our intercourse with all—not merely the poor, it is not our way to fail in it towards them—the more we may expect an outcome of good which will raise us above the desire for mere superficial equality of name or title. There is a rich abundance of heart of English oak, which it behoves you and me to help to polish, as we go about our daily work.

C. W.



## THE WORKING LADS' INSTITUTE.

IT is not a little remarkable that, whilst Young Men's Christian Associations, for the benefit of young men of commercial and other middle-class occupations, have been in existence for something like forty years, any efforts to benefit working lads, or those in a lower social position, are of a much more modern date. Individual—and shall we say spasmodic or fitful?—efforts have doubtless been made in many directions, but anything like an institute on a large scale, with ample and convenient premises, is a work of to-day only; and yet with suitable premises, perhaps, few enterprises could be started with greater probability of success than an institute for working lads. At all events, we propose to describe the one in the Whitechapel Road, not so much with a view of bringing it into notice, as with the desire to encourage the formation of others, on similar lines, though not necessarily on so large a scale.

The Whitechapel Institute has been singularly fortunate in securing notoriety, which has greatly aided its development; and the recent opening of its new building at the end of October by the Prince and Princess of Wales has brought it into still greater prominence.

Towards the end of 1875, Mr. Henry Hill, an employer of labour, and one much interested in working lads, was impressed with the perils that surrounded them in the streets, through demoralising places of amusement and from vicious literature. He unburdened his mind in a letter to the "Christian," headed, "The Lads of London," which brought him numerous responses expressing sympathy and promising help; and as a result, a large and influential meeting was convened in October, 1876, at the Mansion House, presided over by the Lord Mayor. The following month the first Working Lads' Institute was opened at The Mount, Whitechapel, and within a month of the opening 160 lads had paid their subscriptions and become members. Within three years the extension of the work demanded larger premises, but it was not until 1882 that the Committee were able to secure an eligible freehold site, which was well situated in the main road, opposite the London Hospital. The District Railway Company, under their compulsory Parliamentary powers, purchased the land, and after much search and anxiety another site was obtained near the former, and also in the main road. On this site has been erected the institute which was opened under such auspicious circumstances by their Royal Highnesses, and which we visited recently with a view of describing to our readers the work carried on therein.

The handsome and commanding elevation of the building stamps it as a thoroughly successful undertaking, and makes a lad feel proud to be connected with it.

Passing a man at the door, whose duty it is to see that no lad enters without his card of membership, and mounting a handsome flight of stone

steps, we find ourselves in a large, comfortable reading-room, but which is wholly devoted to draughts and dominos. Here is seated the manager, who at his desk is receiving subscriptions and handing out tickets and games to the members who crowd around. The white tickets he is issuing are for the gymnasium, which provides room for sixty members at a time, and when the sixty tickets are issued, no more are given out. For the gymnasium threepence per month is charged. The fee for membership, combining all the privileges of the institution except the gymnasium, is sixpence per month, with an entrance-fee of sixpence. It is only eight days since the opening, and already 617 members have been enrolled. The boxes of draughts and dominos, being issued, are given to members on the deposit of their cards of membership. The manager knows in this way to whom these games are issued, and who are responsible for their safe return. The lads waiting to join bring with them a certificate from their employers or some responsible householder.

There are about 100 in this room engaged in these games; we notice none are playing chess, which is considered too difficult. We fancy if some friends would undertake to act as instructors this fine game would find some votaries among the more thoughtful. The reading-room proper leads out of this larger room, and is supplied with papers and magazines, and contains the library. At 9.45 all games and reading cease, when the manager conducts evening prayer, consisting of a hymn, a short Scripture reading, and the benediction. At 10 p.m. the institute closes.

Accompanied by the manager, we make a tour of the building. From a balcony we first look down upon the gymnasium, a well-fitted but small apartment which the sixty members present more than comfortably fill. Indeed, the swings are not being used at all, for the space necessary for swinging would still further limit the number who could use the gymnasium. Parallel bars and the jumping board are being freely used; some few are vaulting on the leather-horse, but the best exercises are being done on the horizontal-bar, under the leadership of a smart young fellow, who comes twice a week to initiate members. The gymnasium is open every evening, but on Saturday a professor attends, who gives instruction. This certainly is a great defect, the smallness of the gymnasium, but a far greater one is the absence of any large room for an aggregate meeting of the members. There is no room larger than the one devoted to games, in which we saw about 100 present, and which, with the tables cleared away, would hold, perhaps, 300. But these defects are to be, it is hoped, of short duration, for the land is already purchased adjoining the building, on which it is intended to erect a large swimming-bath, to be used as a gymnasium in winter, and a large lecture-hall

with gallery, capable of accommodating 550 members. This will involve a further outlay of six thousand pounds, towards which we understand something like one-half is already contributed. It is very desirable that the new building should be proceeded with at once.

On the ground-floor is the refreshment-room, where tea and coffee are supplied at a halfpenny and a penny per cup, and eatables at the same moderate rate. This branch of the work will probably largely develop, and in that case a bigger room will be necessary. It is a great matter for boys to be able to come straight from their work and obtain here the refreshment they desire. The refreshment-room is open all day, and dinners are cooked for those who like to use the dining-room.

Upstairs there is provision made for mental and moral improvement. There are several classrooms, some already occupied, and others to be used when classes are formed. At present shorthand, French, arithmetic, and natural science are being taught by voluntary teachers, some of whom come a long way to meet their pupils.

One good-sized room is to be fitted as a mechanical workshop, where instruction will be given in technical trades. This should be a very popular as it is sure to be a very useful feature of the institution.

It is intended to establish a School of Art, which should be well supported, though it must be remembered that in an institution of this sort the large majority will join for recreative rather than for educational purposes. It is these latter, after all, whom it is desirable to influence; they have little or no taste for reading, they are for the most part subject to lengthened hours of labour and uncomfortable home surroundings, and they want a place where they can spend their leisure pleasantly and economically.

We are glad to know that Mr. Hill himself conducts a week-evening Bible-class on Tuesdays, which is well attended.

Evangelistic services have been begun on Sunday afternoons, and doubtless these will be followed by similar services on Sunday evenings.

Besides the classes, the evening engagements include lectures, concerts, and entertainments on Wednesday evenings, and temperance meetings. There is a drum-and-fife band, which meets for weekly practice on Friday evenings, and which has already attained to some considerable proficiency. A savings-bank encourages thrift, and is well supported. A labour and employment agency provides a register for lads who want situations; and in few ways could employers show a kindlier interest in the institution than by seeking to fill vacancies in their establishments from this source. It would add greatly to the usefulness of the institute, and tend to preserve its character and prestige, if the labour agency were to be largely instrumental in providing situations for its members. The register might be made an encouragement to good conduct, for no lad should have his name thereon unless his character would bear investigation.

A kindly feeling and bond of brotherhood seems to bind the members together, and many instances are recorded of liberal assistance being afforded to those out of employment.

One feature of the institute which will be sure to be appreciated was not yet, at the time of our visit, developed—the dormitories. At the top of the building there are two large airy rooms, with twenty-five beds, which the kindness of friends has furnished. The rooms are not only spacious, but pleasant, and they will be largely used, especially as the terms are so moderate—two shillings per week, payable in advance. We understand these rooms are now open and a resident housekeeper has been appointed, and under suitable management this home feature of the institution will be a great boon to working lads who may be either friendless in London, or whose homes may be comfortless and undesirable.

We trust that a very successful future is in store for this valuable institution; and that, besides being a blessing to the East End of London, it may prove the pattern and forerunner of many others in various parts of the kingdom.

B. C.

## Varieties.

### Sir Arthur Phayre.

The name of Major Phayre was long honourably associated with the affairs of British Burmah. He did not live to hear of the annexation of the kingdom of Burmah, but in a letter to his former secretary, Mr. Davies, he expressed his satisfaction with the military success of General Prendergast and the diplomatic skill of Colonel Sladen, "who is the best man we could have to arrange matters." As to the annexation then under discussion, he said, "I think now there is nothing to be done but to annex Upper Burmah. We must not allow our French friends to have a tip of their little finger in the fire." He knew the jealous spirit and troublesome restlessness of our allies in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, as well as in Egypt. Mr. Brandis, late Inspector-General of Forests to the Indian Government, formerly under Major

Phayre in Burmah, has given interesting recollections of his old chief. He says: "For many years he had been Assistant-Commissioner at Moulmein, and afterwards Commissioner of Aracan, so that when he became Commissioner of Pegu his name was well known among Burmans and Karens in the annexed province. His firmness, his justice, his great liberality, his mastery of the language and intimate knowledge of the people, his commanding figure, had made him feared and popular in the best sense of the word long before he became Commissioner of Pegu. There was a bond of sympathy between him and the people which was most remarkable. He was never married, and the Burmans could only explain the pure life which he led by regarding him as a saint, a superior being, a kind of demigod. They worshipped him, and their confidence in him was unbounded.

"It was a charming sight to see him at work in the early

morning at his high standing desk in the open verandah of his house, and around him, in respectful positions on mats spread upon the floor, Burmese men, girls, and women, who had come to pay their respects, to present offerings of fruit and flowers, and to lay before him their troubles and their grievances. Now and then he would turn round to say a kind word to his visitors. With the private circumstances of many he was acquainted, and he listened to them all with the greatest patience. With all that he was their king and master; the people feared him as much as they loved him, and he was never molested.

"A sentry he never would have at his door, nor did he, after the country had become quiet, take a guard or escort with him on his journeys. In March, 1861, I met him in the hills of the Pegu Yoma. He was on his way from Toungoo to Thayetmyo, and I was marching in the opposite direction. I wished to meet him in the teak forests which cover these hills, and on the spot to discuss with him important questions. So I went ahead of my camp, and after several long and hot marches, climbing over the entangled stems of the large bamboo, which had seeded and died, I reached the Commissioner's tent late on the 3rd of March. He was alone, and we spent a most delightful evening together. All he carried was a tent ten feet square. After dinner his camp-bed was brought in, and for me some horse-blankets and rugs were spread upon the ground. At this place we were only sixteen miles from the frontier. A few Karen villages were in these hills, and the men were all with his camp clearing the path through the forests for his elephants. That was all the protection he had, but he knew it was sufficient.

"When, in 1862, the province of British Burmah was formed, the total population was 1,898,000; and in 1884 Mr. Bernard, the present Chief Commissioner, estimated it at 4,334,000. This increase is mainly due to immigration from Upper Burmah. Though in 1856 Phayre had no idea that his administration and that of his successors would accomplish so much, the means by which this result has been brought about are clearly set forth in his first report. Among the most prominent of the material benefits gained by the people of Pegu he recounts the abolition of forced labour, 'a load which bowed the people to the dust,' the introduction of a coin of fixed value, free export of grain and the abolition of transit duties, and, more than all, just and steady government and effective repression of crimes.

"Phayre was determined from the commencement that the province should pay its way, and should eventually contribute its share to the requirements of the Indian Empire. In order to effect this he insisted on high taxation, he maintained the capitation tax, which, though theoretically objectionable, has wisely been continued to this day, and at the same time he enforced the most rigid economy in the administration. The result has proved that his policy was right. The total revenue of British Burmah, including local and municipal taxes, amounted in 1861-2 to ten millions, and in 1883-4 to thirty-one millions of rupees. As shown by Mr. Bernard in his report for 1883-4, the people of British Burmah pay about 13s. 7½d. per head of the population, which is more than twice the amount paid by the people in the British provinces of India. In spite of this high taxation wealth accumulates and immigration is filling the country. Trade, imports as well as exports, has increased in a most astonishing manner."

It is by men like Sir Arthur Phayre that the empire of England is sustained.

**The Late Dean of Chester.**—The Dean of Llandaff, preaching in the Temple Church, closed his sermon with the following allusion to Dean Howson:—"We sometimes mark in this place, and we make no apology for doing so, useful lives ended, noble spirits made perfect, within the State or the Church of England. One such life ended last Tuesday, and the Church, at least, is the poorer. The mourning yesterday, when Dean Howson was laid to rest in the cloisters of the cathedral which had drawn from him new life for its worship and new beauty for its structure, was no merely local mourning. It has its echo all over England, wheresoever a beautiful character, a life at once studious, sociable, and practical, a life given to useful labour in writing and educating, and a churchmanship earnest without narrowness and liberal without vagueness, can find appreciative

hearts to call it the kind of Christianity best for Englishmen, most truly expressive of the national spirit, in its strength and in its charm, 'in things pertaining to God.' We can ill spare such an influence at this time from the Church of our affections. Men like the late Dean of Chester draw towards religion, draw towards the Church of England in particular, the sympathy as well as the respect of that vast body of the middle class of our countrymen to which Christianity is Christ Himself, in His character and in His work, at once power and wisdom, at once the propitiation and the life. God grant us more men of this stamp to pilot our vessel amid the rocks and shoals of this present day of reproach and peril, and to preserve to the Christianity of England its distinctive feature, as a religion which has manliness for its backbone and spirituality for its life's breath."

**Firing from a Church Tower.**—One of the earliest incidents that brought General Grant to notice occurred in the Mexican War, which he thus narrates in his autobiography:—"No reinforcements had yet come up except Brooks's company, and the position we had taken was too advanced to be held by so small a force. It was given up but retaken later in the day, with some loss. Worth's command gradually advanced to the front now open to it. Later in the day, in reconnoitring, I found a church off to the south of the road, which looked to me as if the belfry would command the ground back of the garita San Cosme. I got an officer of the voltigeurs, with a mountain howitzer and men to work it, to go with me. The road being in possession of the enemy, we had to take the field to the south to reach the church. This took us over several ditches breast deep in water and grown up with water plants. These ditches, however, were not over eight or ten feet in width. The howitzer was taken to pieces and carried by the men to its destination. When I knocked for admission a priest came to the door, who, while extremely polite, declined to admit us. With the little Spanish then at my command, I explained to him that he might save property by opening the door, and he certainly would save himself from becoming a prisoner, for a time at least; and, besides, I intended to go in whether he consented or not. He began to see his duty in the same light that I did, and opened the door, though he did not look as if it gave him special pleasure to do so. The gun was carried to the belfry and put together. We were not more than two or three hundred yards from San Cosme. The shots from our little gun dropped in upon the enemy and created great confusion. Why they did not send out a small party and capture us, I do not know. We had no infantry or other defences besides our own gun. The effect of this gun upon the troops about the gate of the city was so marked that General Worth saw it from his position. He was so pleased that he sent a staff officer, Lieutenant Pemberton—later Lieutenant-General commanding the defences of Vicksburg—to bring me to him. He expressed his gratification at the services the howitzer in the church steeple was doing, saying that every shot was effective, and ordered a captain of voltigeurs to report to me with another howitzer to be placed along with the one already rendering so much service. I could not tell the General that there was not room enough in the steeple for another gun, because he probably would have looked upon such a statement as a contradiction from the second lieutenant. I took the captain with me, but did not use his gun."

**Cramming in Ancient and Modern Times.**—Have you ever read the amusing account which Seneca gives of a wealthy man of this class—Calvisius Sabinus? This worthy had a large family of slaves and freedmen, and he was troubled with a short memory, so short, indeed, that he would confuse Achilles with Ulysses, and hopelessly forget Priam. Still he desired to appear learned, and he had the wit to discover means. He laid out a large sum in the purchase of slaves, one of whom knew Homer from beginning to end, another Hesiod equally well, and nine others who were thoroughly acquainted with as many great lyric poets. When he could not buy them ready made he bought the slaves and had them trained, and when once he had got his forces in order he took to worrying his friends and making their supper miserable by turning the conversation into channels which enabled him to show off his learning, for, as



he justly argued, learning which he had bought and paid for at so high a price assuredly was his own. Such was cramming in the days of the Roman Empire. In our own day it is not quite the same in form, though, perhaps, there may be more resemblance in substance, between the crammer and the crib on the one side and the learned freedmen on the other, than we should at first be inclined to admit. But it would be unjust to deny that—given the necessity of preparing for an examination upon the results of which the whole career of a young man probably depends—it is natural, I may almost say it is inevitable, that special preparation should be made, and that preparation should take the form of a rapid storage of the memory with as many salient pieces of knowledge as possible, due regard being had, not to the education of the mind of the student, but to his being prepared to gain the largest number of marks in the shortest time. I do not desire now to enter into the great question of competitive examinations. It is one on both sides of which there is a great deal to be said, and I am far too sensible of the advantage of the system to use hasty words of a deprecatory character. But this I wish to impress upon you, that, regarding the matter from an educational point of view, we cannot but say that learning is too sensitive to be successfully wooed by so rough and so unskilful a process, and that it is only to those who approach her in a reverent and loving spirit and by the regular paths of patient and careful study that she will open the portals of her abode.—*Lord Iddesleigh at Edinburgh.*

**Sir Robert Peel.**—For nearly twenty years he was by far the most conspicuous, important, and powerful of English statesmen. His policy was as successful as it was wise. He flung himself cheerfully and confidently into the new order of things, associated himself with the sentiments and wants of the nation, and day by day saw his reputation increasing, both in Parliament and throughout the country. He was the Liberal chief of a party in which the old anti-Liberal spirit was still rife. They considered Peel to be, not only the minister, but the creator of the Conservative party, bound above all things to support and protect their special interests, according to their own views and opinions. He considered himself the minister of the nation, whose duty it was to redress the balance which mistaken maxims or partial legislation had deranged, and to combine the interests of all classes in one homogeneous system, by which the prosperity and happiness of the whole commonwealth would be promoted.—*Greville Memoirs.*

**Drying-up of the Euphrates.**—Such is the symbolical language indicating, according to interpreters of prophecy, the gradual decline of the Ottoman Empire. It is somewhat stationary in Asia, increasing in Africa, but in Europe rapidly waning. In 1711 the Ottoman Empire possessed more territory in Europe than any other Power except Russia, her possessions extending westward to the Adriatic and the Danube, and eastward to the Dniester, the Dnieper, the Don, and the Kuban. Thus, Bessarabia, the Crimea, and other Mongolian regions were under the dominion of the Turks, whose possessions on the Continent of Europe covered an area of 15,454 square miles. But from this period the decadence of Turkey commenced, and, with the exception of her temporary success against Austria in 1739, she went on losing territory to such an extent that upon the eve of the war with Russia she had only 9,456 square miles of territory, of which 2,948 miles were governed by princes, who merely owed her suzerainty. The Berlin Treaty deprived her of 4,558 miles, so that from 1700 to 1878 the Ottoman Empire lost in Europe 10,666 square miles, out of which 8,902 were conquered by Russia, who has annexed 4,816 square miles. After the war of 1877-8 Russia annexed 468 square miles in Asia Minor and 167 in Europe, while Austria annexed 1,073 (Bosnia and the Herzegovina), and England 174 (Cyprus).

**Benefits of Allotments and Anxieties of Small Farms.**—A Buckinghamshire farmer says: "For a period of about seventeen years I have set apart in close proximity to residences in the village a sufficient number of allotments for all the cottagers residing there. Each allotment is only of a quarter of an acre, but in one or two cases two of these may have been united. During all that time no allotment has been vacated. I have never received any complaints or

an application for remission of rent, and I believe I may say with truth that I have never lost a shilling of rent, which has always been paid most cheerfully. This speaks for itself. It would be superfluous to add other proofs of the benefits derived by the cottagers. At another part of the village is a small arable farm, occupied for a rather longer period by one who had been in earlier life a labourer. This farm is nine acres in extent, and I have known and carefully observed the farm and its occupier for some years. The man had been a thrifty workman, and had contrived in early service to save sufficient, or what he thought sufficient, to take and stock this small holding. I condense his own words in reference to it:—'That was the worst job I ever did. I have had cares and anxieties ever since. I lie awake and listen to the rain, and think how I shall manage to feed my family. I know I have had less to eat and lived harder than any labourer in the parish. My health is now much broken by trouble, and if I could now find some one to take the farm I should not get back a quarter of what I have spent upon it.' This entirely agrees with my observation, and I should be reluctant to add more of the same kind. Yet this man is thrifty, sober, hard working, persevering, and honest. He has the extremely favourable position of a large common close to his holding, on which he exercises a free right of pasture, and I am glad to have been able occasionally to help him with a free day's ploughing or threshing, etc."

**Bechuanaland and the Transvaal Boers.**—In a letter written by the venerable Dr. Moffat, only three weeks before his death, he said, "I have often felt much pressed in mind from the reported sufferings of the Bechwans, robbed and trodden down by the Transvaal Boers." His son and biographer says, "He was intensely interested and excited during the Transvaal War. It never entered into his head that England would give back the Transvaal to the Boers. To the very last he allowed himself to believe that it would continue under the government of England, and thus the natives he protected. I remember well coming into his room the morning the news of the retrocession was published. He sat in his arm-chair the picture of sadness, his hands clasped, and the paper thrown down by his side. 'They have done it,' he said. 'The Transvaal is given back!' For days he was as though he had received a death blow, nor to his dying hour did it cease to be to him a bitter sorrow."

**Light Marching Order.**—The entrance of the Turkish Commissioner into Cairo was thus described by the "Times" correspondent:—"After the usual formal introductions he proceeded with Sir H. D. Wolff to the Khedive's carriage, which he entered with Nubar and Zulfikar Pashas. A guard of honour of the 19th Hussars closed round the carriage, and the Turkish Commissioner entered Cairo under the significant escort of British troops. Sir H. D. Wolff and Mr. Egerton, similarly escorted, followed, and the rear was brought up by the Pasha's harem, consisting of twenty-four ladies, attended by a staff of six officers, with forty carloads of light baggage, the bulk being left to follow. Sir H. D. Wolff and Mr. Egerton followed Mukhtar to the Ismailieh Palace, where he paid a ten minutes' visit, exchanging complimentary congratulations. Mukhtar expressed to the Khedive, through Zulfikar Pasha, his satisfaction at his reception." What a contrast from the arrival of Gordon and Stewart, when not even a guard of honour attended them!

**Religion and Art.**—I am a passionate admirer of whatever is beautiful in nature or exquisite in art. These are the gifts of God, but no part of His essence; they proceed from God's goodness, and should kindle our gratitude to Him; but I cannot conceive that the most enchanting beauties of nature, or the most splendid productions of the fine arts, have any necessary connection with religion. Adam sinned in a garden too beautiful for us to have any conception of it. The Israelites selected fair groves and pleasant mountains for the peculiar scenes of their idolatry. The most exquisite pictures and statues have been produced in those parts of Europe where pure religion has made the least progress. These decorate religion, but they neither produce nor advance it. They are the enjoyments and refreshments of life, and very compatible with true religion, but they make no part of it. Athens was at once the most learned and the most

polished city in the world, so devoted to the fine arts, that it is said to have contained more statues than men; yet, in this eloquent city the eloquent apostle's preaching made but one proselyte in the whole areopagus. Nothing, it appears to me, can essentially improve the character, and benefit society, but a saving knowledge of the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. I mean a deep and abiding sense in the heart of our fallen nature; of our actual and personal sinfulness; of our lost state, but for the redemption wrought for us by Jesus Christ; and of our universal necessity, and the conviction that this change alone can be effected by the influence of the Holy Spirit. This is not a splendid, but it is a saving religion; it is humbling now, that it may be elevating hereafter. It appears to me also, that the requisition which the Christian religion makes of the most highly gifted, as well as of the most meanly endowed, is, that after the loftiest and most successful exercise of the most brilliant talents, the favoured possessor should lay his talents and himself at the foot of the cross, with the same deep self-abasement and self-renunciation as his more illiterate neighbour, and this from a conviction of Who it is that hath made them to differ.—*Hannah More.*

**Frank Buckland's First Experiments with Chloroform.**—In the time of Frank Buckland's boyhood chloroform was a recent invention. His father, the Dean, gave several luncheon parties, at which, with Frank's assistance, the effects of the new anæsthetic were tried on several animals. The eagle was sent to sleep, and could be lifted up by his feet like a dead bird, or when half asleep was walked round the room by two persons holding him by his wings. One day the eagle was slowly recovering from his stupor, and walking unsteadily upon the floor, when Jacko (the monkey) was brought in to take his turn. He came in with a suspicious and melancholy expression, expecting that something was going to take place; but when he saw the intoxicated condition of his old enemy the eagle, he jumped out of his master's arms with a scream of delight, and, seizing the eagle by the tail, paid off old scores by dragging him about the room backwards in a most ludicrous and undignified manner; nor was Jacko secured again till he had espied the bowl of gold fish and thrown them all about the room. Jacko chattered pitifully, however, when his turn came, and then he succumbed.

**Russian Railways in Eastern Asia.**—The following statement was made in the autumn of last year, and the activity has not since ceased. Russia is pushing forward the railway to the new position she has acquired on the Afghan frontier. The men work at night by the aid of hundreds of lanterns and huge fires fed with petroleum refuse. As far as Askabad the road has been levelled, and it is expected that the final rail will be laid by the end of the month. From the Caspian Sea to Sarakhs, a distance of over 500 miles, the railway does not cross a single large river, but from the time it quits the Transcaspian desert and traverses the oasis of Akhal, the country, which is flat and clayey, is intersected by small rivers, growing more and more frequent as the line approaches Askabad. All these streams have to be properly bridged, and no timber being forthcoming, General Annenkoff has resorted almost exclusively to stone. The railway is solidly built to a gauge of 5 ft. On the completion of the line to Askabad, the section to Sarakhs will be taken in hand, and from this point three branches will be extended, the first to Penjeh, the second to Merv, and the third to Meshed.

**Elephants.**—In his "Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent" Mr. O'Shea gives the following anecdote of an adventure with a herd of elephants. "A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry whilst accompanying me in the stable; but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and, when I picked up the oranges, I found I had five-and-twenty. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each; when I got to the extremity of the narrow stable, I turned, and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that, if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges

in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his proboscis—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—to I went to the door and began *de novo* as before. Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humour of the thing."

**Judicial Tact.**—The Odessa correspondent of the "Times" reports a legal decision which had caused much amusement in society there. The old original Odessa cemetery being quite full is about to be closed and a new one opened in its stead. Two rich Greeks, wishing to have one of the most favourable sites in it for a grave, by some unaccountable mischance bought the same plot of ground; and, as they both wanted it, neither would give it to the other. They therefore agreed to submit the matter to one of the district justices of the peace (actually a stipendiary magistrate) for him to arbitrate upon. He did so by advising the parties to agree that he who died first should have the right to be buried in the disputed allotment. This they both immediately acquiesced in, and left the Court highly pleased with the arrangement, each probably very willing that his opponent should have his wish satisfied.

**Grattan's Parliament.**—During the debates on Repeal, Lord Macaulay described the Irish Parliament, which sat from 1782 till the Union in 1801, as the most tyrannical, the most venal, the most unprincipled assembly that ever sat on the face of this earth. "I do not think that by saying this I can give offence to any gentleman from Ireland, however zealous for Repeal he may be; for I only repeat the language of Wolfe Tone. Wolfe Tone said that he had seen more deliberative assemblies than most men; that he had seen the English Parliament, the American Congress, the French Council of Elders, and Council of Five Hundred, the Batavian Convention; but that he had nowhere found anything like the baseness and impudence of the scoundrels, as he called them, at Dublin." In the Appendix to Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs details are given of the bribes accepted by the Irish patriots.

**Birds as Ornaments in Dress.**—The Rev. F. O. Morris has written in the "Times" a vigorous protest against the barbarity of slaying birds for gratifying the fashion of ornamenting ladies' bonnets and dresses. He quotes a letter from Lady Mount-Temple, who speaks indignantly of "this shameful destruction to meet the tasteless fashion of covering ladies' bonnets, hats, and ball-gowns with lovely specimens of birds, and in some cases with our special favourites and home pets. They parade the massacre, showing the heads and throats sometimes stretched as if in dying agonies on the hat. A milliner told me she had put twelve birds on one; another told us of a ball-dress covered with canaries. I am glad to say the wearer of it, though handsome, had no partners. I am sorry to say nearly every acquaintance I have appears in hats and bonnets with this ghastly adornment. Some of these, no doubt, accept passively the fashion, and only wear through thoughtlessness the plumage of these little friends—the pets in cages or fed from the window. One or two have expressed sorrow and penitence when I have remonstrated with them." Arguments of humanity or sentiment are not understood by people who follow mere fashion, but they ought to be reminded that such adornment is in bad taste, and is repulsive instead of attractive.

**Father Giacomo and Count Cavour.**—Father Giacomo was sent for by Cavour when he was on his death-bed and administered the last sacraments to him. The Vatican was very much displeased with Father Giacomo for having offered the consolations of religion to one who had been excommunicated, and he received orders to come to Rome "ad audiendum verbum." He did so, quite prepared to receive any punishment inflicted on him, and though Baron Ricasoli, then President of the Council, secretly used his influence

with Cardinal Antonelli to spare his being placed in a cell of the Inquisition to go through a course of penitence, the Pope was inflexible as to letting him continue his priestly functions at Turin. Father Giacomo entreated Pius IX to condone his offence, "for," said he, "I would to God that all the dying who have called me to their bedside were animated by sentiments as good and holy as those of Count Cavour." It was to Father Giacomo that Cavour spoke the words, "Brother, a free Church in a Free State." He died very poor, having only a small allowance from the Chancellery of the Order of St. Maurice, but he never complained of the Pope's decision, and merely said, when the subject was mentioned, "I did my duty." He was regarded with the utmost veneration at Turin. He died last autumn, and his name will always be associated with that of Count Cavour, whose intimate friendship he had enjoyed, and whose aspirations for the welfare of united Italy he had shared.

**General Grant's Bargaining.**—The General's want of 'cuteness in business was foreshadowed by an affair recorded by himself of his early life:—"There was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered 20 dollars for it, but Ralston wanted 25. I was so anxious to have the colt, that after the owner left I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said 20 dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was to offer 22½; and if that would not get him, to give the 25. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house I said to him, 'Papa says I may offer you 20 dollars for the colt; but if you won't take that, 22½; and if you won't take that, to give you 25.' It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon."

**Italian Population.**—According to a recent statistical report, the entire population at the commencement of 1882 was 28,459,628, of whom 14,265,383 were males, and 14,194,245 females, being an excess of 71,138 males. The increase during five years previously was at the rate of 6·19 per 1,000. Of men over 30 years of age 16 per cent. were unmarried, and of women over 20, 23 per cent. About one-third of the population are engaged in agricultural or pastoral pursuits; counting the families and dependents, half the population is rural. The total number living by industrial occupations and handicrafts is about one-fourth of the whole, of whom 382,131 are engaged in factories, 33,000 in mines, and about 60,000 in fisheries or other occupations on seas or lakes.

**Biography and History.**—History is best studied in biography. Indeed, history *is* biography—collective humanity as influenced and governed by individual men. Historical events are interesting to us mainly in connection with the feelings, the sufferings, and interests of those by whom they are accomplished. In history we are surrounded by men long dead, but whose speech and whose deeds survive. We almost catch the sound of their voices; and what they did constitutes the interest of history. We never feel personally interested in masses of men, but we feel and sympathise with the individual actors whose biographies afford the finest and most real touches in all great historical dramas.—"*Character*," by S. Smiles.

**Lord Graaiville on Lord Shaftesbury.**—With regard to public affairs, I was in the House of Commons with him as Lord Ashley, and with him in the House of Lords. I cannot mention that assembly without saying what a loss he is as an illustrious ornament of that Chamber, and what a link has been lost between the House of Lords and the people. I had the honour of seeing him during all the years he sat in that assembly. I have sometimes differed with him, I have sometimes strongly opposed him, while at other times I have felt the warmest sympathy with all he said and all he did. But whether differing or agreeing, it was perfectly impossible not to feel in dealing with him the single-mindedness and real nobility of the man and of his character. If I wished to define the character of Lord Shaftesbury I should think it sufficient to use these words only—he was the friend

of the poor. It was happily said the other day that no one had ever more faithfully adhered to his own motto, "Love and serve." You will say, "Why does such a man as this need a testimonial?" Well, there is truth, perhaps, in what the poet said, "His country will be his one vast monument." But in venturing to ask you to sanction this proposal, I do not do it to honour Lord Shaftesbury. His honour, his reputation, is secure. I do it to please you; I do it to please those innumerable persons to whom, directly or indirectly, he has been of such great assistance. I do it because you should give sanction to the principles which guided Lord Shaftesbury's beneficent existence.

**The Last Public Act of Bishop Porteous.**—During the last illness of the good Beilby Porteous, Bishop of London, a report reached him that a club had been instituted, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, whose meetings were to be on Sundays. The bishop had always considered a sacred and strict observance of this holy day of vital importance to the community and the Church, and felt that this was one of the great bulwarks of English society against the infidelity and lawlessness of some Continental nations. This open desecration of the day by persons in high stations filled him with sorrow and alarm. He resolved, infirm though he was, to seek an audience with the Prince. For several days he had recourse to earnest prayer, and we find from one of his letters to his friend Hannah More that he engaged others to offer intercession for Divine aid in his difficult duty. He went to Carlton House, and was led into the Prince's presence, supported by his attendants. In very solemn and earnest language he entreated his Royal Highness not to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath, and thereby lend his example to what was dishonouring religion and loosening its hold on public morals. The Prince, to his credit, was touched by the good old bishop's appeal, and yielded to his wishes, sending his visitor away in peace and satisfaction. A few days later the bishop entered on the eternal Sabbath.

**Fish Culture in America.**—The Government of the United States seem to be more liberal and practical in the encouragement of fish culture than our Board of Trade. No expense is spared in arrangements or experiments for increasing the supply of edible fish. The last enterprise has been the effort to naturalise the flat fish which form so large a portion of "the harvest of the sea" on our coasts, especially soles, turbot, and brill. Scarcely any of the family, the *pleuronectidae*, at present exist in American waters. The National Fish Culture Association has aided the United States Government in sending a large consignment, one of the Cunard liners being specially fitted with tanks for the passage, with an experienced attendant in charge. It is to be hoped that the experiment will be successful, as our cousins over the sea may be benefited without loss to the people of these islands. At least let us hope the fish will not migrate largely "on their own hook."

**High Prices of some Furniture Woods.**—The finest and most costly of veneering woods is the French walnut. This is imported from Asia Minor and Persia. The burr is the valuable portion of the tree, and sometimes as much as £100 to £200 was obtained for them, while one at the Paris-International Exhibition in 1878 realised the enormous sum of £1,000, or about 8s. per lb. weight. The use of this wood is now limited to pianofortes. For a particular fine piece of ebony £1 the pound has been paid, as it is difficult to get large pieces which can be used without cutting.—*Forestry*.

**Benjamin Franklin's Account of a Religious Revival.**—In his autobiography Franklin gives his recollections of the first visit of Whitefield to Philadelphia: "In 1739 arrived among us the Rev. G. Whitefield. He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches, but the clergy, taking a dislike to him, soon refused him their pulpits, and he was obliged to preach in the fields. The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous, and it was a matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them by assuring them that they were naturally



half beasts and half devils. It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk through the town of an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street. And it being found inconvenient to assemble in the open air, subject to its inclemency, the building of a house to meet in was no sooner proposed, and persons appointed to receive contributions, but sufficient sums were received to procure the ground and erect the building, which was a hundred feet long and seventy feet broad; and the work was carried on with such spirit as to be finished in a much shorter time than could have been expected. Both house and ground were vested in trustees, expressly for the use of any preacher, of any religious persuasion, who might desire to say something to the people of Philadelphia."

**What is the British Constitution?**—Let this matter be tried by that criterion—the principles of the English Constitution. I have been bred up in these principles, and I know that when the liberty of the subject is invaded, and redress denied him, resistance is justified. If I had a doubt upon the matter I should follow the example set us by the most reverend bench, with whom I believe it is a maxim, when any doubt in point of faith arises, or any question of controversy started, to appeal at once to the greatest source and evidence of our religion—I mean the Holy Bible. The Constitution, then, has its political Bible, by which, if it be fairly consulted, every political question may, and ought to be determined. Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, and the Bill of Rights, form that code which I call the Bible of the English Constitution.—*Lord Chatham's Speeches.*

**Taking in Lodgers in One Room.**—The late Earl of Shaftesbury, as one of the pioneers in the improvement of the homes of the poor, long years before "slumming" was fashionable, used to give some terrible accounts of what was to be met with in the matter of overcrowding. Occasionally he would relieve his description by a humorous anecdote, as when persons belonging to four different families were found occupying each a corner of the same room, and one of them, on being expostulated with, remarked, "We used to get along very well until the gentleman in the middle took in lodgers!"

**Hint in Choosing a Governess.**—Mrs. Campbell, a Scotch lady, was recommended as sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte, and the old King George III formed a high opinion of her. She felt reluctant to accept the post, urging her deficiency in the necessary accomplishments. "Madam," said the King, "I hope we can afford to purchase accomplishments, but we cannot buy principles."

**Spanish Politics.**—Marshall Serrano, who died a few days after King Alfonso, had witnessed during his political career eighty-four radical changes in Spanish ministries, forty distinct *pronunciamientos*, or insurrections, and twelve revolutions, affecting either dynasties or the supreme ruler of the State!

**Solemn and Solemnner.**—A Scottish father, on the engagement of his daughter, thought it his duty to give her counsel on the important step which she meditated. "It's a very solemn thing to be married," he began. The daughter interrupted him, saying, "I ken that, father, but it's a far solemnner thing to be single!"

**Brain Activity during Sleep.**—In the memoir of M. Agassiz a curious incident is recorded, illustrating the fact that in sleep the mind sometimes resumes the work which when tired it was unable to carry on. For two weeks he had been striving to make out the form of a fossil fish of which only an obscure impression could be seen on a stone at the Jardin des Plantes. The biographer, his widow, says:—"Weary and perplexed, he put his work aside at last, and tried to dismiss it from his mind. Shortly after, he waked one night persuaded that while asleep he had seen his fish with all the missing features perfectly restored. But when

he tried to hold and make fast the image, it escaped him. Nevertheless, he went early to the Jardin des Plantes, thinking that on looking anew at the impression he should see something which would put him on the track of his vision. In vain—the blurred record was as blank as ever. The next night he saw the fish again, but with no more satisfactory result. When he awoke it disappeared from his memory as before. Hoping that the same experience might be repeated, on the third night he placed a pencil and paper beside his bed before going to sleep. Accordingly towards morning the fish reappeared in his dream, confusedly at first, but at last with such distinctness that he had no longer any doubt as to its zoological characters. Still half dreaming, in perfect darkness, he traced these characters on a sheet of paper at the bedside. In the morning he was surprised to see in his nocturnal sketch features which he thought it impossible the fossil itself should reveal. He hastened to the Jardin des Plantes, and, with his drawing as a guide, succeeded in chiselling away the surface of the stone under which portions of the fish proved to be hidden. When wholly exposed it corresponded with his dream and his drawing, and he succeeded in classifying it with ease."

**Footnote the Actor and his Mother.**—Under one of her temporary embarrassments Mrs. Foote wrote the following laconic epistle to her son:—"Dear Sam,—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother, E. FOOTE." To this came the reply:—"Dear Mother,—So am I, which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son, SAM FOOTE."

**Temperance in the Army.**—Lord Napier of Magdala, who took part in a meeting in support of temperance at Lambeth Palace, said that no one could fail to observe, on examining the records of soldiers' offences, how they owed their origin to drunkenness. He caused a return to be prepared of the offences of about 18,000 men, and the result proved triumphantly that if the temperance movement could be maintained it would prove the best preventive of crime. Of the records of the 18,000 men to whom he referred, the total abstainers had no crime, the partial abstainers practically none—the whole body of crime was amongst those who drank freely.

**A Large Poplar.**—In the Botanical Garden at Dijon there is a poplar of colossal dimensions (species not stated), to which M. Joly devotes a note in the "Journal de la Société Nationale d'Horticulture." The height of the tree is one hundred and thirty feet. Its circumference near the earth is forty-six feet, and at sixteen feet above the earth twenty-one feet. Its bulk is now one thousand five hundred and ninety cubic feet; but six years ago, before the fall of one of the large branches, it was one thousand nine hundred and forty. From some historic researches made by Dr. Lavelle, and a comparison with trees of the same species in the vicinity, it has been pretty well ascertained that this poplar is at least five hundred years old. At Thun there are some magnificent poplars, but we have not seen any authentic report of their age or dimensions:

**Ants.**—When one watches one of these great communities of ants living together in the utmost harmony, feeding their young, making roads, excavating tunnels, constructing buildings, and in some instances, indeed, keeping slaves, I think we can hardly deny them some claims to reason. I have myself come to the conclusion that the difference between their mind and ours is not one of absolute nature, but is a question of degree.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

**American Presidents.**—Out of seventeen elected presidents, before the present incumbent, four, Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, died while in office; and two of them by the hand of the assassin. And all this has been within the first century of the office.

**Decline of France.**—In the seventeenth century the French people amounted to 38 per cent. of the whole population of Europe, and in 1789 to 27 per cent.; it now hardly attains the figure of 13 per cent.

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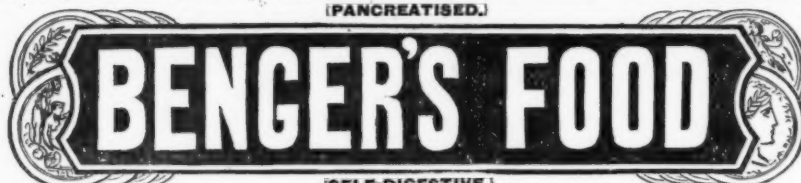
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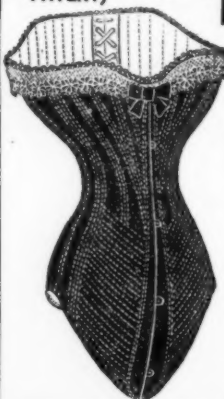
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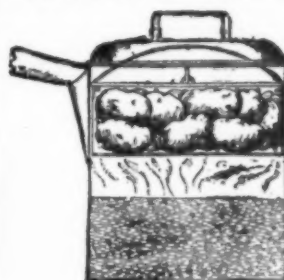
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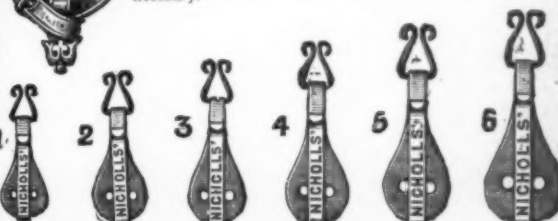
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